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Chambers's Pocket Miscellany

William Chambers, Robert Chambers

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'"I was loath to give up the murderer pefore; but since it must pe so, it must pe so. I then tell you, shentlemans, tat it was myself tat shot John Campbell."'—VOL. IX., *page* 35.

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CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

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CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

THE ABBÉ DE L'ÉPÉE.

THE quays at Bordeaux were resounding with the cries of 'Barsac!' 'Praignac!' 'Langon!' 'Lormond!' and in succession with the names of all the beautiful little villages which are scattered about on the verdant banks at either side of the Garonne. Besides the boatmen who were thus clamorous for employment, a noisy, joyous crowd were hastening along in their holiday dresses; and as if the waters of the Garonne were trying to join in the concert, an innumerable quantity of empty boats were swinging and knocking against each other, seemingly impatient to break the ropes which still held them prisoners to the shore. It was a fête-day in the month of October 1784, the rich season of fruits and flowers was drawing to a close, and the inhabitants of Bordeaux, anxious to enjoy the short time that remained, were flocking to the country, to gather the last clusters of grapes that still remained upon the vines. The boats were fast filled, and several had already departed, when two gentlemen approached, walking arm-in-arm—the one an elderly and venerable-looking clergyman, the other a fair youth,

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with his hair falling in graceful curls upon his shoulders. Neither of them uttered a word, but their expressive countenances and animated gestures proved that their intercourse, though silent, was far from being uninteresting.

'Will you come into my boat, M. l'Abbé?' said a waterman, respectfully taking off his straw-hat to the clergyman. 'We must hasten, for the tide is going out.'

'My friend,' replied the abbé, 'is there not a castle in this neighbourhood called St Ange?'

'I know it well, monsieur,' said the old seaman, 'for I live close by it.'

'Is it far from this?' inquired the abbé.

'With the wind in this point, we will make it in about an hour,' replied the boatman.

The clergyman's young companion took no part in the conversation, but his eyes were anxiously fixed upon his friend, and after some signs had passed between them, they both entered the boat; the sail was hoisted, and the little bark was soon swiftly gliding down the river.

If you have ever lived in the south of France, you must be acquainted with the character of the people, who are honest and kind, but extremely inquisitive; thus, they will tell you everything concerning themselves and their families, and in return, will expect to hear everything about you and yours. What they do in their own case, they religiously practise in that of their neighbours; with this only difference, that in regard to themselves they speak truth, for they know it, while of others they relate all the hearsays of the neighbourhood, always concluding with: 'I give it to you as I heard it.' It was not, therefore, very long before the boatman thus commenced: 'You are the first visitors that I have ever taken to the castle.'

'The Count de Solar, then, does not receive much company, I suppose?'

'I will tell you what, M. l'Abbé, with all respect to you, and as sure as my name is Pierrille, I do not like those new proprietors. I am but a poor, ignorant man, but I

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know this much, that when a person acts right, he can remain in his own country; and if the Count de Solar had not committed some crime, why did he leave Toulouse, his own country? and, with all respect, Toulouse is a fine city, as I hear from the countess's lady's-maid; and there is one whom the Lord has sorely afflicted!'

'The countess's lady's-maid?' inquired the abbé.

'No, M. l'Abbé; I am speaking of the countess herself,' replied Pierrille. 'It is true, she is rich and beautiful, kind and generous; but what do you say, M. l'Abbé, to her having been ten years at this castle, and no one has ever yet heard the sound of her voice? Some say it is a vow—some terrible vow she has made; but others say that the countess is dumb. But how can one believe that of a woman? It is impossible!'

'Dumb!' exclaimed the abbé eagerly; 'dumb! do you say? Oh, my God! grant that I am in the right track. But go on, my friend. The countess, you say, is dumb?'

'So it is reported, M. l'Abbé,' replied the boatman; 'but I must own that I for one do not believe it, for I am no chicken; I am sixty-five years old; I have had a mother, three aunts, four sisters, and a number of cousins; and I have a wife and five daughters, without reckoning neighbours, and in all my life, I have never yet seen a woman who could remain for five minutes without talking, and I have heard that some even talk in their sleep! And now, M. l'Abbé, do you think it possible that she can be dumb? Some say one thing, and some another. But whatever may be the reason of it, one thing is sure and certain, that the Count de Solar never sees any person; that he is always grave, always melancholy, always shut up in his apartments, or walking by himself, and never seeming to be alive except when his son, M. le Vicomte Jules, is with him. A fine boy, upon my word, is little Jules!'

'He has a son, then?' exclaimed the abbé, almost in a tone of disappointment: 'and does his son speak?'

'Oh, charmingly, M. l'Abbé: his tongue goes like the clapper of a mill. And he has a fine spirit, and is

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very clever, though he cannot be more than thirteen or fourteen years of age.'

'And is it known what makes the count so melancholy?' inquired the abbé, whose venerable countenance expressed a deep interest in the subject.

'Why, M. l'Abbé,' replied Pierrille, 'you will perhaps tell me, like M. le Curé, that I ought not to listen to idle reports, and be looking for motes in my neighbour's eye, instead of pulling the beam out of my own. Perhaps it may not be true; but, as my old grandfather used to say, "There can be no smoke without fire."'

'Well!' said the abbé, with some impatience.

'Well, M. l'Abbé, some people say that the Count de Solar has a great sin upon his conscience.'

'And of what kind?' inquired the abbé with deep emotion, and drawing closer to the boatman.

'Oh, it is something very serious'——

At that moment, the abbé observed his young companion standing up in the bow of the boat, his head bending over the water, and his body trembling with convulsive agitation. He then suddenly extended his arms, and uttering a wild shriek, unlike anything human, he plunged head foremost into the water.

Unmindful of his age, or even of his life, the abbé was about to follow his young companion, when he was retained by the grasp of the boatman. 'Can the young man swim?' he inquired.

'Like a fish!' replied the abbé, becoming more composed, for he saw a few yards before him the fair head of the youth above the water, but the next moment he disappeared.

'Never fear, M. l'Abbé,' said the boatman, who, though busily engaged in taking down the sail, kept his eyes steadily fixed upon the river. 'There he is again! Oh, he will save him, he will save him!'

'Who?' inquired the abbé. 'Is there any one in danger but my Joseph?'

'Why, do you think the young lad only threw himself into the water to frighten us?' said the boatman, who,

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having taken in his sail, was carefully steering towards the swimmer. 'You did not see it, M. l'Abbé, for your back was turned to it; but while we were talking, I had my eye upon a little craft that was sailing right before us; I did not like her tackle—— But perhaps, M. l'Abbé, you don't know any more about boats than the boy who was steering her, for I could see that it was only a young boy. All at once, it happened just as I foresaw: the moment a strong breeze caught her, she capsized, and—— But there, again, is Joseph, as you call him.'

'God be praised! there he is, and holding fast the other. Hasten, my friend; hasten to them!'

Two pulls of the oar brought them within reach of the lads, and with the aid of the abbé, they were both rescued, and laid down in the bottom of the boat. Their eyes were closed; and though they still breathed, they seemed to be perfectly exhausted.

'Why, this is little Solar!' said the boatman, as he opened the dress of one of the youths to give him air, while the abbé was taking the same care of his pupil.

'Solar! do you say? Can this be the son of the Count de Solar?' said the abbé, whose spirits began to revive as he saw the colour returning to Joseph's face.

'He is the son of the Count de Solar, who lives at the castle of St Ange. Look, M. l'Abbé, at the beautiful boy; he is opening his eyes.'

'Oh, my God, I thank thee!' exclaimed the abbé. 'Thy ways are inscrutable, and thy mercies infinite. Hasten, my good friend! Let us hasten to the castle before they become chilled.'

At that moment the two youths, as if life, motion, and feeling were restored to them together, gently raised their heads, though still stupified from the danger which they had just escaped, and endeavoured to look about them. Little Solar was the first to speak. 'Saved!' he exclaimed; 'I am saved! Oh, thank God! It would have killed my poor mother.'

'Right, my boy,' said the abbé; 'the first thought for God, the second for your mother, and your third should

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be for your preserver.' As he said this, the abbé pointed to Joseph, who was lying beside him.

'What! is it to you that I owe my life?' said young Solar, throwing his arms round Joseph. The two lads affectionately embraced; and then Jules burst forth with all the enthusiasm of a young and grateful heart: 'Oh, I thank you, especially for my mother's sake, for my death would have caused hers. How kind it was of you to come to my assistance! How I love you! Oh, if you knew how much I suffered in that short time; and yet it seemed so long when I saw the boat turn round and upset, when I felt the water covering my head and stifling me! Oh, how mamma will bless you!—how my father will thank you! What is your name? But you will not answer me,' said Jules; 'will you not love me?'

'Make yourself easy, my amiable boy,' said the abbé; 'my Joseph will love you.'

'Then why will he not speak to me, and tell me so himself?' asked Jules in a tone of chagrin.

'Alas, my dear boy, because he does not hear you—because he is deaf and dumb from his birth.'

'Like my mamma!' exclaimed Jules.

'Is your mother deaf and dumb?' cried the abbé, almost frantically; 'is she deaf and dumb? O merciful Providence! Quick, boatman, quick! Pull your oars, my friend; I am near the end of my search, and of all my anxieties.'

'Yes, boatman,' added Jules; 'let us make haste, for I am longing to present my deliverer to my father and mother.' Then almost immediately after he exclaimed: 'But no, that cannot be!'

'Why, what mean your words?' inquired the abbé.

'Oh, monsieur,' said Jules, clasping his hands, 'before I was born, my mother had another son: he was deaf and dumb, but he is dead now, and my mother has never recovered her health since his loss. She is very delicate, and the least agitation makes her ill. If this young man were to be suddenly presented to her, it would remind her too strongly of my poor brother, and it might kill

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her. I must prepare her for the interview with my deliverer.'

'I approve of your caution,' replied the abbé, who was powerfully affected by the boy's words. He then turned to his pupil, with whom he began to converse rapidly on his fingers, which the latter watched with anxious eyes, and then burst into tears. The abbé folded him in his arms, and pressed him to his heart in a transport of joy.

'What is the meaning of all that?' inquired Jules.

'You shall know it by and by, my dear boy,' replied the abbé. 'In the meantime, as I cannot take my young pupil to your house, can you point out some place where he will obtain the attention he requires?'

'Oh, M. l'Abbé, the young gentleman need not go beyond my house: I am not rich,' said the boatman, 'but I can promise him some good soup and a warm bed. See, I live in that small white house to your right.'

'Your offer is not to be refused, my good friend, and I thankfully accept it,' said the abbé.

They were now opposite the boatman's house, who hailed his wife before he came to land. A stout, handsome countrywoman ran joyfully out at the sound of his well-known voice. 'You are in good time to-day, Pierrille,' said she; 'your dinner is ready for you.'

'Cadichone,' said her husband, 'this young gentleman has fallen into the water; take him into our house, make a good fire, and warm a pair of white sheets for our bed, and put him into it, then give him a bowl of hot soup. I fear that is all, gentlemen, that I can do for you.'

'It is all we require,' said the abbé, who continued to converse with his pupil on his fingers. He then assisted him out of the boat, and placed him in the hands of the countrywoman, accompanying his recommendation with a few crown-pieces; he then returned to the boat, which was again pushed off, in order to land at a little distance under an old castle which overlooked the waters of the Garonne.

After the departure of Joseph, Jules, who had hitherto been sustained by the excitement of seeing his deliverer,

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fell into a state of drowsiness, which rendered him incapable of answering the questions of the abbé. He was so helpless, that, on landing, the boatman was obliged to take him in his arms, and carry him to the castle. His arrival caused a great sensation. The servants ran to inform the count, who immediately appeared. His agitation was so great, that he could hardly be made to understand how his son had been saved. Of all that was told him, one thing only struck on both his ear and his heart—his son had fallen into the water. He had felt but one terrible, overpowering sensation: it was, that his son might have died. Aided by the abbé, he carried his child himself to his room, and saw him placed in warm blankets in his bed. A lady soon after entered the room. She was tall, and of very dignified appearance; but her countenance, though sweet and gentle, bore an expression of great sadness. Not having been informed of what had taken place, and seeing only the abbé as she was entering the room, a flush of joy lit up her pale and interesting countenance; she rushed forward, and threw herself into his arms, with all the warm affection of a daughter restored to a long-absent parent; then, after giving way for a few moments to the joy of so unexpected a meeting with an old and valued friend, she took him by the hand, and presented him to the count, making at the same time a few signs with her fingers, which he perfectly understood.

'The Abbé de l'Epée,' said he, bowing respectfully to that great benefactor of mankind. 'I am happy to make the acquaintance of one for whom the countess retains a most sincere regard, and who is so universally respected.'

'My child, my beloved child!' said the abbé, taking both the hands of the countess between his own. Then, turning to the count, he said: 'If I have been the means of ameliorating the condition of the deaf and dumb, of banishing their ignorance, and developing their mental powers, it is to the mother of the countess that the world is indebted for it—to the mother of my dear Madeleine. You will permit me to call her so, M. le Comte; for is she

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not my child, the precious gem that I was the humble instrument of bringing to perfection?

The countess was now informed of what had happened to her son; and rushing to his bed, she learned from him everything connected with his accident, and the way in which his life had been saved by a young friend of the abbé. In vain she asked to see him: she was told that she should see him by and by. While the countess was occupied with her son, and bestowing on him those cares which a tender mother alone could devise, the abbé, seated on a sofa beside the count, was examining with deep attention the person whom he had come so far to meet. The Count de Solar had certainly been a handsome man; but traces of deep grief were evident in his countenance, and had prematurely furrowed his broad and lofty forehead, and dimmed the lustre of his fine blue eyes.

'What trouble it must have cost you, M. l'Abbé,' said the count—'what thought and what labour, to invent and bring to perfection that wonderful art which, I may say, gives the faculty of speech to the deaf mute!'

'I was not the inventor of it, M. le Comte,' replied the abbé modestly; 'I have only followed the dictates of humanity, which became my office. He who first invented this wonderful art, which I have perhaps improved, was a monk of the monastery of Ona, in Spain, named Pierre de Ponce. In 1570, a high-constable in Castile had a sister and two brothers who were deaf and dumb. Pierre de Ponce taught them to read, write, and keep accounts. He instructed them also in the principles of religion, in the ancient and modern languages, painting, geography, and astronomy. His method was simple: he taught them to trace the characters of the alphabet, and indicated the pronunciation by the movement of the lips and the tongue. When they were able to form the words, he shewed them the things these words expressed. Beyond this, De Ponce has left us no detail of his proceedings. I have drawn but from two works, both written by Spaniards —Jean Paul Bonet and Ramirez de Carion. In 1748,

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I met at Paris with another Spaniard named Pereira, who presented several of his pupils to the Academy of Science, and received from that society the most flattering commendation. I will now relate the circumstance which led me to devote myself to this most interesting class of my fellow-creatures. While walking in Paris one day, when about twenty years of age, I suddenly heard some screams of terror behind me; and on turning about, I beheld a horse, with a gig attached to it, galloping furiously down the street; and at about twenty paces before the horse, two young ladies were quietly walking, without seeming to be at all aware of their perilous position. I rushed forward, and pulled them hastily on one side; then shewing them the spirited animal on the very spot where they had been but a moment before, I asked them why they had not sooner moved out of the way. Whether it was the sight of the danger from which they had escaped, or the vehemence of my gestures, I know not, but they understood my question; and while one of them looked with a bewildered air after the horse and gig, the other, with a melancholy smile, pointed to her ears and mouth, giving me to understand the reason of her apparent inadvertence. I accompanied the two young ladies home, who introduced me to their aunt, with whom they resided. The old lady received me kindly, and thanked me warmly for the service I had done her nieces. It was then I determined to devote myself to the instruction of the deaf and dumb, and to try with these young and ignorant girls an experiment that had long been occupying my mind—that of substituting signs for the articulation of the voice, and thus to unite them by the tie of conversation to the rest of the world. I served my apprenticeship, I may say, to these two sisters, and succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectation; insomuch that the eldest became a most lovely woman, and married M. de Bellegarde, the father of the countess. In the meanwhile, the Bishop of Troyes (Bossuet) brought me into his diocese, and appointed me a canon of the cathedral. Absorbed still with the same idea, and now better able to carry it

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into execution, I determined to establish an institution for the instruction of deaf mutes; this, however, I should not have been able to accomplish but for the liberal aid of the Duke de Penthièvre. I have now related my history, M. le Comte: it is short and simple.'

'And truly sublime, M. l'Abbé,' said the count. 'How happy I feel that chance has brought you'——

'Speak not of chance, M. le Comte,' interrupted the abbé: 'I know of no such thing. I have for some years been seeking you, though ignorant of your name, and it is only within the last fortnight that I learned it.'

'Seeking me!' exclaimed the count in astonishment.

'Yes,' replied the abbé; 'and I would wish to have a private conversation with you.'

'Are we not alone, or very nearly so!' said the count.

'The countess understands with her eyes as we do with our ears, M. le Comte,' observed the abbé, turning towards the bed where Jules was in a profound sleep, under the eye of his mother, who was anxiously watching him. 'At present, a little business, which I will hereafter explain, obliges me to shorten my visit; but if you will allow me, I will call in the evening, when I shall hope to find that my labour has not been in vain.' The abbé then took his leave, and returned to the cottage where he had left his protégé.

According to the directions of her husband, Cadichone had taken every care of the young mute. After placing him in a warm bed, she mulled a tumbler of wine with spice and sugar, which she made him take, and he soon after fell into a comfortable sleep.

When Joseph awoke, he saw a servant standing at the foot of the bed, who presented him with a letter, pointing to him to read it, and then drawing back to await an answer.

Joseph raised himself up to read the letter, and saw his kind friend the abbé fast asleep on a sort of sofa near him. The sun was shining brightly into his window, a proof that he had taken a long sleep, even the whole night as well as the afternoon of the preceding

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day. He broke the seal, and commenced to read as follows:—

'Oh, how my heart beats and my hand trembles! I am writing to you by the light of my night-lamp; if it were day, I would run and throw myself into your arms; but ill and weak as I still feel, I am afraid that in the morning I shall not be let out. The servant who is left to watch me shall therefore carry you this letter, and my heart goes with it.

'I do not know how long I had been asleep, when I was awaked by the noise of chairs in the adjoining room; the partition is so thin, that whatever passes in the one room is heard in the other: I could plainly distinguish the voice of the clergyman who was with you in the boat, and his first words struck me so forcibly, that they could not but fix my attention. "M. le Comte," said he, "I expect you will answer me as in the sight of God. Thirteen years ago, I was travelling on horseback to Péronne; night came on. All at once, my horse refused to advance. I dismounted, to try and discover the object that frightened him: it was a child lying fast asleep upon the road. I took him up, and carried him before me to Péronne. He appeared to be about four years of age, and very beautiful, but dirty, and covered with rags. I questioned him in vain: the unfortunate child was deaf and dumb. I brought up this boy, M. le Comte; I educated him; and as soon as he was capable of communicating his ideas, he told me that when he was very little, a young and beautiful woman used to caress him with great affection, play with him, and twist his long ringlets round her fingers; that she wore fine clothes. But one night he was put into a carriage with a man; that the carriage rolled on for a long time, a very long time, but that at last it stopped at a cottage in the country; that he was then stripped of his clothes, and another man took him by the hand, and made him walk a long way, but always at night; that one night he was so tired, he lay down and fell asleep. It was the night I found him, M. le Comte." Here the abbé stopped, as if expecting an answer; but as my father did not speak, he went on:

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"As soon as the boy grew up a little, I travelled about with him, relating his story to every one, in the hope of discovering his parents. A fortnight ago, being in Toulouse, I was crossing a square, when Joseph, as I have called him, became pale and agitated; his eyes wandered eagerly over every object—the trees, the houses, the seats, all seemed to absorb his attention: he then suddenly burst into tears, and rushing forward to a large house, he caught hold of a rather curiously wrought metal ring, which formed the handle of the house-bell. It was here, he told me, that he was born; and that the servant who took care of him used to lift him up that he might ring the bell himself. He pulled it at the same time, and I need not say in vain: the house was uninhabited; but I learned on inquiry, that it belonged to the Count de Solar, who now resided at the castle of St Ange, about three leagues from Bordeaux. This is the cause of my visit."

"And the boy! the boy?" exclaimed my father; and I knew by his voice that he was weeping.

"He is at a very short distance from you," replied the abbé; "and it was he who saved the life of your second son this morning."

"Oh, let us go—let us go to him!" exclaimed my father; and I, never recollecting that I was only an involuntary listener, jumped out of bed, crying out like my father: "Oh, let us go—let us go!" But the next moment I heard my father say: "But it is impossible, M. l'Abbé; it is impossible!"

'Oh, my brother, for you are my brother; and if you are refused your just rights, I will restore them to you, or go and share your poverty. But now attend, my dear brother, to the account my father gave to the abbé. He was in great grief when he found that you were deaf and dumb; but when, two years after, I was born, his grief changed into dislike, and he harboured evil thoughts against you, for he could not bear that you should be the heir to his title and estates.

'During a time of illness in the family, when my mother was confined to her bed, and we were also ill, my father

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employed, as he thought, a faithful person, the son of an old servant, to convey you to a convent at Madrid, where he had made arrangements with the superior that both should be boarded. My father desired the man, whose name was Boujot, to take care of you; and promised that, if you lived, he would send for you in about ten years, and adopt you; but that he was determined I should be his heir. In the meantime, he would spread a report of your death. But oh, my brother, how God frustrates the designs of men!

'Boujot was from Picardy, and he had an attachment there. What does he do? He sets off with you; but when within a few leagues of Péronne, he gave you up to a travelling beggar, desiring him to take care of you. From a poor little mute, he thought he had nothing to fear. He then went to his own country, and was married, but wrote to my father, to say that you had died. The great God, however, punished Boujot. Three years afterwards, his wife died, and a child that he had died too; and he was himself so ill, that he thought he should die, and he wrote to my father, and confessed all that I am now telling you; and my poor father has never had a day's peace since: he was always fancying that some dreadful thing must have happened to you. He has asked till to-morrow to decide—not whether you are to be restored to his heart and his affections, but to his titles and estates; but I, for whose sake he would disinherit you, will not accept them. Come, then, and claim your rights; come, my elder brother and preserver, come to my arms! Your affectionate brother,

JULES DE SOLAR.'

The young mute was powerfully moved on reading the above letter. He, a poor boy without name, brought up by the charity of a priest, was, then, a member of an illustrious family; he had a father high in rank, a tender and affectionate mother; a brother for whom he had unwittingly risked his life, and for whom he would now willingly even give it! Breathless, immovable, his eyes fixed upon the letter, he sat as if stupified, until the servant, who

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was impatient for an answer, touched his arm, and recalled him to himself. Tearing a leaf from a book which, with a pencil, he always had beside him, he wrote as follows:—

'Let the wishes of our father be fulfilled. Oh, my brother, it is not for you to thwart them, much less for me to take advantage of your generous disposition. I ask not from my father his fortune or his title; unfavoured as I am by nature, what should I do with such worldly baubles? All I desire is his and my mother's affection; I do not ask yours, for I possess it. Come to me, then, my brother, for I cannot enter my father's house without his permission. JOSEPH, *Pupil of the Abbé de l'Epée.*'

During Joseph's long sleep, the good woman of the house had carefully dried his clothes; and as soon as his letter was despatched, she brought him a comfortable breakfast of hot coffee and bread, which she insisted on his taking before he rose. When Joseph was dressed, his first act was to throw himself upon his knees, and offer up his heartfelt acknowledgments to that Heavenly Father who had protected his infancy, and now brought him, in His own good time, within the reach of his earthly parents. He had been so occupied for some time, when he felt his neck encircled, and an affectionate kiss imprinted on his forehead; he turned his head, and beheld Jules, and a moment after he was folded in the arms of his parents. Fernand, as we must now call him, the acknowledged elder son of the Count de Solar, was overpowered with joy at recognising in the affectionate mother who now pressed him to her heart, the beautiful woman who used so fondly to caress him in his childhood. But in the midst of all this happiness, the amiable and grateful boy did not forget his benefactor. 'It is to you,' he said in his own mute language to the Abbé de l'Epée, 'that I owe it all; to you I owe my life, and the intelligence that gives value to that life: it is to you that I am indebted for all the knowledge I possess both of this world and the next; that I am able to write my own thoughts, and to read those of others; and it is to you that I now owe the unexpected happiness of discovering my

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parents, and of finding them all that my golden dreams of childhood had represented.'

It was, indeed, a fête-day at the castle of St Ange. The tenants and dependents all assembled to congratulate the count on the unexpected restoration of his son; but the same evening, that most interesting young man sent the following lines to his brother:—

'DEAR BROTHER—God, in depriving me of the powers of speech and hearing, has marked out my path, which must be a private one. I am not formed to lead. Forgive me, dear brother, for coming to share the affection of my father and mother; but it is all that I wish for from my beloved parents. Keep your title, which you will adorn so much better than I could; and the fortune, that you will know so well how to use. For myself, I ought not, and cannot leave him whose life is wrapped up in mine, who has made himself a child to play with me, and a teacher to instruct me. His arms supported me in my infancy, and now mine shall be the prop and support of his old age. This, my brother, is what I had to tell you; and you, who have the gift of speech, I beg of you to obtain for me the consent of my father to remain with the Abbé de l'Epée. You can console my parents for my absence, while nothing could console my good and kind abbé for my loss. At this time, every year, I will come and visit the paternal roof; I will sit at my father's table, will refresh my heart with the sweet looks of my mother, and enjoy all the delights of family union, from which I have been so long severed; but all claim to title or fortune I resign in your favour.

FERNAND DE SOLAR.'

All came to pass as the young mute had decided; after having remained some little time at the castle, he left it with the Abbé de l'Epée, of whom we must now make more particular mention.

Charles Michael de l'Epée, was born at Versailles on the 25th November 1712; his father was architect to the king of France. He was educated at a good seminary, and destined for the church: he obtained a canonry

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in the cathedral of Troyes. He refused a bishopric offered him by Cardinal Fleury, in return for some personal services rendered by his father. It was, as has been related in this story, the sight of these two lovely young girls, that determined him to devote himself to the instruction of the deaf and dumb—an art of which he derived the first idea from reading a Spanish treatise on the subject. The Abbé de l'Epée, however, had the merit of bringing the art into more general use, extending its advantages, and having it made the object of a national institution. He was enthusiastic in the pursuit he had undertaken. From his father, he inherited a small property, nearly the whole of which he expended on his pupils; he lived in the midst of them, like a father surrounded by his children. He died on the 13th November 1782, at the age of seventy years. The Abbé de l'Epée was undoubtedly one of the greatest benefactors of mankind. He was the author of an account of the cure of Marianne Pegalle, and an elementary treatise on the instruction of the deaf and dumb.

SECOND-SIGHT.

SECOND-SIGHT, in Gaelic, *Taisch*, is the name applied to a supposed power of supernatural vision, which was believed to be possessed by many individuals in the Highlands of Scotland up to a very recent period, and is not yet unknown in some of the more remote and unenlightened parts of the country. It had some resemblance to the *clairvoyance* of the animal magnetists. Judging every peculiarity of the human mind to be worthy of notice and inspection, we have thought proper to collect all the facts relative to this superstition which were conveniently accessible, and to arrange them in their present form, for the gratification of our readers.

A few individuals in every district, generally charac-

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terised by little besides ignorance, laid claim to this gift, which, however, was regarded even by themselves as anything but an enviable distinction, being always productive of unhappiness to those who possessed it. The power of second-sight was understood to be in most an unaccountable accident of nature; but it could be obtained by any one who would venture to put his foot on the foot of a seer at the moment of the ecstasy; the whole vision that was then passing, being in such a case instantaneously participated in by the novice, who, by putting his hand on the head of the other, and looking over the right shoulder, would remain ever after liable to a recurrence of the power. The gift was possessed by individuals of both sexes, generally advanced in life; and its fits would come on within doors and without, sitting or standing, and in whatever employment the votary might chance to be engaged.

Taischers, as persons thus affected were called, generally lived solitary lives, in wild and lonely regions; and the visions were chiefly of funerals, of strangers approaching the country, of persons drowning or falling in battle at a distance, and many other subjects, often of a mean and unimportant character. Suddenly, in the midst of some rustic employment, or in a walk, with or without company, the eyes of the taischer would be visited with the supernatural spectacle, at which he would stand gazing for some minutes in mute astonishment. Sometimes he would see a friend or neighbour, with the appearance of a shroud around him; and in proportion as the dismal vestment rose high upon his person, so near was believed to be the approach of his death. Sometimes a boat would be seen, with a party of neighours sinking in the waves; in which case, intelligence of their having perished at sea was always expected to arrive immediately after. Occasionally, the death of a friend was prognosticated by the sight of his coffin in preparation; but most generally, when this was the object of the vision, a funeral company was observed, the chief mourners being perhaps hid from view, in order to preserve a convenient

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obscurity as to the individual meant. The grand presumed object of second-sight was prognostication; but the visions seldom referred to any events but what were either occurring at the moment in some distant place, or would very soon take place.

The execution of Queen Mary is traditionally stated to have been foreseen by the Highland seers, during the early part of the winter in which it occurred; and we have authentic notices of the existence of the superstition in the beginning of the ensuing century. King James alludes to it in his *Demonology;* it is also a charge against various Shetland witches in the reign of that monarch. A Highland taischer is said to have foretold the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham in the midst of all his glory. 'Pshaw!' said he; 'he will come to nothing: I see a dagger in his breast!' Mackenzie of Tarbet, afterwards Earl of Cromarty, a clever Scottish statesman of the reign of Charles II., and a man of historical and scientific research, wrote some account of this strange property of his countrymen for the use of the celebrated Boyle. An instance of second-sight, wherein the prediction proved true, is related as having fallen under the notice of this gentleman. One day, as he was riding in a field among his tenants, who were manuring barley, a stranger, passing on foot, came up to the party, and observed that they need not be so busy about their crops, for he saw the Englishmen's horses tethered among them already. Mackenzie asked how he knew them to be Englishmen's horses. He said he saw strangers' horses, and, knowing that an English army had entered the country [under Cromwell in 1650], he concluded it could be no other than they. The event proved as the man had foretold. A very few years after this incident, before Argyle went on his fatal journey to congratulate King Charles on his restoration, he was playing at the bowls with some gentlemen in Scotland, when one of them grew pale as the marquis stooped for his bowl, and said: 'Bless me! what do I see?—my lord with his head off, and all his shoulder full of blood!'

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Dr Ferriar, in his work on *Apparitions*, relates two anecdotes of second-sight, that may be taken as characteristic of the whole range of such stories. A military friend and relative of the doctor was quartered, about the middle of the last century, near the castle of a northern gentleman, who, rather strangely for his class, was supposed to have this gift. One day, while the young officer was reading a play to the ladies of the family, the chief, who had been walking across the room, suddenly stopped, and assumed the rapt and awe-struck appearance of a taischer. On recovering a little, he rang the bell, and ordered the groom to saddle a horse; to proceed immediately to a seat in the neighbourhood, and to inquire after the health of Lady ——; if the account was favourable, he was to call at another castle, to ask after another lady whom he named. The reader immediately closed the book, and declared he would not proceed till these abrupt orders were explained, as he was confident they were produced by the second-sight. After some hesitation, the chief owned that the door had appeared to open, and that a little woman without a head had entered the room; that the apparition indicated the sudden death of some person of his acquaintance; and the only two persons who resembled the figure were those ladies after whose health he had sent to inquire. A few hours afterwards, the servant returned with an account, that one of the ladies had died of an apoplectic fit, about the time when the vision appeared.

At another time, the chief was confined to his bed by indisposition, and the young officer was reading to him, in a stormy winter night, while the fishing-boat belonging to the castle was at sea. The old gentleman repeatedly expressed much anxiety respecting his people; and at last exclaimed: 'My boat is lost!' The colonel asked how he could know that. 'I see two boatmen,' replied the seer, 'bringing in the third drowned, all dripping wet, and laying him down close beside your chair.' The chair was shifted with great precipitation; and in the course of the night the fishermen returned, with the corpse of one of the boatmen.

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So far Dr Ferriar, who intimates no doubt as to the facts having taken place as he states them, whatever might be his opinion as to the supernatural gift of the laird. It has been shrewdly remarked, with reference to predictions of a different kind, that, while we are carefully apprised of the instances in which they are justified by the event, a studious silence is preserved respecting the infinitely more numerous instances of failure. A young friend informed us, that in the island of Tiree, a lonely member of the Hebridean range, in which he spent his boyhood, a family was once placed in a situation of great distress by the too long absence of the master of the house with a boating-party, at the distant isle of Barra. As there had been some rough weather, it was surmised that they must have perished; and day by day it was expected that some supernatural vision would confirm their conjectures. Not only was the family on the look-out for such an intimation of their calamity, but all the seers in the neighbourhood were also in expectation of it, and every morning and evening a boy went the rounds of a set of old men and women, residing in the adjacent cottages, to inquire if they had yet 'seen anything.' At length an old woman 'saw' a boat-party sinking in the water, and the family began to mourn their loss exactly as if it had been confirmed by the report of an eye-witness. On the second evening, however, the party returned in perfect health, having encountered no accident whatever in the expedition; when, it may well be supposed, joy easily obliterated all recollection in their friends of the dismal prognostication which, an hour before, they had so fully relied upon.

Stewart, in his *Sketches of the Highlanders and Highland Regiments*, relates a very interesting instance of second-sight, which happened in his own family. His words are as follow:—

'Late in an autumnal evening in the year 1773, the son of a neighbouring gentleman came to my father's house. He and my mother were from home, but several friends were in the house. The young gentleman spoke little,

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and seemed absorbed in deep thought. Soon after he arrived, he inquired for a boy of the family, then about three years of age. When shewn into the nursery, the nurse was trying on a pair of new shoes, and complaining that they did not fit. "They will fit him before he will have occasion for them!" said the young gentleman. This called forth the chidings of the nurse for predicting evil to the child, who was stout and healthy. When he returned to the party he had left in the sitting-room, who had heard his observations on the shoes, they cautioned him to take care that the nurse did not derange his new talent of the second-sight, with some ironical congratulations on his pretended acquirement. This brought on an explanation; when he told them, that as he approached the end of a wooden bridge thrown across a stream a short distance from the house, he was astonished to see a crowd of people passing the bridge. Coming nearer, he observed a person carrying a small coffin, followed by about twenty gentlemen, all of his acquaintance, his own father and mine being of the number, with a concourse of the country people. He did not attempt to join, but saw them turn off to the right, in the direction of the churchyard, which they entered. He then proceeded on his intended visit, much impressed from what he had seen with a feeling of awe, and believing it to have been a representation of the death and funeral of a child of the family. In this apprehension he was the more confirmed, as he knew my father was at Blair, and that he had left his own father at home an hour before. The whole received perfect confirmation in his mind by the sudden death of the boy the following night, and the consequent funeral, which was exactly similar to that before represented to his imagination. This gentleman was not a professed seer. This was his first and his last vision; and, as he told me, it was sufficient. No reasoning or argument could convince him that the appearance was an illusion. Now, when a man of education and of general knowledge of the world, as this gentleman was, became so bewildered in his imaginations, and that even so

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late as the year 1773, it cannot be matter of surprise that the poetical enthusiasm of the Highlanders, in their days of chivalry and romance, should have predisposed them to credit wonders which so deeply interested them.'

It is generally allowed, that when a Highland taischer happened to remove to a distant country, he lost the power which he had enjoyed in his own. This, however, was not uniformly the case, nor is it at all clear that the gift was peculiar to the Highlanders. Aulus Gellius relates, that a priest at Padua beheld the last fatal battle of Pompey, which was taking place in Thessaly, and at the close exclaimed: 'Cæsar has conquered!' The assassination of Domitian, by his freedman Stephanus, which took place at Rome, was seen by Apollonius Tyanæus at Ephesus, who exclaimed, before the multitude by whom he was surrounded: 'Well done, Stephanus—well done! Strike the murderer; thou hast struck him—thou hast wounded him—he is slain!' A maniac in Gascony is said to have exclaimed: 'The admiral has fallen,' at the moment when Coligny was killed at Paris in 1572. The gift has also been enjoyed in Holland, in the Isle of Man, in Ireland, and in other parts of the British dominions. Wodrow, in his manuscript memoranda, preserved in the Advocates' Library, relates that a lady of the Catholic persuasion, residing at Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire, dreamed one night—it was in the seventeenth century—that she saw a coach, and a lady in it, almost lost in the river. She had a watch on the ford for two nights: on the third, the lady of Campbell of Shawfield—a Scottish Highland proprietor—was passing the river in her carriage; the vehicle was overturned by the force of the stream, and her life placed in the utmost danger, when the servants on watch came to her assistance, and drew her to the bank. Wodrow also tells that a minister preaching at Irvine, in Ayrshire, told his hearers that Londonderry had been relieved at that moment; which afterwards was found to be the case. Peden, too, the well-known seer among the persecuted nonconformists,

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saw the destruction of his party's hopes at Bothwell, in a distant part of the country. We are informed by Patrick Walker, that the appearance of conventicles was observed on many *braefaces* where such meetings did afterwards take place: particularly one at Craigmad, between the parishes of Falkirk and Muiravonside, where 'a milk-white horse, with a blood-red saddle on his back,' stood beside the people — the milk-white horse being the Gospel, and the blood-red saddle, persecution. The same writer speaks of a visionary review of armed Highlanders, and showers of Highland bonnets and arms, which took place in 1686 at Crossford, near Lanark: he went himself, willing to see, but could not, though many others shewed by their agitation that they saw too well. One 'gentleman, who spake as too many gentlemen and others speak, said: "Nothing but a pack of witches and warlocks that have the *second-sight*—the fient hae't do I see;" and immediately there was a discernible change in his countenance, with as much fear and trembling as any woman I saw there, who cried out: "Oh, all ye that do not see, say nothing, for I assure you it is matter of fact, and discernible to all that are not stone-blind!"' At a much later period, however, and in a very elevated class of Lowland Scottish society, second-sight is found. A daughter of Lord Kinnaird, early in the last century, was understood to have the second-sight: one day, during divine worship in the High Church of Edinburgh, she fainted away under the impression of having seen a shroud round the neck of a youthful female friend who entered the pew where she was sitting. The young lady so apparelled died soon after. About the same period, a Highlander, standing with the provost of Glasgow at the Cross of Edinburgh, saw a gentleman pass, who, he said, would 'very soon be a dead corpse.' In a few minutes, the individual in question was killed accidentally by a carriage passing over him, and carried off dead in their presence. But we need not multiply instances of second-sight out of the Highlands: the gift came frequently under the notice of our national judges in the

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reign of Charles II., and was recognised as one of the hidden arts or gifts then prevalent.

When Dr Johnson visited the Hebrides in 1773, he found the belief in second-sight to prevail amongst all except the clergy, and was himself weak enough to allow that such a thing might be. It is now disregarded by all except the humblest and most ignorant of the population, and in a few years will probably be only a matter of traditionary recollection. Much has been written to account for it, but there are only two simple conclusions to be arrived at: either it was the effect of imagination, or of actual optical phenomena. 'To suppose,' says Beattie, 'the Deity working a miracle in order to announce a marriage, or the arrival of a poor stranger, or the making of a coffin, would require such evidence as has not yet attended any of these tales, and is indeed what scarce any kind of evidence could make us suppose.' This author is disposed to trace the superstition in a great measure to the dismal character of the country; but when we find it to have been prevalent in the Lowlands, and still to linger in an island like Tiree, which is perfectly flat and fertile, this supposition loses all force. Besides, in such a case, why should the superstition have declined while the country remains the same? Something like the same argument may be brought against the conclusion, that it arose from optical phenomena. If such were its cause, why should the phenomena be less frequent now than before? Everything considered, it seems most feasible to trace this superstition to the great mother of all superstitions—ignorance. Till recent times, the Highlanders, with a good many estimable qualities, were a benighted people, and of course exposed to all the impressions which a busy fancy could suggest to them. They are, by Mrs Grant's shewing, peculiarly disposed to converse and reflect upon the subject of death; and hence the frequency of funerals and coffins, and men half-shrouded, in their visions. Men accustomed to brood in solitude over melancholy ideas, would at length become suddenly possessed by a kind of waking

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dream, in which imagination pictured forth, as upon the real retina, a transaction formed out of the shreds of their habitual reflections; when such visions were soon after found to have shadowed forth actual occurrences, it must have been a matter of accident. In no other way can reason account for the second-sight.

SPEAKING JACKDAWS.

In modern times, parrots are almost the only birds that have the gift of speech, though connoisseurs are not ignorant that starlings and jackdaws have good abilities in that way, when properly educated. The ancients could at times make them speak to some purpose: Macrobius tells us, that when Augustus Cæsar was returning in triumph to Rome from his victory over Mark Antony, there appeared among the crowd which welcomed him, a bird borne on a man's hand, which flapped its wings, and cried out: 'God save the emperor, the victorious Cæsar!' Augustus, delighted to see himself saluted by this winged spokesman, gave its owner a handsome sum for the bird. The owner pocketed the money, refusing to share any of it with an associate who had aided him in training his jackdaw. This man, in order to be revenged, and to shew the loyalty which had animated his friend, brought to the emperor another bird which they had in training, and which called out: 'God save the victorious Mark Antony.' Augustus, whose good-nature is well known, only laughed at the joke, and ordered the confederates to divide the money. After his liberality in this instance, he had a number of speaking jackdaws and parrots brought to him. One poor fellow, a shoemaker, took great pains to teach a bird which he had got for the purpose, hoping to make his fortune by it. The bird, which had no such prospects, was but a slow scholar; and his master, in the midst of

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his lessons, often ejaculated in despair: 'Well, I have lost my labour!' Having at last, however, and with much pains, completed his education, the daw was brought out one day to salute Augustus, and repeated his 'God save the emperor' with great distinctness. 'Tut!' said Augustus, 'I have too many courtiers of your kind.' 'Well,' cried the daw, which at that moment remembered his master's ejaculation—'well, I have lost my labour.' The emperor was so much amused with its answer, that he bought the feathered wit for double the expected sum.

AN OLD MINISTER'S TALE.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

The Rev. Mr M'Donald of Kilmore, whom I once met at Oban on a visit, related to me a great number of Highland stories, for the purpose, as he expressed it, that I should make something of them. One of them was about John Campbell of Kilcagar, who went out one day to hunt on the lands of Glen-Orn, which then belonged to M'Culloch of Gresharvish. Mr Campbell not returning in the evening, his lady became very much alarmed, especially as his favourite pointer-dog, Eachen, came home alone, and apparently very disconsolate, and his dam, Oich, did not come at all. Mrs Campbell did not know in the least where to send in search of her husband, but she raised the men-servants before daylight, some of whom went for the fox-hunter, who knew all the shooting-ground in the vicinity, and they went searching and calling the whole day, but found nothing.

In the meantime, a shepherd of Glen-Orn arrived at Kilcagar, and told Mrs Campbell that he had found her husband lying shot through the heart in Correi-Balloch—a wild wooded ravine on the lands of Glen-Orn, and his pointer-bitch lying at his side moaning, but refusing to

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leave him. The man told his story so abruptly, that Mrs Campbell fainted, and was long unable to give orders about anything. The body, however, was brought home, poor Oich following it, and finally buried in the island of Lismore, the burial-place of the family; but Oich followed it there, and though brought home many times, and greatly caressed, she always went back again, until at last she died on the grave.

A strict investigation was immediately set on foot regarding the mysterious murder of Mr Campbell, for, as his gun was found loaded, it was certain he could not have shot himself; and after some inquiry, Mr M'Culloch was arrested, and taken to the prison of Inverary, examined by the sheriff, and committed for trial. And here is the trial, which I believe is nearly the truth.

Mr M'Culloch acknowledged, both before the sheriff and the lords of the justiciary court at the circuit, that he had heard the report of a gun on his lands, had gone to the place, and, on seeing the pointers, went to the spot, where he found his friend Mr Campbell lying at the point of death; that he turned him over, when he vomited some blood, and then expired.

Mrs Campbell, on being examined, said she did not believe Mr M'Culloch would have shot her husband, although the latter should have shot all the game on the other's estate; for that they were particular friends, and always shot together, visiting each other in the most friendly and amicable way very frequently. The paper then proceeds to detail the examination of William Bawn M'Nichol.

'Where were you that morning when Mr Campbell was murdered?'

'I was in Clash-ne-shalloch.'

'How far is that from Correi-Balloch?'

'She could take a tay to go it, or half a tay, or an hour if hersel was to rhun it.'

'And you heard the shot fired from the one place to the other?'

'Yes, she heard it go out with a creat plow-off.'

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'And what made you leave the one glen to go to the other? Did you suspect anything?'

'Hoo, yes; hersel did suspect something.'

'What did you suspect?'

'She suspected tat she would get a thram of te whisky, or te rhoom, or te prhandy at lheast; and may pe a shilling into her sporran.'

'And what did you see when you arrived?'

'Hersel saw Mr Campbell's two dhogs sitting with teir tails upon te ground, and one of tem was poo-hooing; and then when she came dhown, tere was Mr Campbell himself lhying, and grheat strheam of plood rhunning down from his pody.'

'And was he quite dead then?'

'Hoo, yes; him was very dhead.'

'And did you see any other person in the Correi that day?'

'Nho; she saw'd no other pody put Mr M'Culloch, who was rhunning very strong up the Balloch.'

'Was it towards his own house that he was running?'

'Nho!—such a question! It would pe lhong pefore rhunning up to Balloch would take him to his own house. His own house lies down there, and he was rhunning here.'

'And what did he do when you came to the corpse?'

'He turned pack again, and came to me, and desired me to go with all haste to Kilcagar, and tell Mrs Campbell tat her husband was lying in te Correi shot, and dhead, and mhoordered, which I did with a heavy heart; for Mr Campbell was a good and kind man.'

'Did you never hear of a great beauty, named Anne Gillespie, who did not bear the best character in the country?'

'Hoo! hersel will pe telling you whatever she has seen with her own eyes, put she will swear to no reports.'

'Was she not lost about the time of Mr Campbell's death, and was it not suspected that she likewise had been made away with?'

'Hersel has never saw'd her dhead nor alhive since tat

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tay; so tat she may pe mhoordered, and dhead, and bhuried, or trown into te sea, and eahten up with te creat fushes; or she may pe living, and as peautiful as ever, for anyting tat hersel does know.'

'You say you have never seen her since that day—did you see her on that day?'

'Hersel saw—saw—saw a young woman rhunning down Corrie-Deach.'

'And was that woman Mrs Anne Gillespie?'

'It might pe her, and it might not pe her; she could not say. Tere were words aproad.'

'How far were you from her?'

'Hoo, hersel was very near: not apove two or tree miles from her.'

'That is a great distance.'

'Oh, it pe no distance in te Highland. If we had peen any nhearer, we would have peen together.'

'Did you know Mrs Anne Gillespie personally?'

'Hoo, yes; she knowed her very well.'

'And what sort of a woman was she?'

'She was a very ghood, and a very peautiful, lady.'

'Did you hear two shots from the Balloch, or only one that morning?'

'Hersel was hearing two shots—one pefore and another afther.'

A great many more witnesses were examined, but their evidences were greatly at variance; and nothing more could be elicited, save that it was certain Mrs Anne Gillespie was a person of doubtful character, and that she was lost, and that many suspected she had got foul play for her life. Finally, the counsel for the crown demanded a verdict of guilty against Mr M'Culloch; but one of the judges, in summing up the evidence, expressed his doubts. He acknowledged that the circumstantial evidence was very strong against Mr M'Culloch, yet still, taking his character, temper, and disposition altogether into view, he could hardly conceive that evidence to be thoroughly conclusive. It was true he was the only man observed in the Balloch, and was discovered running

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away; and when he saw that discovery was made, he turned again. His hands were bloody, and his gun was discharged. Mr Campbell had been killed by a species of shot which was found to be the very same kind as that contained in Mr M'Culloch's lead-bag. All these circumstances, taken together, formed a mass of strong evidence. But whence could spring the motive for the one friend murdering the other?—and how was Anne Gillespie concerned in the matter? He confessed he could not see his way through such a mesh. He therefore had some faint hopes that the prisoner really was not guilty. He was far from exculpating him, for it was a dark and mysterious affair, and the evidence was grievously against him; but if the honourable jury viewed the matter with the same doubts as he did, he begged they would give the prisoner the advantage of them. There was one thing he was bound to remind them of—that it was quite manifest the person who shot Mr Campbell had been close at him. Now, if the thing had taken place by accident, which was the most likely thing in the world, the prisoner would have acknowledged it, and then no blame would have attached to him; but as he peremptorily denies it, you are obliged either to return a verdict of *not proven*, or of *wilful murder*. I must, therefore, leave him in the hands of his countrymen, and may God influence their hearts to return a just and true verdict!

Mr M'Culloch appearing at that time very much affected, and like to faint, he was removed, and had something to drink. He asked the guards how they thought the verdict would go, and was answered, that there was every probability it would go against him. He said he thought so too; for had he been a juryman on any other criminal, he should have given it against him. The jury were enclosed, and continued in fierce and angry discussion for five hours and twenty minutes, and then returned a verdict of GUILTY, by a majority of two. M'Culloch was again brought into court, and the justice-clerk asked him if he had anything to say why judgment of death should not be pronounced

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against him. He said he had only one very simple reason, which was, that he was as innocent of his friend's death as his own child that sat on her mother's knee. He neither blamed the judges nor the jury, for every word of the evidence was true. There was not a false word advanced against him; and it was singular how strongly they all tended to corroborate an innocent man's guilt. Had he been a juryman on the same trial, he would have voted with the majority. Therefore, he had no reasons to urge why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him; only he begged for a distant day, as he was certain the Almighty would not suffer an innocent man to die an ignominious death, and his family to be disgraced and ruined, without bringing to light something relating to that horrid transaction. He was sentenced to be executed that day six months, on the 27th of October.

Mr M'Culloch received all the admonitions of the several divines toward confession with the greatest indignation, remaining obstinate to the last, and still no light was thrown on the mysterious murder of Mr Campbell, save that, on the day after the trial, a great burly Highlander demanded a word of the lord justice-clerk, who, being a proud man, received him churlishly, saying: 'What do you want with me, you wretched-looking being?'

'Hersel shust pe wanting to tell your shudgeship, tat you must reverse te sentence on honest Mr M'Culloch instantly, for it is not a fair one, and cannot pe a fair one.'

'What do you mean, sir?'

'What do I mean? Hubabub! Did you not see tat tere was six Campbells on te shury? Te shudge hersel was a Campbell, te man who was shot was a Campbell, and how could ony man get shustice? If you had not been what you are, a Campbell, you could easily have seen trough tat tere could pe no shustice. And hersel can tell you, had it peen a Gillespie, a Stuart, or a M'Donald, tat had peen shot, and a Campbell who had shot him, with te same shudge and shury, tere would have peen no word of

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guilty. Now, I tell you tat you, and your shury of Campbells, are both knaves and fools, else you might have seen tat Mr M'Culloch was no more guilty of shooting his friend, John Campbell, than you were.'

'Then I tell you that *you* are a knave, a ruffian, and a madman. Take him out, and give him into custody.'

'Just stop, if you plaise, till I tell your honour's clorious mhajesty, tat when te shot was fired tat killed John Campbell, Duncan M'Culloch was half a mile off, and out of sight too.'

'And how do you know that?'

'Pecaus I saw it with my own eyes at a great distance.'

'Who else could it be, then, that shot him?'

'Hoo, but let you and your Campbells, with your wise heads, find out tat. Tat pe your business, and none of mine. So you have no ting to do with all your wisdom, put send word over to te prison, to let him forth.'

'Oh, the man is mad! stark, staring mad. What flummery is this? Seize him, force him out, and see that he be properly secured.'

The attendants then seized the fellow, and forced him out, while he continued calling to let Mr M'Culloch go free.

His assertion was totally disregarded by the proper authorities. It created, however, a sensation among the bystanders, and a petition was got up for a reprieve to M'Culloch. Who it was signed by, or by whom presented, I do not know; but it had not the desired effect. Reprieves and pardons were not so common in those days as now, and Duncan M'Culloch was left for execution.

Now, it so happened that the day appointed for Mr M'Culloch's execution, the 27th of October, was the very one preceding the opening of the autumn western circuit; and on that morning, as the lord justice-clerk and the lord provost of Glasgow were sitting at an early breakfast, the attendants stated to them that there was a very strange-looking fellow at the door, who demanded an audience of their lordships; that they had repulsed

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him several times, but he would take no refusal, saying that his message was one of life and death, and he must and would speak with them.

'No, no—tell him we have nothing to do with him,' said the justice-clerk. 'I like not such persons intruding themselves into our presence. There is danger in it.'

'There shall be no danger to you, my lord, I answer for it,' said the provost. 'And since it is an affair of life and death, I think we had better hear what the fellow has to say. With all these attendants, and ourselves, we have nothing to fear from one man; so I think, with your permission, we will admit him.'

'Let him be searched, then, that he has no arms about him.'

'Yes, my lord.'

The fellow was then searched, and admitted, and a frightful-looking figure he was. His form was emaciated; his face the colour of clay; his beard sticking out all around, like a bottle-brush; his tufted hair protruding far beyond the rim of his crabbed Argyleshire bonnet, which he did not even deign to lay aside, but, stepping close up to the lord justice-clerk, he addressed him thus: 'Does your honour's clorious mhajesty know mhe?'

'No, sir; I know nothing about you, nor do I wish to know anything. Keep your distance.'

'Then, sir, if you do not know me, you don't know a man who has ten times more truth and honour than yourself, for all te pride and wisdom tat is pelow tat creat pig mealy wig of yours. Did not I tell you this day six months tat Mr M'Culloch was no more guilty of the death of John Campbell of Kilcagar than you was? And did you tink tat a true Highlander was coming to tell you a porn lie for no ting? And yet you are suffering tat ghood honest shentleman to pe dragged to the gallows tis tay, and hanged like a dog, for a crime of which you know he was not guilty; for did not I tell you so, and was not tat enough? But here am I, Pheader Gillespie, who will not suffer an innocent shentleman to die for a crime

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in which he had no hand. I was loath to give up the murderer before; but since it must pe so, it must pe so. I then tell you, shentlemans, tat it was I myself tat shot John Campbell.'

'You who shot John Campbell!' cried the lord provost, starting to his feet: 'I declare this surpasses all that I ever heard or witnessed in my life! My lord, this is a very serious matter indeed. We must take it upon ourselves to defer the execution of Mr M'Culloch, till the truth of the circumstance be ascertained, and a reprieve can be obtained.'

'No, no,' said the justice-clerk; 'the man is deranged, and knows not what he is saying. Justice must have its way: the sentence must be executed.'

'O, have you no fear of Cot pefore your eyes?' cried the Highlander, with great vehemence. 'Remember, if you murder an innocent man, you shall have to answer for it. Did I not tell you long ago tat Duncan M'Culloch was innocent? and do I not tell you now tat it was I who shot John Campbell of Kilcagar? Yes, it was I who shot him trough te pody and te heart. I had my own reasons for killing him. But I could not leave an innocent man to suffer in my stead. And here I am, to take te shustice of Cot and man; so if one must suffer according to te mandate of te great Campbells, why, then, come pind my hands pehind my pack, and hang me, for I, and I alone, did the deed for which he is contemned to suffer. But I'll first be tried by a shury of my countrymen, not by you, nor by your clan, although we were once the same. No: I'll object to every man whose name is Campbell; but I will not retract one word that I have uttered. I shot John Campbell, and I did it with all my heart; and were it to do now, I would do it still.'

'You are a braver, an honester, and a better man than your appearance bespeaks you, Gillespie,' said the lord provost. 'There is something truly noble in this voluntary confession of yours; and whatever may be the issue, you shall not want my best interests. But an innocent man shall not suffer under my jurisdiction. I must go and

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take measures for the preservation of M'Culloch's life instantly, for his time is nearly run. In the meantime, Gillespie, I must commit you to prison.'

'You may, if you please, my lord; but hersel tinks, after what she has done, tere pe little ochasion for it. If Duncan M'Culloch is once fairly released and restored to his family, I may run away if I can, but not till then.'

'Well, I think I have a right to take your word, for a more gallant immolation I never witnessed, and never read of. Remain in my house, under guard, until I take measures regarding you. In the meantime, I must hasten to the sheriff and the prison, for I have no time to lose.'

When the lord provost entered the prison, the head-keeper opened the door and announced him. He found the condemned man sitting on his straw pallet, with his wife on one side, and his eldest daughter, a girl about fifteen, on the other, both leaning on his bosom, and crying until their hearts were like to break. 'I am quite resigned, and ready to go with you, my lord,' said he; 'you will just release me from a scene which no husband and father's heart can long sustain. I am quite ready.'

'I am very happy to hear it, Mr M'Culloch; but I am happier still to inform you, that a very singular piece of information has been communicated to me this morning. A wild, savage-looking fellow, calling himself Peter Gillespie, or some such name, came into my house, and before the lord justice-clerk and me, declared himself the murderer of Mr John Campbell, and offered himself to be executed in your place, for that he alone was the guilty person; and he says, that you were half a mile distant, and out of sight, when the murder was committed; so that the sheriff and I have agreed to defer your execution until a pardon can be obtained from the proper authorities.'

Mrs M'Culloch fainted with joy at this intelligence. As for M'Culloch himself, he burst into tears, and exclaimed: 'I said the Almighty would not suffer an innocent

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man to perish by an ignominious death, and a lovely and helpless family to be disgraced and ruined; and He has not disappointed me in the end! O blessed, ever blessed be His name! for now that I am freed from the foul stain of murder, I regard death as nothing. But Pheader Gillespie, Pheader Gillespie, to offer himself a sacrifice for me! Ah! that is what I do not deserve at his hand! Do you think the poor fellow will be condemned?'

'I am afraid he will; but he shall not want my best interests, for it was so noble of him to give up his life that an innocent man might be saved to his family.'

The ladies now claimed the attention of the two gentlemen. Mrs M'Culloch was lying in a swoon, pale as death, on her husband's bosom; Miss M'Culloch was sitting with uplifted hands, her eyes fixed, and her beautiful lips wide apart, the statue of suspense, uncertain as yet whether or not her father's life was safe. That was a happy morning for the M'Cullochs, happier than if no such danger had ever hung over them. A pardon was readily obtained from the Secretary of State's office, and M'Culloch was released.

When Gillespie's trial came on, there was no one witness against him but himself; but he delivered a plain unvarnished tale, which amply sufficed for his own condemnation. He had been prompted to the dreadful deed by a jealousy but too well founded; and it appeared that the Mrs Anne Gillespie, alluded to in an earlier part of our tale, was his wife, and the unhappy cause of the murder. When asked by the judge what had become of his wife, he answered: 'My wife! what is tat to you, or to the present cause? Tat was my concern, not yours. You may try to find it out, but you never will till the day of doom.'

In the course of a few weeks, Pheader Gillespie suffered the just penalty of his offence, universally regretted, however, on account of the principles which had urged him to make confession of the deed.

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SIR MATTHEW HALE.

THE character of Sir Matthew Hale as a judge was splendidly pre-eminent. His learning was profound; his patience unconquerable; his integrity stainless. In the words of one who wrote with no friendly feeling towards him, 'his voice was oracular, and his person little less than adored.' The temper of mind with which he entered upon the duties of the bench is best exemplified in the following resolutions, which appear to have been composed on his being raised to the dignity of Chief Baron at the Restoration:—

'Things necessary to be continually had in remembrance:

'1. That in the administration of justice, I am intrusted for God, the king, and country; and therefore,

'2. That it be done—1. Uprightly; 2. Deliberately; 3. Resolutely.

'3. That I rest not upon my own understanding or strength, but implore and rest upon the direction and strength of God.

'4. That in the execution of justice, I carefully lay aside my own passions, and not give way to them, however provoked.

'5. That I be wholly intent upon the business I am about, remitting all other cares and thoughts as unseasonable and interruptions.

'6. That I suffer not myself to be prepossessed with any judgment at all, till the whole business and both parties be heard.

'7. That I never engage myself in the beginning of any cause, but reserve myself unprejudiced till the whole be heard.

'8. That in business capital, though my nature prompt me to pity, yet to consider there is a pity also due to the country.

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'9. That I be not too rigid in matters purely conscientious, where all the harm is diversity of judgment.

'10. That I be not biassed with compassion to the poor, or favour to the rich, in point of justice.

'11. That popular or court applause or distaste has no influence in anything I do, in point of distribution of justice.

'12. Not to be solicitous what men will say or think, so long as I keep myself exactly according to the rule of justice.

'13. If in criminals it be a measuring cast, to incline to mercy and acquittal.

'14. In criminals that consist merely in words, where no more harm ensues, moderation is no injustice.

'15. In criminals of blood, if the fact be evident, severity is justice.

'16. To abhor all private solicitations, of what kind soever, and by whomsoever, in matters depending.

'17. To charge my servants—1. Not to interpose in any matter whatsoever; 2. Not to take more than their known fees; 3. Not to give any undue precedence to causes; 4. Not to recommend counsel.

'18. To be short and sparing at meals, that I may be the fitter for business.'

Under the influence of resolutions like these, the conduct of Hale on the bench appears to have been almost irreproachable.

OULIE HIELAN.*

THERE is at all times something fascinating in the contemplation of a character marked by uncommon features; and if these are the indications of a master-spirit, that soars beyond the sphere of a narrow destiny apparently

* The information embodied in this article has been procured from an individual who spent a considerable time in Norway, and oftener than once saw Oulie Hielan.

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marked out for it—if we see in this person unbounded generosity, undaunted courage, and unwearied activity, our interest is doubled, and we listen to all the particulars of his history, and follow his fate with an absorbing anxiety.

But when he who thus takes possession of the imagination is the hero of a tale of violence, and the rebellious and refractory contemner of laws, there is great danger to our moral and religious principles in the undefinable admiration which he excites. This danger would be still greater did there exist many men endowed with such extraordinary gifts as OULIE HIELAN—a Norwegian captain of banditti, whose whole history tends to excite a degree of romantic interest perhaps seldom surpassed in any age or country; while all that can be said in defence of his lawless life is, that, as subjected to his peculiar circumstances, and singular rules, *less* odium was attached to him than to the wretched being in more civilised countries, who, having the benefit of pure religion to guide him, sets at nought all its precepts, and sinks down into the crime and meanness of a common thief.

The father of Oulie Hielan was a decent Norwegian peasant, whose occupation was that of a sawyer of wood; but his son, of whom we are writing, had no ambition to become either a 'hewer of wood' or 'a drawer of water;' and as he was a remarkably handsome boy, he was taken, in admiration of this perfection, at the age of twelve years, into the service of the sister of a rich banker at Christiansand. There he was treated with so much indulgence, that he found ample time for acquiring those accomplishments on which his countrymen set the greatest value—namely, feats of activity and strength; so that he soon became a proficient in lifting stones of great weight, wrestling with those older and of more experience in the art than himself, swimming, diving, shooting at a mark, running, and, with his snow-shoes on, surpassing even the reindeer in swiftness; while to these parts of his education he added a thorough knowledge of the wild

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legends of his country, and became perfectly acquainted with all the attributes of the spirits of the woods, waters, earth, and air. But when he had lived six years in this place, he began to shew symptoms of restlessness and dissatisfaction, and to feel that the uncommon strength of frame which was manifesting itself in his outward appearance, and of which he was inwardly conscious, reproached him for still continuing in the service of a lady. He therefore left his kind mistress, though with feelings of deep gratitude, and went to live in the capacity of groom with an eminent merchant, at his country-house, a short distance from Christiansand. Here his occupation was more to his liking, as being more manly; and for a considerable time he found much pleasure and amusement in training the horses, as is the custom in Norway, to obey his voice in a surprising manner. They were treated by him as his friends and companions; with them he shared his loaf, and it was on their bed that he rested, and on their backs that he explored the distant valleys, and skirted the lonely rocks, with a vague hope of encountering and slaying the 'Rock Bull,' one of the most renowned and formidable phantoms of his country, which, however, on being overcome, is all at once metamorphosed into the most delicious and fattest of beeves. Oulie Hielan at length, however, became tired of this way of life also, on account of the strict discipline and harsh conduct of his master, against which his free spirit rebelled. In short, he began to find that his acquirements had not fitted him for the dull plodding of every-day life, and boldly chalked out a path for himself, which he contemplated with the greater delight, from the very difficulty of treading it.

The ambition of signalising himself had been his ruling passion from his infancy; for even in the earliest stages of childhood, he had sought pre-eminence among his companions; and now that his vigour of mind and body were alike remarkable, he felt as if able to surmount all difficulties, and marked out for himself the plan of a mode of warfare as dangerous and extraordinary as it

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was unjustifiable. This was to form a band of robbers, who should be completely under his control, and in conjunction with whom he meditated the performance of feats which should couple his name in future ages with those of the genii of his country. He was not avaricious, or anxious to amass riches on his own account; for this he would have considered as sinking him far below the character at which he aimed, which was to become a redresser of wrongs, and to wrest from the rich what he intended to bestow on the poor.

Oulie Hielan was acquainted with many of the rocky fastnesses in the neighbourhood of Christiansand; caves and dens placed in such perilous situations, and so difficult of access, that none but himself and the wild goats had dared to explore them. These places he had marked as his own peculiar haunts, whenever it suited him to burst asunder for ever the bonds imposed on him by laws and lawgivers. Nor was this time long in coming; for, when once determined on his plans, he brooked no delay, he owned no impediment, and he dreaded no consequences. It was necessary, however, to procure some money, that he might furnish himself with arms and provisions. While he was puzzling over this difficulty, his master sent him with a sum to one of his clerks, which was sufficient for his occasions, and this opportunity was eagerly seized; he absconded, took possession of one of his impenetrable holds, and for a few days baffled all pursuit. But he seemed now, as he often did in after-life, the most careless of men, because he fancied himself, from his innate resources, the most secure. He ventured too soon into the town to procure the arms and provisions which were become necessary to him, and falling into the hands of the police, was persecuted with vindictive malice by the merchant, tried, and condemned to a certain number of lashes, and a long imprisonment. The imprisonment was nothing, but the lashes were another matter. To the free-spirited Norwegian, there is no punishment that is not more easily endured, and if this is generally the case, how did the heart of the proud and

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ambitious Hielan recoil from it? This would, indeed, be a strange commencement of the career of him who flattered himself with becoming, in after-years, the theme of the Norwegian youth, and the hero of the fireside tale —a beginning, he thought, which would frustrate for ever the fulfilment of his long-cherished dreams. But night came—the jailer slept—Hielan had a tough struggle with the iron bars of his window; but they had never before held within them such gigantic strength, or such a determined spirit. This strength and this spirit was, moreover, increased in a tenfold degree, for the dreaded morrow was to give him to the ignominious lash: he removed the bars, and was free. For a short time, he was taught more caution. He selected a few daring spirits as his companions, and to them he intrusted the task of providing arms and provisions, before they had done anything to attract notice, and he was soon joined by them, and provided with all he wanted. It was then that he began to levy contributions on the rich, and to shower his benefits on the poor; and from this time his iron strength, his extraordinary activity, and his never-resting spirit, carried him on through scenes and adventures which, though well attested by his countrymen, we can hardly credit as realities. The name of Oulie Hielan henceforward inspired the rich with terror, and the poor with confidence. His good qualities, as well as his evil ones, were strongly marked; for nothing could be more inviolable than his word; nothing more unbounded than his generosity, or more tender than his sensibility. Like desperadoes of the Robin Hood class, he appeared to compound for his evil and unlawful deeds by acts of charity and kindness; and among an illiterate people, this species of benevolence was rather commended than otherwise. In his mischievous enterprises, he delighted to puzzle and surprise his countrymen by an appearance of ubiquity, and by the performance of acts of daring which placed him at an immeasurable distance from them all. The city and the country—the guard-room of the soldiers and the cottage of the peasant—all places were filled with the fame and

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the fear of this bandit. He had defied all power vested in his countrymen, and become an outlaw against whom was every man's hand; but always accustomed to surmount natural difficulties in a country where their forms are ever varying, he felt no fear of those thrown in his way by human beings, and seemed often to engage in perilous enterprises merely for the pleasure of subduing dangers.

By the banditti subject to him, who generally amounted to sixteen or eighteen men, he was both feared and admired. Strict in his discipline, he by turns forbade or authorised the exercise of their power, punishing or encouraging at will those who would have submitted to no other authority. This man had formed a code of morality for himself, not more mistaken and dangerous, perhaps, than that of many who are moving within the decent circle of civilised society, since it served to justify to himself every action of his life. He was never known to break a promise, or to injure a poor man, unless that man had injured his poorer neighbour; while hundreds were relieved by him from oppression, or from the stern dominion of pinching poverty. In short, he had made himself acquainted with the character and circumstances of all within his extensive sphere of action, and had become, in a great measure, the arbiter of their fate, measuring out to them the justice which his own perverted opinion and despotic will awarded to them. One of the traits in the character of this singular man, was an enthusiastic admiration of the savage grandeur of his native land, where all is sublime. Nor was his heart always untouched by veneration for a presiding Deity, though his religion was nothing more than that of nature, so inadequate to the wants of a frail and sinful mortality. He loved the brilliant starlight of his northern skies, and the grand spectacle of the aurora borealis, which, like armies of colossal phantoms, seemed to encounter in the shock of battle. And when, in the profound stillness of midnight, disturbed alone by the trembling leaves of the aspen, he looked from the brink of some stupendous cliff

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upon the rocks beneath, cleft into ten thousand fantastic shapes, from each cleft of which arose the stately pine or the graceful birch—or when he cast his eyes abroad upon the solemn woods, or the mighty rivers rolling their torrents to the ocean, or to that pathless deep itself, studded with wooded islands, and reflecting on its glassy surface all the glories of the heavens, he then felt that assurance of immortality which such sublime objects are fitted to awaken. But his was only an immortality for heroes such as is imaged forth in the fables of Odin, and the thought only encouraged him to proceed in the singular path he had marked out for himself. Hielan's men were picked spirits, partaking of his own energies, and embracing his own views; and, in conjunction with them, he performed feats, which weaker and less energetic beings, having no power to achieve, seem only to consider as fabulous exaggerations. He had harboured the deepest resentment against the merchant ever since the persecution he suffered on his account; but this fated man had been long absent from his country on mercantile affairs, and the bandit would not deign to touch his property till his return. He was, however, no sooner settled again in the usual routine of business, than he determined to make him feel the weight of his displeasure, and chose a time when he knew a large sum of money had been paid to him at his country-house. This house stood near the brink of a deep river, on which were moored a number of fishing-boats; these he caused his men to have in readiness, and having watched till his enemy departed for his counting-house at Christiansand, and having secured the servants, he laid his hands on nearly a thousand pounds sterling in money, and plundered the house of plate, and all else that was valuable, among which we may well reckon the food or provisions just laid in for winter, which in that country, so given to hospitality, are on a scale of magnitude not easily comprehended by the inhabitants of warmer regions.

All this booty the boats speedily conveyed to the other side of the river, where, in a few hours, it was safely

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deposited in a concealment of which none knew save Hielan and his band. There was, however, small satisfaction in this achievement to the mind of the robber chief, when compared to that which he promised himself, in being an eye-witness of the consternation of the merchant when he should return to his desolated premises. Over the opposite side of the river on which the house was situated, there impended an enormous rock, the height of which was not less than a hundred feet, and the summit of which was totally inaccessible on three sides, and only to be gained on that furthest from the river by such a path as Hielan alone was accustomed to tread. It was to the very pinnacle of this commanding eminence that the outlaw took his triumphant way, with the most splendid and valued of the merchant's silver drinking-cups in his hands. Not long had he bent his eagle eye on the little plain beneath, when the plundered man arrived, accompanied by a band of soldiers, a posse of police, a host of idlers, who are always ready on such occasions, and the affrighted servants, whom Hielan had released as soon as his work was finished, and sent to bear the tidings to their master. All around the house was now commotion and uproar; while many were the boasts and vaunts of the motley group, could they but see the perpetrator of the deed; when all at once Hielan was espied sitting on the very edge of the overhanging rock, like an eagle in his eyrie. Instantly a simultaneous shout arose from the multitude beneath, and was answered by the robber chief, who, taking his fur-cap from his head, waved it aloft, while the loud sounds of defiance, uttered in the clear tones of his powerful voice, rang in prolonged notes from the thousand rocks around him. All was now thrown into tenfold confusion below; for though so near him, they well knew it was impossible to take him. The soldiers might indeed take aim at him with their firelocks, but the governor's order was to secure him alive, with an assurance that the man who shot him above the knee should answer it with his life. This order had been lately given,

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in consequence of another person having been shot by mistake for him. Enraged by the thought that the governor's order prevented their firing, except at their own peril, and there being no such marksman as William Tell among them, the people vented their rage in useless threats and violent gestures, which only served to provoke the mirth of Hielan, who looked on them with as little fear as he would on the antics of a puppet-show.

All criminals sooner or later are made to know that the law is too strong for them. The audacity of Oulie Hielan at length met with a check. He was betrayed by one of his companions; no unusual thing with men of his order. On a distant excursion, he attacked a house situated in a circumscribed valley, which was, in consequence of the information, surrounded, before he entered it, by a cordon of 100 soldiers concealed in the rocks which skirted it. Thus he and seven of his band were taken, after a resistance so valiant, that, had it been in a better cause, it would have crowned their brows with laurel. He was now no longer guarded by small numbers, or trusted to insecure prisons, but marched on, night and day, with little respite, a distance of 200 miles, to Christiania, where he was destined to perpetual slavery, and to be confined in the fortress of Aggershuus for life. But on reaching the suburbs of the city, they were obliged to halt, for the fame of Hielan's capture had spread in every direction, and thousands from the country and from the city were assembled, all eager to behold a man of whose robber fame, whose herculean strength, and whose remarkable symmetry of form, they had heard such accounts, that they considered him almost as a supernatural being. The governor of Christiania had been previously waited on by a deputation from the ladies of the city, and presented with a petition in favour of the outlaw chief, in which they offered 1000 dollars for his ransom, on condition of his giving a solemn promise to forsake his former mode of life, and become a peaceable citizen. And it was during this temporary halt, that a messenger was sent to Hielan, to inform him

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of the offer of his countrywomen, and, strange as it may appear, to tender him his liberty on the proposed condition. 'Tell the ladies of Christiania,' said this extraordinary man, 'that I am prouder of their offer than if the crown of Sweden had been placed upon my head; but I know not how I might endure any life but that to which I have been accustomed, and therefore cannot accept it.'

Hielan and his band, now captive, were heavily fettered, and their necks enclosed in a peculiar kind of iron collar, with two spikes a foot and a half long, projecting from it over each shoulder. This collar is the distinguishing mark of bondage for life; and as he assumed the ignominious badge, the indignant blood of the captain of robbers told, in a reddened glow of shame and rage, that he who had been so long accustomed to command, was now a slave. The idea with which he had entered on his career, was not so much that he was a captain of banditti, as that he was a redresser of wrongs; and this idea he still adhered to. Therefore, when he was paraded through the streets of the city, his air was unembarrassed, and as he looked on the crowd which thronged him on every side, bethought him of how many of them he had befriended. Nay, not only was it unembarrassed, but the natural majesty of his fine form seemed almost to expand into colossal grandeur, and the fire of strong and renovated feeling burned in his eye, as he turned his look upward to the windows, and saw them crowded with the softer sex, who, by the waving of their handkerchiefs, one might have supposed, were celebrating the entrance of a triumphant conqueror, instead of that of a band of manacled robbers, had they not proved their sympathy by their tears. The most tender pity penetrated their bosoms for the man whom they now beheld. Among his other extraordinary acts, he had often been the means of uniting lovers, in spite of all opposition, and almost of fate itself; and their imaginations had been captivated by what they heard of him, who now seemed, by his noble appearance, to

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vouch for its truth. And as, in passing along, he ever and anon bowed his finely-turned head, uncovered save by its thick and clustering curls of bright chestnut, and raised his eloquent eyes, filled with gratitude, to his benefactresses, his delighted ear was regaled by repeated murmurs of enthusiastic admiration. The step and bearing of Hielan was that of a soldier, and carried on it the impress of a daring spirit, still secure in its own resources.

The governor and his functionaries rejoiced exceedingly in having secured this formidable man, and believed that, when the gates of the castle were closed upon him, he would give them no more trouble. But they were ignorant of the unconquerable spirit with whom they had to do. When carried before the governor, and questioned by him as to his former mode of life, the answers of Hielan were perfectly frank, for, according to his own perverted notions, he had no degrading confession to make. He asked no grace for himself, but pled long and earnestly for the freedom of the men whom his example had seduced from their peaceful occupations. But when this prayer was sternly rejected, a fearful tempest of feeling seemed to take possession of his breast, and a deep gloom to overspread his features, except when a scornful smile passed over them as a momentary gleam of lightning pierces the blackness of night. But though the boon was denied him, he was released from his irons on his promise of not attempting an escape, and allowed to remain the first night of his imprisonment in the same apartment with his men, who were the next day to be employed in the public works with the other convicts in the castle. The interest which had been made in Hielan's favour, and the strong feeling of pity he had excited, procured him the distinction of not being sent to hard work with the other slaves, but of being allowed to exercise the craft of turning wood, in which he had made himself a proficient while in the service of the banker's sister. So were matters arranged by the governor; but Hielan had settled it

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otherwise, in as far at least as related to some of the parties, for the next morning's light shewed the apartment empty which he and his band had occupied.

When the castle gates were opened in the morning, and the drawbridge lowered, there sat on the other side of the moat the robber chief, true to his promise, and ready to re-enter his prison! The reward of this exploit, however, was heavy irons for some length of time before he was permitted to exercise his ingenuity at the turning-loom. But the chains felt light on Hielan's limbs, for he had liberated his comrades. We have said that the irons were taken off from him on his being, as the governor thought, secured within the castle walls. This gave him an opportunity of releasing his men from their manacles, when, availing themselves of their united strength, and aided by the spikes of their collars, they forced the bars of a window, and got out. This window was but a short distance from the ground, to which they easily descended; but still the rampart wall was to pass, and this wall was raised a considerable distance above the rock on which the castle stood. The difficulty here was foreseen, and overcome, by linking together their spikes, chains, and bars, and using them as a means of descent. Hielan was the first to shew the way, though almost the only one who escaped without some dislocation, or painful wound or bruise. The castle of Aggershuus is situated on a high rock, surrounded on three sides by the sea, and on that next the land by a broad and deep moat, which renders it totally isolated; but there were boats moored not far off; and after a perilous descent down the precipitous and jagged rocks, Hielan and his men threw themselves into the sea, and swam to a boat, in which those to whom he had given freedom continued their flight along the coast, only stopping to set him on shore. Some years passed away, and the bandit chief became almost a prisoner on parole. But though he appeared to the careless eye calm and contented, and sang the chivalrous songs of other days, and repeated the wild legends of his country, his brow was clouded by

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his inward struggles, and he often dwelt in melancholy mood on those scenes when his word was a law, and his steps as free as those of the wild wolf. With such as him this could not last: he became impatient of longer control, and suddenly announced to the governor that he was so, recalled his promise, and vouched his determination of escaping; and though means were taken to prevent his intention, he was not long in placing himself once more at liberty. Unfortunately for him, a storm arose as he was making a voyage along the coast, when, being wrecked, he was picked up by a pilot-boat, and landed near to Christiansand; but having, in his own fearless and incautious manner, joined a merry-making party at that place, where it was the time of the fair, he was again captured, and returned to his old quarters in the castle, where he remained a number of years. What ultimately became of him has not been related; most likely, he died in confinement, as he was too dangerous a person to be set at liberty.

In recording this rapid sketch of a character which is neither common nor yet imaginary, it is impossible to help lamenting the false ambition and self-delusion of a man so gifted with extraordinary endowments, should have become so worthless a thing as the leader of a band of robbers. Such a contradiction of character, however, is not rare—good abilities mingled with low moral qualities, forming by their unhappy union, the wonder, the dread, and the reprobation of mankind.

THE LAND OF SCOTT.

THE district which this mighty genius has appropriated as his own, may be described as restricted in a great measure to the counties of Roxburgh and Selkirk, the former of which is the central part of the frontier or border of Scotland, noted of old for the warlike character

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of its inhabitants, and even, till a comparatively late period, for certain predatory habits, unlike anything that obtained at the same time, at least in the southern portion of Scotland. Though born in Edinburgh, Walter Scott was descended from Roxburghshire families, and was familiar in his early years with both the scenery and the inhabitants, and the history and traditions, of that romantic land. He was, indeed, fed with the legendary lore of the Borders, as with a mother's milk; and it was this, no doubt, which gave his mind so remarkable a taste for the manners of the middle ages, to the exclusion of all sympathy for either the ideas of the ancient classics, or the literature of modern manners. There was something additionally engaging to a mind like his in the poetical associations which have so long rendered this region the very Arcadia of Scotland. The Tweed, flowing majestically from one end of it to the other; the Teviot, a scarcely less noble tributary; with all the lesser streams connected with these two—the Jed, the Gala, the Ettrick, the Yarrow, and the Quair—had, from the revival of Scottish poetry, been sung by unnumbered bards, many of whose names have perished, like flowers, from the face of the earth which they adorned. From all these associations mingled together, did the mind of this transcendent genius draw its first and its happiest inspiration.

The general character of this district of Scotland is pastoral. Here and there, along the banks of the streams, there are alluvial stripes called *haughs*, all of which are finely cultivated; and the plough, in many places, has ascended the hill to a considerable height; but the land in general is a succession of pastoral eminences, which are either green to the top, or swathed in dusky heath, unless where a patch of young and green wood seeks to soften the climate and the soil. Much of the land still belongs to the Duke of Buccleuch, and other descendants of noted Border chiefs, and it annually supplies much of what both clothes and feeds the British population. Being little intruded upon by manufactures, or any other thing

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calculated to introduce new ideas, its population exhibit, in general, those primitive features of character which are so invariably found to characterise a pastoral people. Even where, in such cases as Hawick and Galashiels, manufactures have established an isolated seat, the people are hardly distinguishable, in simplicity and homely virtues, from the tenants of the hills.

Starting at Kelso upon an excursion over this country, the traveller would soon reach Roxburgh, where the Teviot and the Tweed are joined—a place noted in early Scottish history for the importance of its town and castle, now alike swept away. Pursuing upwards the course of the Teviot, he would first be tempted aside into the sylvan valley of the Jed, on the banks of which stands the ancient and picturesque town of Jedburgh, and whose beauties have been rapturously described by Thomson, who spent many of his youngest and happiest years amidst its beautiful *braes*. Further up, the Teviot is joined by the Aill, and, further up still, by the Rule, a rivulet whose banks were once occupied almost exclusively by the warlike clans of Turnbull and Rutherford. Next is the Sletrig, and next the Borthwick; after which, the accessories of this mountain-stream cease to be distinguished. Every stream has its valley; every valley has its particular class of inhabitants—its own tales, songs, and traditions; and when the traveller contrasts its noble hills, and clear trotting *burnies*, with the tame landscapes of 'merry England,' he is at no loss to see how the natives of a mountainous region come to distinguish their own country so much in poetical recollection, and behold it with such exclusive love. When the Englishman is absent from his home, he sees a scene not much different from what he is accustomed to, and regards his absence with very little feeling. But when a native of these secluded vales visits another district, he finds an alien peculiarity in every object: the hills are of a different height and vesture; the streams are different in size, or run in a different direction. Everything tells him that he is not at home. And, when

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returning to his own glen, how every distant hill-top comes out to his sight, as a familiar and companionable object! How every less prominent feature reminds him of that place which, of all the earth, he calls *his own!* Even when he crosses what is termed the height of the country, and but sees the waters running *towards* that cherished place, his heart is distended with a sense of home and kindred, and he throws his very soul upon the stream, that it may be carried before him to the spot where he has garnered up all his most valued affections.

There is one part of Roxburghshire which does not belong to the great Vale of the Tweed, and yet is as essentially as any a part of the Land of Scott. This is Liddesdale, or the Vale of the Liddel, a stream which seeks the Solway, and forms part of the more westerly border. Nothing out of Spain could be more wild or lonely than this pastoral vale, which once harboured the predatory clans of Elliot and Armstrong, but is now occupied by a race of more than usually primitive sheep-farmers. It is absolutely overrun with song and legend, of which Sir Walter Scott reaped an ample harvest for his *Border Minstrelsy*, including the fine old ballads of Dick o' the Cow, and Jock o' the Syde.

It may be said, indeed, that of all places in the south of Scotland, the attention of the great novelist was first fixed upon Liddesdale. In his second literary effort—the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*—he confined himself in a great measure to Teviotdale, in the upper part of which, about three miles above Hawick, stands Branxholm Castle, the chief scene of the poem. The old house has been much altered since the supposed era of the Lay; but it has, nevertheless, more of an ancient than a modern appearance, and does not much disappoint a modern beholder. For a long time, the Buccleuch family have left it to the occupancy of the individuals who act as their agents or chamberlains on this part of their extensive property; and it is at present kept in the best order, and surrounded by some fine woods of ancient and modern

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growth. Seated on a lofty bank, it still overlooks that stream, and is overtopped by those hills, to which, it will be recollected, 'the lady' successively addressed her witching incantations. Immediately below the bank is a small collection of cottages, one of which has also a poetical history. It was the residence, upwards of a century ago, of a woman named *Jean the Ranter*, who sold ale, and had, among other children, one daughter of especial beauty. One day, while this bonny lass of Branxholm, as she was called, was spreading clothes upon the banks of the Teviot, she was seen by a young military officer named Maitland, who immediately fell so deeply in love with her, that he was induced to make her his wife. By this strange alliance, which was considered so extraordinary in those days as to be partly attributed to witchcraft on the part of her mother, the bonny lass became the progenitrix of a family of gentry in Mid-Lothian; while the grandson of one of her sisters was known at Hawick, under the familiar name of *Willie Craw*, as a crazed poet and mendicant. The story was put into verse by Allan Ramsay, who states that, when first seen by her lover—

> 'A petticoat and bodice clean,
> Was sum o' a' her claithing;'

and it seems to have been the opinion of this ingenious poet, that dress was the reverse of requisite to set off her native charms.

Not only did this country supply Walter Scott with many of the ideas that enter into his poetry, but also with some of the characters, scenes, and incidents of his still more delightful novels. It is not our purpose to enter specifically into these, but we shall state what we have ascertained respecting an individual, who appears to have been the original of a character, hitherto, perhaps, the most misty and unreal of all his fictitious creations. The person we allude to was an Englishman named Peter Stranger, or Japhet Crook, who, about a hundred years ago, migrated into Eskdale, and,

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possessing some smattering of scientific knowledge, was enabled to impose upon the Duke of Buccleuch—the son of the Duke of Monmouth—in so far as to induce His Grace to enter into some weighty and expensive operations for the purpose of digging and smelting iron. These operations were conducted at a place not far from the old tower of Gilnockie, where formerly Johnnie Armstrong practised a profession hardly less dishonest, and where there is still a hamlet, termed, from Stranger's operations, the *Forge*.

From what we have heard of the pretensions of this impostor, we entertain no doubt that he must have supplied the idea of Dousterswivel in the *Antiquary*, like whom, he was in due time detected, and obliged to withdraw hurriedly to his native country. The subsequent history of this person was curious. Travelling through England, he fell into acquaintance at an inn with an old gentleman, who, having much wealth, and no near, or at least no dear relations, was somewhat puzzled as to the manner in which he should make his will. Stranger professed to be in exactly the same circumstances, and, by a train of artful devices, prevailed upon the old gentleman to make a will in his favour, while he, at the same time, should return the compliment by bequeathing all his own imaginary property to his friend; so that the longest liver should enjoy the whole. The two wills were formally drawn up at York, and, in a short time, the death of the old gentleman put Peter Stranger into the possession of a large fortune. The brother of the deceased lost no time in coming forward to claim his rights, but after a long litigation, it was found that the will could not be invalidated. The fraud, however, was fully proved, and Stranger was condemned to be imprisoned for life, and to have his nose and ears cut off. It is said that the hardened wretch bore this punishment with unshrinking fortitude, coolly remarking, that 'they might peel his head like a turnip—he would not care—so long as they left him his fortune.' The case made a considerable noise in England, as is testified by an allusion

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to it in Pope's Third *Moral Essay*, addressed to Lord Bathurst—

> '*P.* What riches give us, let us, then, inquire:
> Meat, fire, and clothes. *B.* What more? *P.* Meat,
> clothes, and fire.
> Is this too little? Would you more than live?
> Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
> Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
> Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
> What can they give? to dying Hopkins, heirs?
> To Chartres, vigour? *Japhet, nose and ears?*'

To which last clause, the poet appends the following note:—'Japhet Crook, *alias* Sir Peter Stranger, was punished with the loss of those parts for having forged a conveyance of an estate to himself, upon which he took up several thousand pounds. He was at the same time sued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a will, by which he possessed another considerable estate, in wrong of the brother of the deceased. By these means, he was *worth* a great sum, which, in reward for the small loss of his ears, he enjoyed in person till his death, and quietly left to his executor.'

Such was the history of the individual who appears to have given the hint for Dousterswivel. We shall only add, that whether Crook or Stranger was the real name of the adventurer, the latter was that by which he went in Eskdale, and was transmitted, accordingly, to an illegitimate daughter—Nelly Stranger—whom he left in that country, and who lived to a considerable age.

Not far from the same district, the novelist appears to have been supplied with the ground-story of the tale of *Guy Mannering*. A Dumfriesshire gentleman, whom we shall call Cavers of Gatehill, was married for many years to a Galloway lady, a relation to a celebrated northern peeress, without her having had any children, till at length, during a long stay which he was compelled to make in England, she had a child, who, he was but too well assured, was not his own, and whose birth the lady did not long survive. By the terms of his marriage-contract, this child, whose illegitimacy he could not now

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prove, was the heiress of his estate—a circumstance repugnant in the highest degree to his feelings, and which he was resolved to use every means in his power to avert. In the hope of keeping the child ignorant of its own destinies, and blinding the world at large to its fate, he placed it under the charge of a poor shepherd, dwelling in the hills of the English border, a few miles from Carlisle. Though he used every means of concealment, the child, as she grew up, was known, or supposed to be his, and a young man, of the name of Rugby, in time wrote to Mr Cavers, requesting his permission to marry her. To this letter Mr Cavers paid no attention, and the marriage accordingly proceeded. Rugby set up business as the keeper of a public-house in Carlisle, and had two children by his wife, a boy and a girl. Though no attention was paid to the family by Mr Cavers, his wife's relation, the celebrated peeress above mentioned, invariably called at the house in passing to or from England, and latterly took charge of the two children, the former of whom she sent out to India, while the latter, being most respectably educated and set forward in the world, was eventually married to a Welsh bishop.

In the course of a few years, Rugby fell into embarrassed circumstances, and could conceive no better plan of redeeming them, than selling to Mr Cavers, for a thousand pounds, the claim which he now knew his wife to have upon the estate of Gatehill. This paction was ratified in the most formal manner; but in the course of a few years more, Rugby became utterly ruined, and both he and his wife died; about the same time Mr Cavers died, and the estate passed quietly into the possession of a distant relation.

When advanced to about thirty or forty years of age, Henry Rugby returned from India, with a small fortune and an impaired constitution. He purchased a small place of residence in Devonshire, where he intended to spend the remainder of his days, without ever once thinking of his native place, which he had left too young to have any recollection of, or suspecting the hereditary

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claims which he had upon an estate in the south of Scotland. Some time after, he happened, by mere chance, to pay a visit to an East Indian friend, residing in the north of England; and, being fond of shooting, was easily induced by that person to accompany him on a sporting excursion into Dumfriesshire. Fatigued one day with his amusement, he entered the cottage of an old woman, and, while he refreshed himself with a drink of new milk, asked many questions, such as are apt to occur to a stranger, respecting the places in the neighbourhood. He in particular asked the name and proprietor of a handsome seat on the face of a hill at no great distance, to which the old woman replied, that that was Gatehill, and that it belonged to HENRY RUGBY, although another person was in possession of it. Struck by this information, he made further inquiries at Carlisle, and soon became acquainted with an attorney, who undertook to prosecute his claim before the Court of Session, where, after a tedious litigation, it was affirmed. The intelligence of his success was sent him by an express, and he immediately called together a few friends, to celebrate it by a feast; but, alas for the triumphs of mortals! being tempted to drink rather more than the delicate state of his health in general permitted, he was found dead next morning. The eventual fate of the case before the House of Lords, to which it was appealed, we have not ascertained; but we think there can be little doubt that, though different in many respects from the tale of *Guy Mannering*, there was enough of it to have suggested to the imagination of Sir Walter Scott the leading points of that admirable fiction.

The small Vale of Borthwick Water, which starts off from the strath of the Teviot a little above Hawick, contains a scene which cannot well be overlooked in an article bearing such a title as the present — namely, Harden Castle, the original, though now deserted seat of the family of Scott of Harden, from which, through the Raeburn branch, Sir Walter Scott was descended. This, though neglected alike by its proprietor and by tourists,

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is one of the most remarkable pieces of scenery which we, who have travelled over nearly the whole of Scotland, have yet seen within its shores. Conceive, first, the lonely pastoral beauty of the Vale of Borthwick; next, a minor vale receding from its northern side, full of old and emaciated, but still beautiful wood. Penetrating this recess for a little way, the traveller sees, perched upon a lofty height in front, and beaming perhaps in the sun, a house which, though not picturesque in its outline, derives that quality in a high degree from its situation and accompaniments. This is Harden House or Castle; but, though apparently near it, the wayfarer has yet to walk a long way around the height before he can wind his way into its immediate presence. When arrived at the platform whereon the house stands, he finds it degraded into a farmhouse; its court forming perhaps a temporary cattle-yard; every ornament disgraced; every memorial of former grandeur seen through a slough of plebeian utility and homeliness, or broken into ruin. A pavement of black and white diced marble is found in the vestibule, every square of which is bruised to pieces, and the whole strewed with the details of a dairy. The dining-room, a large apartment with a richly ornamented stucco roof, is now used as the farmer's kitchen. Other parts of the house, still bearing the arms and initials of Walter Scott, Earl of Tarras, forefather of the present Mr Scott of Harden, and of his second wife, Helen Hepburn, are sunk in a scarcely less proportion. This nobleman was at first married to Mary, Countess of Buccleuch, who died, however, without issue, leaving the succession open to her sister Anne, who became the wife of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, eldest natural son of Charles II. Through this family connection, the Earl of Tarras was induced to join in the conspiracy which usually bears the name of the Rye-house Plot, for which he was attainted, only saving his life by giving evidence against his more steadfast companion, Baillie of Jerviswood, the great-grandfather of another Scottish proprietor, who happens to be an immediate

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neighbour of Harden. It may be asked, why Mr Scott did not inherit the title of his ancestor: the answer is, that it was only thought necessary to invest the husband of the Countess of Buccleuch with a title for his own life—which proves that the hereditary character of the peerage has not always been observed in our constitution. While all of this scene that springs from art is degraded and wretched, it is striking to see that its natural grandeur suffers no defalcation. The wide-sweeping hills stretch off grandly on all hands, and the celebrated *den*, from which the place has taken its name, still retains the features which have rendered it so remarkable a natural curiosity. This is a large abyss in the earth, as it may be called, immediately under the walls of the house, and altogether unpervaded by running water—the banks clothed with trees of all kinds, and one side opening to the vale, though the bottom is much beneath the level of the surrounding ground. Old Wat of Harden — such is the popular name of an aged marauder, celebrated in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* — used to keep the large herds which he had draughted out of the northern counties of England in this strange hollow; and it seems to have been admirably adapted for the purpose.

The house of Abbotsford, where Sir Walter Scott chiefly spent the last twenty years of his life, may be assumed as the centre of a great part of that region which we have styled *his*. This 'romance in stone and lime,' as some Frenchman termed it, is situated on the south bank of the Tweed, at that part of its course where the river bursts forth from the mountainous region of the forest, into the more open country of Roxburghshire; two or three miles above the abbey of Melrose, and six-and-thirty from Edinburgh. Though upon a small scale, the Gothic battlements and turrets have a good effect, and would have a still better, if the site of the house were not somewhat straitened by the bank rising above it, and by the too close neighbourhood of the public road. Descriptions of the house, with its

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armoury, its library, its curiosities, and other particular features, have been given in so many different publications, that even a work circulating thirty thousand copies can hardly hope to find a reader to whom a new one would not be a bore. We shall, therefore, spare it. The house, if it be properly preserved, will certainly be perused by future generations as only a different kind of emanation of the genius of this wonderful man—though, preserve it as you will, it will probably be, of all his works, the soonest to perish.

All around Abbotsford, and what gave it a great part of its value in his eyes, are the scenes commemorated in Border history, and tradition, and song. The property itself comprises the spot on which the last feudal battle was fought in this part of the country. The abbeys of Melrose and Dryburgh, the latter of which now contains the revered dust of the minstrel; the Eildon Hills, renowned in the annals of superstition; Selkirk, whose brave burghers won glory in the field where so much was lost by others—namely, at Flodden; Ettrick Forest, with its lone and storied dales; and Yarrow, whose stream and 'dowie dens' are not to be surveyed without involuntary poetry—are all in the near neighbourhood of the spot. The love, the deep, heartfelt love, which Scott bore to the land which contains these places, was such as no stranger can appreciate. It was a passion absorbing many others which might have been expected to hold sway over him, and it survived to the last. We can, indeed, form no idea in connection with the decease of this great man, so very painful and so truly touching, as that of his parting with these fondly-appreciated scenes. The sense that his eye must soon close for ever upon the hallowed region, which, from his earliest boyhood, he had surveyed with so many ardent feelings, was perhaps, to himself, a thought more deeply melancholy than almost any other which beset him during the rapidly closing evening of life.

There is a romantic point in the life of Sir Walter Scott, which has never yet been made known, even by

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a hint, to the public. This was his marriage—an event which was attended by circumstances entirely out of common life, and in themselves forming something like a novel. Owing to the distance of time, and the delicacy which was observed respecting many of these circumstances, there are now very few persons in life who possess any knowledge upon the subject: the following narrative, therefore, which is derived almost directly from one of the individuals principally concerned, will probably be read with interest.

To begin at the beginning:—When the Marquis of Downshire, about sixty years ago, was about to proceed upon his travels, he begged some letters of introduction, amongst others, from the Reverend Mr Burd, Dean of Carlisle, who had been his early friend. This gentleman communicated to his lordship one letter, recommending him to the favourable notice of almost his only continental acquaintance, Monsieur Carpentier of Paris, an individual who held the lucrative office of provider of post-horses to the royal family of France. The unhappy result of this new association was the elopement of Madame Carpentier, a very beautiful woman, in company with his lordship. The only step taken by the husband in this case was to transmit his two children, a boy and girl, to his frail wife, with a desire, signified or implied, that she would undertake the duty of bringing them up. The children, accordingly, lived for some years with their mother, under the general protection of Lord Downshire, till at length the lady died, and the young nobleman found himself burdened with a responsibility which he probably had not calculated upon at the time of his quitting Paris. However, he placed the girl in a French convent for her education, and soon after, by an exertion of patronage, had the boy sent out on a lucrative appointment to India, his name having been previously changed, on his naturalisation as a British subject, to Carpenter. It was a stipulation before the young man received his appointment, that L.200 of his annual salary should fall regularly every year to his sister, of

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whose support Lord Downshire was thus cleared, though he continued to consider himself as her guardian. Miss Carpenter in time returned to London, and was placed under the charge of a governess named Miss Nicholson, who, however, could not prevent her from forming an attachment to a youthful admirer, whose addresses were not agreeable to the marquis. His lordship, having learned that a change of scene was necessary, wrote hastily to Mr Burd, requesting him to seek for a cottage in his own neighbourhood among the Cumberland lakes, fit for the reception of two young ladies who could spend L.200 a year. Mr Burd, having made the desired inquiries, wrote to inform his lordship, that there was such a place near his own house, but that it would require a certain time to put it into repair. He heard no more of the matter till, a few days after, as he and Mrs Burd were on the point of setting out for Gilsland Wells, on account of the delicate health of the latter individual, they were surprised by the arrival of two young ladies at their door in a postchaise, being the persons alluded to by the marquis. His lordship had found it convenient to send them off to the care of Mr Burd, even at the hazard of the house not being ready for their reception. This was at the end of the month of August, or beginning of September, 1797. The dilemma occasioned by the unexpected arrival of the young ladies was of a very distressing kind, and Mrs Burd was afraid that it would, for one thing, put a stop to her intended expedition to Gilsland. Her husband, however, finally determined that their journey thither should still hold good, and that, to place his guests above inconvenience, they should join the party proceeding to the Spa.

Having duly arrived at Gilsland, which is situated near the borders of Scotland, they took up their residence at the inn, where, according to the custom of such places, they were placed, as the latest guests, at the bottom of the table. It chanced that a young Scotch gentleman had arrived, the same afternoon, though only as a passing

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traveller, and he, being also placed at the bottom of the table, came into close contact with the party of Mr Burd. Enough of conversation took place during dinner to let the latter individuals understand that the gentleman was a Scotchman, and this was in itself the cause of the acquaintance being protracted. Mrs Burd was intimate with a Scotch military gentleman, a Major Riddell, whose regiment was then in Scotland; and as there had been a collision between the military and the people at Tranent, on account of the militia act, she was anxious to know if her friend had been among those present, or if he had received any hurt. After dinner, therefore, as they were rising from table, Mrs Burd requested her husband to ask the Scotch gentleman if he knew anything of the late riots, and particularly if a Major Riddell had been concerned in suppressing them. On these questions being put, it was found that the stranger knew Major Riddell intimately, and he was able to assure them, in very courteous terms, that his friend was quite well. From a desire to prolong the conversation on this point, the Burds invited their informant to drink tea with them in their own room, to which he very readily consented, notwithstanding that he had previously ordered his horse to be brought to the door in order to proceed upon his journey. At tea, their common acquaintance with Major Riddell furnished much pleasant conversation, and the parties became so agreeable to each other, that, in a subsequent walk to the Wells, the stranger still accompanied Mr Burd's party. He had now ordered his horse back to the stable, and talked no more of continuing his journey. It may be easily imagined that a desire of discussing the major was not *now* the sole bond of union between the parties. Mr Scott—for so he gave his name—had been impressed, during the earlier part of the evening, with the elegant and fascinating appearance of Miss Carpenter, and it was on her account that he was lingering at Gilsland. Of this young lady, it will be observed, he could have previously known nothing: she was hardly known even to the respectable persons under whose protection she

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appeared to be living. She was simply a lovely woman, and a young poet was struck with her charms.

Next day, Mr Scott was still found at the Wells—and the next—and the next; in short, every day for a fortnight. He was as much in the company of Mr Burd and his family as the equivocal foundation of their acquaintance would allow; and by affecting an intention of speedily visiting the Lakes, he even contrived to obtain an invitation to the dean's country-house in that part of England. In the course of this fortnight, the impression made upon his heart by the young Frenchwoman was gradually deepened; and it is not improbable, notwithstanding the girlish love affair in which Miss Carpenter had been recently engaged, that the effect was already in some degree reciprocal. He only tore himself away, in consequence of a call to attend certain imperative matters of business at Edinburgh.

It was not long ere he made his appearance at Mr Burd's house, where, though the dean had only contemplated a passing visit, as from a tourist, he contrived to enjoy another fortnight of Miss Carpenter's society. In order to give a plausible appearance to his intercourse with the young lady, he was perpetually talking to her in French, for the ostensible purpose of perfecting his pronunciation of that language under the instructions of one to whom it was a vernacular. Though delighted with the lively conversation of the young Scotchman, Mr and Mrs Burd could not now help feeling uneasy about his proceedings, being apprehensive as to the construction which Lord Downshire would put upon them, as well as upon their own conduct in admitting a person of whom they knew so little, to the acquaintance of his ward. Miss Nicholson's sentiments were, if possible, of a still more painful kind, as, indeed, her responsibility was more onerous and delicate. In this dilemma, it was resolved by Mrs Burd to write to a friend in Edinburgh, in order to learn something of the character and status of their guest. The answer returned was to the effect, that Mr Scott was a respectable

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young man, and rising at the bar. It chanced at the same time that one of Mr Scott's female friends, who did not, however, entertain this respectful notion of him, hearing of some love adventure in which he had been entangled at Gilsland, wrote to this very Mrs Burd, with whom she was acquainted, inquiring if she had heard of such a thing, and 'what kind of a young lady was it who was going to take Watty Scott?' The poet soon after found means to conciliate Lord Downshire to his views in reference to Miss Carpenter; and the marriage took place at Carlisle within four months of the first acquaintance of the parties.

The match, made up under such extraordinary circumstances, was a happy one; a kind and gentle nature resided in the bosoms of both parties, and they lived accordingly in the utmost peace and amity. The bounteous but unostentatious beneficence of Lady Scott will long be remembered in the rural circle where she presided; and though her foreign education gave a tinge of oddity to her manners, she formed an excellent mistress to the household of her illustrious husband, and an equally excellent mother to his children. One of the last acts of Sir Walter Scott, before the illness which carried her to the tomb, was to discharge an attached and valued servant who had forgot himself one day so far as to speak disrespectfully to his mistress. He lamented the necessity of parting with such a servant, and one who had been so long with him; but he could not overlook an insult to one whom he held so dear.

LINKS IN NATURE.

NATURE, in her creative powers, seems ever to keep in view the most perfect order of arrangement; and we may observe, not only in her noblest, but in her lowest and most inanimate works, a similar system of goodness and wisdom displayed. Into whatever department of

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animal organisation we pursue our investigations, we are equally impressed with the conviction, that there nowhere prevails any confusion. We find every class of creatures distinct in form and character, in a lesser or greater degree, from those of other classes; at the same time, we cannot help remarking that, everywhere within the comprehension of our visual organs, there prevail certain signs of resemblance among all the orders of animated beings; and so close are these resemblances, in some instances, that naturalists have found great difficulty in assigning the proper order or place in the scale of creation to those animals which are so peculiar in their character.

The signs of resemblance among animals are described as links in creation, and, as such, are worthy of our notice. In examining these links, it would appear that nature has pursued a great and universal plan in producing a system of animal organisation, rising gradually from the most simple to the most complex. So obvious has this principle been, that some writers have not scrupled to allege that man, who occupies the highest rank in creation, has sprung from the lowest atom, and, by a series of progressions, has at length arrived at what he now is. But this is a mere idle fancy. By a fixed law of nature, there can be no advancement of any class of animals out of their order and species. Each creature has its place, and there it and its descendants remain for ever. The dog which lives in the present day is no further advanced in the scale than its predecessors five thousand years ago. Man is the only animal who is susceptible of advancement in intelligence; and by the operation of which intelligence, his form may be cultivated and improved, but certainly not altered. There, for instance, prevails a remarkable resemblance betwixt man and some descriptions of the orang-outang, both in external form and internal organisation; and from this resemblance, some fanciful persons have imagined that man is but a superior race of the monkey tribes. But this is clearly an absurdity. The apparent similarity betwixt man and

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the orang-outang is simply a following out of the principle of universal resemblances. The orang-outang may be called the link betwixt the human and brute form; but betwixt that animal and the human being there is a great and impassable gulf. The most degraded of the savage tribes of mankind may be raised, by education and habits of civilisation, to take a station among the highest ranks in society; but monkeys, in all their varieties, must for ever retain their place among the most nauseous and intractable of the brute creation.

We may find, by pursuing this mode of inquiry, that the links which connect all classes of the animal creation in one continued chain, are equally evident. The brute creation is connected with that of birds and fishes, and the latter with that of reptiles. The siren, first placed by Linnæus as an amphibious animal, was afterwards declared to be a fish, and approaching the nature of an eel. The weasel, in some of its species, approaches the monkey and squirrel tribes; and the flying-squirrel, the flying-lizard, and flying-fish, approach the bird creation. The ostrich is allowed to be the principal link which connects the quadruped species with that of birds. In its general appearance, as well as in the structure of the stomach, it has a near resemblance to the camel; in its voice, instead of a whistle, it has a grunt like that of a hog; in its disposition, it is as easily tamed as a horse, and has, like him, been employed as a racer, though in its speed it far outstrips the swiftest race-horse in the world. At the factory of Podor, on the river Senegal, two ostriches were carefully broken in, the strongest of which, though young, would run swifter with two negroes on his back, than a racer of the best breed. Not less remarkable is the character of the bat, which may be said to be both a bird and a beast. This animal is furnished with thin membranes stretched over its fore-paws, and extending between these and two hinder extremities, by which means it possesses the faculty of flying like the birds; its body resembles the mouse, and, like that animal, it suckles its young; during the

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winter season, it remains in a torpid state, coiled up and suspended by the hind-claws to rafters or roofs of barns or cottages. The duck-bill of New South Wales unites the three different classes of quadrupeds, birds, and that order of amphibials which connects the quadrupeds with that of the fishes. Its feet, which are four, are those of a quadruped, but each is webbed like a water-fowl's; and instead of a snout, it has the precise bill of a shoveller, or any other broad-billed water-bird. The whole body is covered with long fur, exactly resembling an otter; yet it lives like a lizard, chiefly in water, digs and burrows under the banks of rivers, and feeds on aquatic plants and aquatic animals. The seal or sea-calf may be said to be a connecting link between the quadrupeds and fishes, it being a mammalian animal, and can live either in the water or on the land. The sea-horse of the polar regions may also be similarly denominated; for he lives sometimes on the water and sometimes on the ice; is web-footed, to assist him in swimming; and has two enormous tusks, bending down from the upper jaw, which, together with his claws, enable him to climb the icy beach, when he chooses to leave the watery element to visit the earth, where he seems to enjoy himself fully with as much ease as in the other.

When we return to the consideration of the bird species, we find, as among the mammalian tribes, a vast superiority manifested by some when compared with others of the same order; and the different shades of form and instinct which distinguish them, will be found to blend together with the same uniformity as is the case with the others. It would be vain, with such limited space, to attempt even to give an outline of a subject so diffuse, and we must therefore restrict ourselves to the mere links which connect the different classes.

The penguin may be regarded as the principal link between birds and fishes; it approaches the fishes in conformation as well as in disposition and habits; it

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seldom leaves the water; and while other aquatic birds only skim the surface of that element, it follows its prey to the greatest depths. The flying-fish furnishes another specimen of the connection; it is furnished with long pectoral fins, by which it is enabled to rise from out the water, and fly for a time in the air. Whenever the fins become dry, the animal is obliged to dip again into the water to replenish the moisture, when it can again resume its flight; its head is scaly, but it is without teeth.

When the innumerable tribes of ocean come before our notice, we again find the different degrees of form, instinct, and capabilities, which have arrested our attention on the solid parts of the earth. Along a multitude of strange forms, with stranger habits, we have to pass, until we find the animal and vegetable kingdoms combined in the person of the hydra or polype. This creature is said to grow in some parts of the ocean to an immense size. In the Straits of Messina, and in the English Channel, it has been found with arms ten feet in length: if dissected in halves, each half, by its own formation and instinctive efforts, will produce the half that is deficient; and in this manner, an individual of the tribe may be multiplied into countless numbers. It seems quite insensible to pain, and appears to be in as perfect health and contentment when turned inside out, as when in its natural state. The fresh-water polype is possessed of the same powers of reproduction, and it propagates by shooting out living young ones, like buds. Towards winter, these animals lay eggs, which are hatched by the warmth of spring, and thus provide for a continuance of the species in case of accidents during the cold season.

We must now return to the link which connects the bird species with the winged tribes of insects; and the beautiful and brilliantly plumaged humming-bird presenting itself, the change is almost imperceptibly effected. The humming-bird, the least of the feathered tribe, feeds, like some insects, on the sweets of the flowers alone;

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and, like the bee and the butterfly, it collects them while on the wing: its beak is pointed like a needle; its tongue, like that of many insects, can be thrown out as a dart; its claws are not thicker than a common pin, its nest is about an inch deep, its egg is about the size of a small pea, its body is adorned with feathers of the richest hues, and covered with a down that makes it resemble a velvet flower: when taken, it expires instantly, and after death, on account of its extreme beauty, it is worn by the Indian ladies as an earring. From the humming-bird, we have to look downwards along the winged insects, to where that species mingles with the inferior orders of the same class—the worms. The transformation of the silk-worm, caterpillar, and other insects, is one of the many wonders of the natural world. The insect, after being hatched, remains in the form of a crawling grub, and feeds voraciously on the plant, where, by the admirable forethought of the parent insect, the egg had been deposited, and where, by the influence of the sun, it had been nurtured into life. Others, the May-fly for instance, fix their eggs in the interior of some herby substance, which is deposited in sand at the bottom of pools, where the egg is hatched and a maggot produced; and this, in course of time, being elevated by the warmth of spring to the surface of the water, it bursts forth a beautiful and winged insect. The caterpillar and silk-worm, after a short time, assume a state of torpidity, in which condition they remain for a certain number of days enclosed in a covering of their own spinning; they then suddenly come forth a moth or butterfly, endowed with wings and other organs suitable for their new state of existence.

The order of worms presents an infinite variety, and form the lowest order of animated creatures, and may be traced to the almost invisible animalculæ, which are only discernible by the powerful aid of the microscope; and we can also follow the same tribe, to where, in the form of coral, madrepores, and millepores, they mingle with the mineral kingdom. Coral is externally an animal, and internally a rock; while madrepores and millepores

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have a stony covering, and contain the animal section of their nature within; the calcareous secretions of both instantly become rocks the moment the animals die. These secretions form immense ridges of rocks, which, in the Indian seas, are known to extend to 500, and even to 700 miles in length, with a depth irregular and uncertain. Captain Flinders sailed in the Gulf of Carpentaria by the side of reefs of this description for 500 miles; and, more recently, Captain King, 700 miles, by rocks which were forming and evidently increasing.

THE COALSTOUN PEAR.

ONE of the most remarkable curiosities connected with ancient superstitious belief, now to be found in Scotland, is what is commonly known by the name of the *Coalstoun Pear;* an object whose history has attracted no small degree of interest, though little is popularly known regarding it.

At a short distance from the house of Lethington, in Haddingtonshire, stands the mansion-house of Coalstoun, the seat of the ancient family of Broun of Coalstoun, which is now represented by Sir Richard Broun, Bart., while the estate has come by a series of heirs of line into the possession of the present Countess of Dalhousie. This place is chiefly worthy of attention here, on account of a strange heir-loom, with which the welfare of the family was formerly supposed to be connected. One of the Barons of Coalstoun, about three hundred years ago, married Jean Hay, daughter of John, third Lord Yester, with whom he obtained a dowry, not consisting of such base materials as houses or land, but neither more nor less than a pear. "Sure such a *pear* was never seen," however, as this of Coalstoun, which a remote ancestor of the young lady, famed for his necromantic power, was supposed to have invested with some

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enchantment that rendered it perfectly invaluable. Lord Yester, in giving away his daughter along with the pear, informed his son-in-law, that, good as the lass might be, her dowry was much better, because, while she could only have value in her own generation, the pear, so long as it was continued in his family, would be attended with unfailing prosperity, and thus might cause the family to flourish to the end of time. Accordingly, the pear was preserved as a sacred palladium, both by the laird who first obtained it, and by all his descendants; till one of their ladies, taking a longing for the forbidden fruit while pregnant, inflicted upon it a deadly bite; in consequence of which, it is said, several of the best farms on the estate very speedily came to the market. The pear is said to have become stone-hard immediately after the lady bit it; and in this condition, continues the popular story, it remains till this day, with the marks of Lady Broun's teeth indelibly imprinted on it. Whether it be really thus fortified against all further attacks of the kind or not, it is certain that it is now disposed in some secure part of the house [or, as we have been lately informed, in a chest, the key of which is kept secure by the Earl of Dalhousie], so as to be out of all danger whatsoever. The *Coalstoun Pear*, without regard to the superstition attached to it, must be considered a very great curiosity in its way, having, in all probability, existed five hundred years; a greater age than, perhaps, has ever been reached by any other such production of nature.

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STORY OF A VAGABOND;

OR, SCENES IN JAMAICA.

THE sun had not yet risen. It was the short gray twilight which, in the tropics, intervenes between the total darkness of night and the perfect effulgence of day. The land-breeze was blowing delightfully fresh and cool; and as it came, in fitful gusts, up the precipitous gullies, tearing through the tall and willow-like clumps of bamboos that surrounded our dwelling, and swaying to and fro the gossamer mosquito-net that encircled my bed, having free ingress through the open *jealousies* * of my bed-chamber, I felt a sensation almost of chilliness, which I enjoyed with all the zest of the thirst-parched traveller when his lip first touches the cool waters of the fountain in the sandy desert. The situation of the property on which I resided was a most picturesque, and to me, in many respects, a most frightful one. It was a narrow promontory, shooting out from, and at right angles with, the western ridge of the Blue Mountains, and inaccessible on any side but by roads, as near as might be, perpendicular. On our right flowed the Yallah's River, down to the channel of which, although one could almost pitch a stone into it, it was yet a good hour and a half's ride; the road winding along the face of the bank somewhat in the form of a corkscrew, or rather after the fashion of those curvatures described by shower-drops on a glazed window in a rainy day. The *history* of the above river may give strangers to tropical climes some general idea of the fearful elemental convulsions which at times overtake them. The gentleman whose guest I was informed me that, previous to 1815, it was a mere brook, which he could

* Similar to Venetian blinds, but upon a larger scale. They are fitted into the window-frame instead of glass, and can be opened or closed at pleasure.

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with ease step across. At that time, he possessed a fine coffee-plantation on its banks, the result of many long years of industry and economy; and as the West Indian trade was then in its high and palmy state, he had the prospect of speedily realising a fortune, large even beyond his wishes, and of returning to his native country, Scotland, to enjoy the fruits of his labours, long before he had reached the prime of manhood. In the foresaid year, a hurricane of wind and rain occurred which spread ruin and desolation over the island, and occasioned the loss of hundreds of lives. His house, being situated in a sheltered spot, was safe from the fury of the wind, but he soon saw grounds for apprehension from a foe equally terrific and resistless. *The brook began to rise;* and only those who have personally witnessed such a scene, can have any correct idea of the impetuous velocity with which the rains sweep down the sides of the mountains, often stripping the entire soil from the coffee-plantations in their devastating career. As the Yallah's Burn, now swollen to a mighty torrent, began to approach the house and offices, the negroes, who firmly believed that nothing less than a second deluge was at hand, crowded, with tears and lamentations, round their master, beseeching him to beg of 'de big Spirit no to drown poor nigger man, till him learn to b'ave himself like good Christian;' and promising 'neber to tief, nor tell lie, nor need fum fum (the whip) no mo, but do as Massa Busher bid them, and be good nigger eber after for no time at all.' The waters soon reached the threshold, when my friend, seeing the peril every moment increasing, locked the doors of all his houses, and scrambled a considerable way up the bank, with his black companions. In less than half an hour, every vestige of his premises was under water, and the fugitives were driven higher up the bank—a second, and a third time. At last, as it began to grow dark, and it seemed quite uncertain where the rising of the torrent would terminate, they ascended about a mile up the mountain, and took shelter within a natural excavation in the rock. There they sojourned for three days and

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three nights, subsisting upon what wild roots and fruits they could collect, during which time the tempest raged with unceasing fury. The wind, my friend told me, appeared frequently to blow from all points of the compass at once, and often to descend, as it were, perpendicularly from the cloudy firmament; at which times the trees were smitten or bent to the earth, and the branches riven from their trunks, after a fearful manner. In short, the whole elemental system was completely disorganised, and nature seemed about to resolve itself into its original chaos. At last the fearful visitation passed away; and as the waters subsided still faster than they rose, my friend watched eagerly and anxiously for the first glimpse of his late comfortable dwelling; but the torrent decreased and decreased until the brook shrunk into its former insignificant dimensions—but not a trace of house, offices, or property was to be seen! All had been swept down to the ocean by the overwhelming torrent, leaving only a wide channel-course, worn below the original elevation of the stream to a depth which there were no means of ascertaining—all the former local landmarks having disappeared, and the entire character of the scenery indeed changed. At the place where I crossed the stream, in order to reach my friend's present abode—which he had luckily saved money enough to purchase—the channel was upwards of 200 yards wide.

On the other side of my friend's residence, ran another stream, called the Mullet Burn, from its abounding with the delicious fish of that name — something akin to, but much richer than, our burn-trout, and caught in a similar manner, with the rod and common fly. Although almost equally perpendicular in descent, the bank on this side was not nearly so profound in depth as on the other. The brow of the promontory or peak on which the house was situated, commanded a view of such magnificence as utterly to baffle the power of language to describe. How often have I stood there alone, gazing down on that singular and seldom witnessed spectacle—a thunder-

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storm beneath my feet! The lightning, broad, blue, and fierce, darting hither and thither through the gloom-shrouded vale below, with a rapidity and waywardness which baffled the quickest eye-glance to follow its motions, followed on the instant by the thunder itself, not, as in our northern clime, rolling in a long and continuous roar, but expending itself in a series of explosions, like the rapid discharge of a park of artillery, augmented by the repetition of a thousand echoes, until the entire aërial space seems filled with the 'strife of sound,' and the senses reel beneath the shock of the awful elemental conflict. Through an opening in the mountains towards the south-east, our house commanded an extensive view of the Caribbean Sea, by which we could distinctly discern all vessels passing to and from Europe, North America, &c. by the windward passage, the examining the size and character of which, through a telescope, frequently constituted our sole occupation for the day. And this brings me back to the original purpose of my present narrative.

It was, as I have said, still gray dawn. The chirp of the house-lizard—something like the cry of our cricket—sounded loud and incessant, and the fire-flies, with their beautiful phosphorescent forms, ever and anon darted, like shooting-stars, athwart my still dark apartment, when suddenly my attention was roused by the hoarse baying of the watch-dogs challenging the approach of some stranger, and immediately thereafter heard two voices talking loud and somewhat angrily, which I soon distinguished to be those of an Englishman and the negro watchman * for the night. The former seemed to be ordering, and the latter remonstrating in his own way; but was soon silenced. Presently, Philidore, the negro, passed by my window to that of his master—the door of whose apartment was directly opposite to mine, on the other side of the spacious hall—muttering and swearing

* The negroes take this duty by turns, marching all night round the premises well armed.

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to himself, in high wrath and broken English: 'Massa break Phil's head for waken him before shell-blow now.* What de debil make him de captain, dat he trabel as early? and him eye 'tare taring in him head, as if he seen one duffy!'†

With these ejaculations, he proceeded to his unwilling task of awakening his master, in, as I well recollect, the following fashion:—'Massa—massa. (A gentle shake of the window, and a pause.) Massa—Massa Busher! (Louder—another pause.) Massa Busher! you no hear now! (Losing patience, and shaking the window violently.) He hear no mo than if him head one pumpkin! Him augh, augh—(imitating the sound of snoring)—like one great tronk nigger!' Here he applied himself to the window again with such increased energy, that he at last succeeded in his purpose; and I heard my friend demanding, in great ire, what the black rascal meant by disturbing him so early?

'It no black rascal dat 'turb you, massa! it be de brown rascal.'

'How, sir?'

'Dat is, massa, de person dat call himself Brown!'

'Who is he? or what does he want?'

'He no tell dat, massa; but he want de doctor.'‡

'Well, go round to the hall, and get it for him.'

'But he want more than dat, massa,' persisted Philidore; 'he want de mule to carry him over de pass, and nigger to go wid him.'

'The devil pass him!' ejaculated my worthy host, getting out of bed, with woful reluctance, to perform the imperative duties of Jamaica hospitality.

I now heard my host leave his room, and admit his early visitant into the front-hall, at the other side of the house, which was too distant for me to hear a word of

* The horn that is blown to assemble the negroes to, and dismiss them from, labour.

† A ghost.

‡ A dram, or, as our break-of-day tipplers at home would term it, '*their morning.*'

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what passed between them. Soon afterwards, they both went out; and as the sun was now hot, and high above the horizon, I arose, although it was scarcely five o'clock. My host returned at seven to breakfast; and, whilst discussing our plentiful meal of boiled yams, roasted plantains—which taste exactly, when young, like new-baked barley-scones—salt pork and fish, eggs and fresh roasted coffee, seasoned with goats' milk and sugar as black as treacle, I adverted to the untimeous visit he had received that morning.

'Poor wretch!' he replied, in a tone of commiseration, 'he is one of the most miserable beings ever cursed with the burden of existence! And yet the scoundrel scarcely merits pity. He is one of those cold-hearted, cool-headed, calculating sensualists, whose whole thoughts are engrossed with the consideration of *self*, and the gratification of their animal passions. Handsome, pre-eminently handsome, in features and person, and with a singular plausibility of tongue and manner, he won a strong regard towards himself on his first arrival in the island about eight months since, not only amongst the female, but male coteries, to which he gained admittance. His red coat, besides, was a general introduction.'

'He belongs to the army, then? What regiment?'

'He *was* a lieutenant in the ——, now lying at Up-park Camp.'

'And what rank does he hold now?'

'That of a vagabond,' answered my host, in a mingled tone of pity and bitterness.

I begged him to explain, my curiosity being aroused by the odd sort of *vice* he had mentioned.

'It is not more than eight months ago,' pursued my friend, complying with my request, 'since this man arrived at Kingston, and joined his regiment with a lieutenant's commission. Since his disgrace, some strange rumours have gone abroad respecting the reason of his having England. It is said that he was married, and has * Tife—whom he deserted a few weeks after their union the pretl living there.'

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A chilly shuddering came over me.

'What is his name?' I asked with much trepidation.

'Brown,' was the reply. I felt indescribably relieved.

'Whether married or not,' continued my friend, 'he forthwith began to enact the modern Don Juan in Kingston and the neighbourhood, and soon became notorious for the gross viciousness of his conduct. How it happens, Heaven alone knows, but it is a singular and melancholy fact, that women often prefer professed libertines to men of amiable disposition and good moral habits. And so it unfortunately happened, in regard to this man, with the daughter of a late old and valued friend of mine, residing with her uncle, a wealthy merchant in Kingston. Despite all the remonstrances and watchfulness of her uncle and relatives, to whom Brown's licentious conduct was well known, and who suspected truly the motives of his attentions to her, he succeeded in gaining her affections under promise of marriage. It was evident the scoundrel calculated upon his regiment being removed to a distant station; but fate willed it otherwise, and the case of the poor girl was no sooner disclosed, than her only brother hastened from Spanish Town, to demand reparation. Brown, I believe, would have fulfilled his promise, but for one circumstance, which, however, to his selfish and unprincipled nature, was all-sufficient. She was penniless, and her uncle would not bestow a dollar on the man who had abused his hospitality. Upon his refusal to make amends for his treachery, there was, of course, only another alternative—the brother and he met in the field of *honour*, as it is called, and the former was shot through the heart at the first fire! The cool baseness of the whole transaction, however, was so notorious, that he was not only sent to Coventry by his brother officers, and excluded from all respectable society, but upon a memorial of the facts being sent home to the commander-in-chief, the next packet brought his unconditional dismissal from the army, couched in the severest terms of reprehension and opprobrium. Not having money enough to leave the

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island, the poor wretch has, since then — about four months ago — been wandering about the interior, an outcast and a vagabond. Every door is of course open to a white man here, nor is there a possibility of his starving; but he seems to bear the Cain-mark on his brow; he is shunned by every one, and the misery of his situation appears to be fast driving him to insanity. His appearance this morning was truly frightful, and the first thing he called for was a dram. I suppose he had been lying in the bush all night.'

Some passages in my friend's short narrative had recalled some painful reminiscences to my mind; and to banish these, I strolled away down to a neighbouring property, situated on the Mullet Burn, to while away the forenoon over a game at chess with the kind-hearted proprietor. The first object that attracted my attention on entering his house was the figure of a man stretched on the sofa, with a cloak thrown over him.

'I am glad you are come,' cried my host, shaking my hand cordially; 'I have been pestered all the morning with a fellow here,' pointing to the sofa, 'who has done nothing but call for rum, rum, every minute, till he has made himself beastly drunk. I wish I was quit of him.'

It was the outcast Brown. We sat down to our game, nevertheless, and when I left to return to my friend's house to dinner, the wretched being was still sleeping the sleep of intoxication.

It was between five and six o'clock on the following morning, that my host and myself were standing on the top of the bank above the Mullet Burn, chatting about various matters. It was a beautiful morning. The nightingales were trilling their lays from every tree, and the tiny rainbow-decked humming-birds were all astir, sucking their food from the white flowers of the cashew-tree, and the purple ipecacuanha-plant. Suddenly, a cry of terror was heard about half-way down the bank, and three large john or carrion crows rose hastily into the air, as if disturbed in the midst of one of their disgusting feasts. We stepped forward a few paces, and saw the negro

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Philidore running up towards us, his large eyes starting from their sockets, and bellowing and gesticulating like a madman. 'Agh! agh! what me see now? De duffy noting to dat! It be worse than de debil himself! Agh! what me see?'

'What is wrong now, sir?' shouted mine host.

'Agh, massa—you come dis way, massa,' panted out the terrified negro—'me feared to tell what I see, massa! De white man lie down dere in de gully, massa, wid him troat slice across, massa, like one pumpkin! Tead—tead —massa! and de john-crow, too!'

'Gracious Heaven!' exclaimed my friend, shuddering, 'has there been murder going on?'

Calling to the negro to follow him, he hastened down the bank. I remained where I was, my situation enabling me to see all that passed below. The negro, I observed, ran on towards the house where I had been visiting the previous day, and presently the proprietor, attended by three or four negroes, hastened towards the spot where my friend was standing. After a few minutes' delay, I saw them lift the body of a man, and bear it down to the office-houses of the former. In a short while my friend returned up the bank, and detailed to me the horrid affair. The dead man was the outcast Brown, and he had evidently perished by his own hand. Immediate notice of the occurrence was despatched to the coroner of the district, who speedily attended; and as white men were somewhat scarce thereabouts, I was, most unwillingly, impressed into service as a juryman, to examine the body. The suicide was lying upon a bench in an outhouse. He was dressed in a worn-out military blue frock-coat, torn and soiled. The soles were worn off his boots, through which his naked feet protruded; he had no linen upon him; and, in short, he looked the very picture of poverty and wretchedness. He was laid so that the horrid wound in his throat, which almost severed his head from his body, was fully displayed, and in his right hand was an open gore-clotted clasp-knife, grasped with the rigid tension of death. The jurors scrutinised the

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mangled corpse (for the john or carrion crows had been tugging and tearing at the gullet), and I was myself compelled to go through the revolting duty. An undefinable feeling of recognition thrilled through me as I accidentally scanned the lower features of the face, which were beautifully moulded. I instinctively raised the head with my left hand to take a minuter inspection, and, oh! what a mortal sickness came over my heart, as I gazed in speechless horror, on that countenance, every lineament of which was burnt into my soul as if with living fire! It was he—the beloved companion of my youth—my first, my only friend! It was he—the heartless villain! whose remorseless treachery had broken the heart of my gray-headed father, and driven my orphan sister, whom he had wedded and abandoned, into irretrievable insanity! It was he! whom I had pursued for years —years which seemed ages—through every nook of Europe, tracking him with the steady and untiring determination of the sleuth-hound, thirsting, thirsting for vengeance; until it had pleased God to recall me to a better mind, and I resigned him to the chastisement of his Maker! Fearfully, indeed, had it at length overtaken him. His own hand had become the avenger of the crimes he had perpetrated. And, mysterious Providence! where? Even before the eyes of him whom he had most foully and deeply wronged, and in a far, distant nook of the earth, whither I had flown, expressly to forget, amid strange scenes and new occupations, the fatal consequences of his baseness! Yes! there he lay before me—the false friend, the seducer—the murderer—the SUICIDE! It was a fearful—a humiliating—a pitiable spectacle. And a strange change came over me, as I gazed and gazed on that once beloved face, unconscious—utterly unconscious —of the wondering group around me—and, for a time, all my injuries and sufferings were forgotten. My fancy was away back among the long happy years of blissful boyhood. My heart melted within me, and the blessed tear-drops were fast welling forth from my o'erburdened brain—but, in a moment, they rushed back to their source,

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and every fibre, vein, and muscle of my body, seemed each to become instantaneously possessed with a separate devil, as my eye fell upon a token which I knew right well. It was merely a paltry peach-coloured ribbon, to be sure; but, oh! what associations did it not conjure up! and how did these contrast with the spectacle that was now before me! I snatched at it, spotted and bedabbled as it all was with his guilty blood, and tore it from his neck with the fury and strength of a maniac, bringing along with it the small ivory locket which I guessed truly was still appended to it. It was the image of my sister, whose faultless features I had thus, in our days of bliss and innocence, attempted, with my own hands, to depict; intended, and with my own sanction given, as intended to—whom?—the abandoned of God and man, who now lay before me reeking in his self-shed gore—her betrayer —her worse than murderer! I dashed it to the earth, in utter frenzy, and crushed it with my heel into a hundred atoms. With a humane delicacy, which was rather uncommon, no one questioned me as to the cause of my strange agitation. After all was concluded, I walked home with my friend, who was rejoiced to observe my composed demeanour, and hopeful that no bad consequences would ensue from the agitating scene through which I had passed. My reason had indeed been strained almost to cracking. But luckily I was in kind and considerate hands. By medical advice, a passage was taken for me in a merchant-ship for Britain, of my going aboard which I have not the slightest recollection. Many weeks, indeed, elapsed ere my reflecting faculties awoke from their torpidity; nor was it until we were tumbling about among the bracing breezes of the north, off the banks of Newfoundland, that I regained the full and healthy use of my reason.

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TO MUSIC,

TO BECALM HIS FEVER.

CHARM me to sleep, and melt me so
With thy delicious numbers,
That, being ravished, hence I go
Away in easy slumbers.
Oh, make me weep
My pains asleep,
And give me such reposes,
That I, poor I,
May think thereby
I live, and die, 'midst roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers,
Which, at the peep of day, do strew
A baptism o'er the flowers.
Melt, melt my pains
With thy soft strains,
That, ease unto me given,
With full delight
I leave this light,
And take my flight for heaven.

HERRICK, 1620.

THE CAPERCAILZIE.

THOSE who have dipped into our old native historians, may recollect mention being occasionally made of a bird called the *capercailzie*, which usually was conspicuous in the extensive though rude entertainments of our ancestors, but is now personally unknown amongst us. It may be

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curious to know that this bird—the *Tetrao urogallus* of Linnæus, and *wood-grouse* of Pennant—which is still prevalent on the continent of Europe and in America, is by far the most magnificent of the tribe to which it belongs, and must have been a truly worthy tenant of those splendid primeval forests which once overspread our country. The male is nearly three feet in length, and attains a weight of about fifteen pounds; black, brown, green, and white, are his predominating colours; and from the hook of his bill, the strength of his limbs, and majesty of deportment, he might rather be supposed to be a bird of prey than even the chief of the grouse family of gallinæ. The numbers of the capercailzie naturally decreased in Scotland with the woods that gave them shelter, and it is now about eighty years since the last native individual of the species ever seen in the country was shot in the neighbourhood of Inverness. They are now most plentiful in the forests of Northern Europe, and some parts of Northern Asia, where they feed on the young shoots and cones of the pine, the catkins of the birch, and berries of the juniper which form the underwood. They are exceedingly shy; and in Germany, where they do not abound so much as in Norway and Sweden, he is considered an excellent hunter who has in a whole lifetime killed thirty. It is indeed only at the period of incubation, when the male bird comes from his retirement, and calls the females around him, that he is easily approachable. Nevertheless, in Sweden they are sometimes domesticated in aviaries, and feed tamely from the hand, and will even breed in confinement, though it is remarked, that in this state they still retain so much of their natural wildness as to fly at and peck strangers.

Nilsson, a Norwegian naturalist, used to hunt the capercailzie in autumn, in company with a cocker-dog called Brunette, by whose assistance he would flush them from the ground, and cause them to perch in the trees. 'Here,' he says, 'as Brunette had the eye of an eagle and the foot of an antelope, she was not long in following them. Sometimes, however, those birds were in the pines

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in the first instance; but as my dog was possessed of an extraordinarily fine sense of smelling, she would often wind, or, in other words, scent them from a long distance. When she found the capercailzie, she would station herself under the tree where they were sitting, and by keeping up an incessant barking, direct my steps towards the spot. I now advanced with silence and caution; and as it frequently happened that the attention of the bird was much taken up with observing the dog, I was enabled to approach until it was within the range of my rifle, or even of my common gun. In the forest, the capercailzie does not always present an easy mark; for dipping down from the pines nearly to the ground, as is frequently the case, they are often almost out of distance before one can properly take aim.'

Towards the commencement, and during the continuance of winter, the capercailzies are generally in packs; these, which are usually of cocks—the hens keeping apart—do not separate until the approach of spring. These packs, which are sometimes said to contain fifty or a hundred birds, usually hold to the sides of the numerous lakes and morasses with which the northern forests abound; and to stalk the same in the winter-time, with a good rifle, is no ignoble amusement.

Among other expedients resorted to in the northern forests for the destruction of the capercailzie, is the following:—During the autumnal months, after flushing and dispersing the brood, people place themselves in ambush, and imitate the cry of the old or young birds, as circumstances may require. By thus attracting them to the spot, they are often enabled to shoot the whole brood in succession. The manner in which this is practised may be better understood from what Mr Greiff says on the subject:—

'After the brood has been dispersed, and you see the growth they have acquired, the dogs are to be bound up, and a hut formed precisely on the spot where the birds were driven from, in which you place yourself to call; and you adapt your call according to the greater or

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less size of your young birds. When they are as large as the hen, you ought not to begin to call until an hour after they have been flushed; should you wish to take them alive, the common net is placed round him who calls. Towards the quarter the hen flies, there are seldom to be found any of the young birds, for she tries by her cackling to draw the dogs after her, and from her young ones. As long as you wish to shoot, you must not go out of your hut to collect the birds you have shot. When the hen answers the call, or lows like a cow, she has either got a young one with her or the calling is incorrect; or else she has been frightened, and will not then quit her place. A young hen answers more readily to the call than an old one.'

Mr Lloyd, in his amusing work, the *Field Sports of the North of Europe*, describes a still more remarkable mode of hunting the capercailzie — namely, by torch-light, which he says is chiefly practised in the southern provinces of Sweden. 'In Smaland and Ostergothland,' says he, 'it is effected in the following manner:—Towards nightfall, people watch the last flight of the capercailzie before they go to roost. The direction they have taken into the forest is then carefully marked, by means of a prostrate tree, or by one which is felled especially for the purpose. After dark, two men start in pursuit of the birds; one of them is provided with a gun, the other with a long pole, to either end of which a flambeau is attached. The man with the flambeau now goes in advance, the other remaining at the prostrate tree, to keep it and the two lights in an exact line with each other; by this curious contrivance, they cannot well go astray in the forest. Thus they proceed, occasionally halting, and taking a fresh mark, until they come near to the spot where they may have reason to suppose the birds are roosting. They now carefully examine the trees; and when they discover the objects of their pursuit, which are said stupidly to remain gazing at the fire blazing beneath, they shoot them at their leisure. Should there be several capercailzies in the same tree, however, it is always

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necessary to shoot those in the lower branches in the first instance; for unless one of these birds fall on its companions, it is said the rest will never move, and, in consequence, the whole of them may be readily killed.'

An attempt is now in the course of being made, to restore to the pine-forests of Aberdeenshire a bird which once formed the object of a stately sport among our national nobility, and adorned the grandest of their feasts. In the year 1828, a male and female were imported for this purpose from Sweden by the Earl of Fife; but as the hen died before landing, the experiment was on that occasion frustrated. Another pair was brought over in 1829, and placed in a proper aviary at Mar Lodge, where an incubation took place, but without producing a live bird. Another incubation of the same hen in 1830 was equally unsuccessful; and it was not till 1831, and till particular pains had been taken for the preservation and proper hatching of the eggs, by the seclusion of the female, that a brood was obtained. According to the latest intelligence from the scene of this experiment, it is designed, as soon as various healthy broods have been reared in confinement, to liberate a few in the old pine-woods of Braemar, and thus eventually to stock with the finest of feathered game the noblest of Scottish forests.*

KNIFE-EATERS.

EVERY one knows that the itinerant jugglers who profess to swallow knives, never perform that feat in reality, but deceive the eyes of their visitors by dexterity of hand and skilful choice of position. There are, however, several authentic cases of knife-swallowing on record;

* The materials of the above article were furnished to us by the fourth volume of Mr Lizars's beautiful work, the *Naturalist's Library*, which contains a print of the capercailzie.

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and the deplorable consequences that have uniformly resulted, are alone sufficient to expose the chicanery of the jugglers. The most remarkable case of this kind, perhaps, that ever occurred, is that of John Cummings, who swallowed at various times within a few years upwards of thirty clasp-knives. The following particulars respecting Cummings's insane feats are abridged from a communication by Dr Marcet to the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*.

In the month of June 1799, John Cummings, an American sailor, about twenty-three years of age, being with his ship on the coast of France, and having gone on shore with some of his shipmates, about two miles from the town of Havre de Grace, he and his party directed their course towards a tent which they saw in a field, with a crowd of people round it. Being told that a play was acting there, they entered, and found in the tent a mountebank, who was entertaining the audience by *pretending* to swallow clasp-knives. Having returned on board, and one of the party having related to the ship's company the story of the knives, Cummings, after drinking freely, boasted that he could swallow knives as well as the Frenchman. He was taken at his word, and challenged to do it. Thus pressed, and though, as he candidly acknowledged in his narrative, 'not particularly anxious to take the job in hand, he did not like to go against his word, and having a good supply of grog inwardly,' he took his own pocket-knife, and on trying to swallow it, 'it slipped down his throat with great ease, and by the assistance of some drink, and the weight of the knife,' it was conveyed into his stomach. The spectators, however, were not satisfied with one experiment, and asked the operator 'whether he could swallow more;' his answer was, 'All the knives on board the ship!' upon which three knives were immediately produced, which were swallowed in the same way as the former; and 'by this bold attempt of a drunken man' (to use his own expressions), 'the company was well entertained for that night.' In the course of the two ensuing days, he was

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relieved of three of the four knives; but the fourth, as far as he was aware, remained in his stomach, though he never felt any inconvenience from it. After this great performance, he thought no more of swallowing knives for the space of six years.

In the month of March 1805, being then at Boston in America, he was one day tempted, while drinking with a party of sailors, to boast of his former exploits, adding, that he was the same man still, and ready to repeat his performance; upon which a small knife was produced, which he instantly swallowed. In the course of that evening he swallowed five more. The next morning crowds of visitors came to see him; and in the course of that day he was induced to swallow eight knives more, making in all fourteen.

This time, however, he paid dearly for his frolic; for he was seized the next morning with constant vomiting, and pain at his stomach, which made it necessary to carry him to Charleston Hospital, where, betwixt that period and the 28th of the following month, he was again so fortunate as to be relieved of his burden.

The next day he sailed for France, on board a brig, with which he parted there, and embarked on board another vessel to return to America. But during her passage, the vessel, which was probably carrying on some illicit traffic, was taken by his majesty's ship the *Isis*, of fifty guns, and sent to St John's, Newfoundland, where she was condemned, while he himself was pressed, and sent to England on board the *Isis*. One day, while at Spithead, where the ship lay some time, having got intoxicated, and having, as usual, renewed the topic of his former follies, he was once more challenged to repeat the experiment, and again complied, 'disdaining,' as he says, 'to be worse than his word.' This took place on the 4th December 1805, and in the course of that night he swallowed five knives. Next morning, the ship's company having expressed a great desire to see him repeat the performance, he complied with his usual readiness, and, 'by the encouragement of the people, and the assistance

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of good grog,' he swallowed that day, as he distinctly recollects, nine clasp-knives, some of which were very large; and he was afterwards assured, by the spectators, that he had swallowed four more, which, however, he declares he knew nothing about, being no doubt at this period of the business too much intoxicated to have any recollection of what was passing. This, however, is the last performance we have to record; it made a total of at least thirty-five knives, swallowed at different times, and we shall see that it was this last attempt which ultimately put an end to his existence.

On the following day, 6th of December, feeling much indisposed, he applied to the surgeon of the ship, Dr Lara, who, by a strict inquiry, satisfied himself of the truth of the above statement, and as the patient himself thankfully observes, administered some medicines, and paid great attention to his case, but no relief was obtained. At last, about three months afterwards, having taken a quantity of oil, he felt the knives, as he expressed it, 'dropping down his bowels;' after which, though he does not mention their being actually discharged, he became easier, and continued so till the 4th of June following (1806), when he vomited one side of the handle of a knife, which was recognised by one of the crew to whom it had belonged. In the month of November of the same year, he passed several fragments of knives, and some more in February 1807. In June of the same year, he was discharged from his ship as incurable; immediately after which he came to London, where he became a patient of Dr Babington, in Guy's Hospital. He was discharged after a few days, his story appearing altogether incredible, but was re-admitted by the same physician, in the month of August, his health during this period having evidently become much worse. It was probably at this time that the unfortunate sufferer wrote his narrative, which terminates at his second admission into the hospital. It appears, however, by the hospital records, that on the 28th of October, he was discharged in an improved state; and he did not appear again at the hospital till September

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1808—that is, after an interval of nearly a year since his former application. He now became a patient of Dr Curry, under whose care he remained, gradually and miserably sinking under his sufferings, till March 1809, when he expired in a state of extreme emaciation.

In a later number of the same scientific journal in which the preceding account appeared, another case of knife-swallowing was related by Dr Barnes, a respectable physician of Carlisle, under whose eye the circumstances occurred:—William Dempster, a juggler, twenty-eight years of age, of a high complexion and sanguine temperament, came to Carlisle in November 1823, with the intention of exhibiting some tricks by sleight of hand; and on the evening of the 17th of the same month, when in a small inn in Botchergate, with a number of people about him, whom he was amusing, by pretending to swallow a table-knife, and in the act of putting the knife into his throat, he thought some person near him was about to touch his elbow, which agitated and confused him so much, that the knife slipped from his fingers, and passed down the gullet into the stomach. Immediately after the accident, he became dreadfully alarmed, was in great mental agony, and apprehended instantaneous death. The knife, when given to him, measured nine inches in length, and had a bone handle, which went first down into the stomach: the blade, which was not very sharp, was one inch in breadth. Medical assistance was soon procured, and several attempts were made to extract the knife; first, with the fingers alone, then with a pair of short-curved forceps, and afterwards by a pair of very long forceps, made for the occasion, but without success. The knife, indeed, could not be reached by any of these means, and nothing resembling it could be felt externally on the region of the stomach. His mind continued much depressed, though he had very little pain or uneasiness. He was encouraged by the medical attendants, and directed to be removed as quietly as possible to his lodgings, and to take nothing that night except a little cold water. He had some sleep, and next morning said

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he felt occasionally pain in his stomach; twelve ounces of blood were taken from his arm, and some medicine given to him. He afterwards complained of pain in the left shoulder, shooting across the chest to the stomach, and the blood-letting was repeated. A hard substance, which was believed to be the handle of the knife, could now be felt very distinctly, by pressing the fingers very gently on the umbilicus; slight pressure gave him considerable pain. Although his suffering was much less than could have been expected, his health became gradually impaired, and his strength reduced. He was able to walk about a little in the day, and could sleep in the night on his back, but could not lie on either side. He took some diluted sulphuric acid for two or three weeks, which was discontinued, as he thought it increased the pain in his stomach. His bowels were kept open; the evacuations were of a dark ferruginous colour, which probably arose from the decomposition of the knife; the pulse was very little affected, being generally between seventy and eighty in a minute. His diet consisted of soup, gruel, and tea, taken in small quantities. When the stomach was empty of food, the handle of the knife could be distinctly felt, extending from above downwards, by placing the hand very lightly on the abdomen, a little above the umbilicus; but a single cup of tea, or a little food of any kind, distended the stomach so much, that it entirely disappeared. He was frequently squeamish and sick at his stomach, and sometimes felt a severe twisting pain in that organ.

The case being a remarkable one, and of very rare occurrence, the patient was visited by a great number of medical men. All the professional men in Carlisle were consulted respecting him; and that nothing might be omitted that could benefit this unfortunate man, his case was stated to Sir Astley Cooper of London, Mr George Bell of Edinburgh, and a few others. As the great length of the knife would prevent the possibility of its passing the pylorus, or making the turns of the intestines, and it seemed improbable that the patient would live sufficiently long for it to be dissolved in the stomach,

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various means were suggested to extract it; for although Dempster had survived the first shock of swallowing the knife, and there was no risk of speedy destruction of life, the action of the gastric juice, or of any medicine that could be given, it was supposed, would be so slow, particularly upon the blade of the knife, that it was deemed advisable to extract it, if possible.

Such a plan of treatment is that which was proposed by the surgeons of the Carlisle Dispensary, and was also recommended and sanctioned by one of the first surgeons in Europe: it was, that an incision should be made into the patient's stomach, and the knife extracted. The last report of the Carlisle Dispensary contains the following observations concerning Dempster:—'The surgeons of the dispensary were unanimously agreed as to the best mode of treating this extraordinary case: they were of opinion, that nothing but an operation could save the patient's life, but he could not be persuaded to submit to it.' He remained in Carlisle until the 28th of December, when he left it, with the intention of proceeding to his friends at Hammersmith, in the neighbourhood of London. It is proper to remark, that his journey was neither recommended nor sanctioned by the medical officers of the dispensary; it was contrary to their advice; they apprehended dangerous and fatal consequences from it, and anxiously wished him to continue in Carlisle. What they apprehended did in reality happen. This unfortunate man was prevented from pursuing his journey further than Middlewick, in Cheshire, where he died on the 16th of January; inflammation and gangrene of the stomach having been produced by the irritation of the knife and the jolting of the conveyance in his journey. As Dempster died at a considerable distance from Carlisle, no authentic account of the dissection has been published.

A case very similar to the above occurred in Prussia in 1635, of which a very interesting account was written in Latin, by Dr Daniel Beckher of Dantzic, and published at Leyden in 1636. An incision was made into the

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stomach, and the knife extracted. Previous to the operation, the patient was to make use of a balsamic oil, called Spanish balsam, which they supposed would alleviate the pains of the stomach, and facilitate the healing of the wound. At the fourteenth day after the operation, the wound had healed, and the patient was restored to the best of health.

These cases may be warnings to jugglers how unsafe it is even to pretend to such a power as that of swallowing knives, since poor Dempster, in the midst of his imposition, was made the unwilling verifier of his own professions. They may at the same time tend to suppress that unwholesome and unnatural craving which the public evince for spectacles of this nature, by shewing that there must either be in every instance deception, or else that the miserable creature whose performances they look upon, is sacrificing health, and even life, to pander to their vicious appetite. There are many sights presented to them in the same way, but of a very different character; some of them being not only entertaining but instructive. To these no possible objection can exist. All of those, on the contrary, where a claim is laid to the performance of unnatural feats, like knife-swallowing, ought either to be scouted as impostures, or shunned as abhorrent to the common feelings of humanity.

STORY OF KINMONT WILLIE.

An incident took place in the beginning of the year 1596, which had almost renewed the long-discontinued wars upon the Border. Excepting by the rash enterprises of Bothwell, these disorderly districts had remained undisturbed by any violence worthy of note since the battle of the Reedswair. On the fall of Bothwell, 1567, his son-in-law, Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, had obtained the important office of keeper of Liddesdale, and warden of

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the Scottish Borders upon that unsettled frontier. According to the custom of the marches, Buccleuch's deputy held a day of truce for meeting with the deputy of the Lord Scroope, governor of Carlisle Castle, and keeper of the west marches upon the English side. The meeting was, as usual, attended on both sides by the most warlike of the Borderers, upon faith of the usual truce, which allowed twenty-four hours to come and go from such meetings, without any individual being, during that short space, liable to challenge on account of offences given to either kingdom. Among others who attended was Buccleuch's deputy, one Armstrong, commonly called Kinmont Willie, remarkable for his exploits as a depredator upon England. After the business of the meeting had been peaceably transacted, the parties separated. But the English being upon their return homeward at the south side of the river Liddle, which is in that place the boundary of the kingdoms, beheld this Kinmont Willie riding upon the Scottish bank of the river, alone and in absolute security. They were unable to resist the tempting opportunity of seizing a man who had done them much injury; and without regarding the sanctity of the truce, a strong party crossed the river into Scotland, chased Kinmont Willie for more than a mile, and by dint of numbers, made him at length their prisoner. He was carried to the castle of Carlisle, and brought before Lord Scroope, where he boasted proudly of the breach of the immunities of the day of truce in his person, and demanded his liberty, as unlawfully taken from him. The English warden paid little attention to his threats, as indeed the ascendancy of Elizabeth in James's counsels made her officers infringe the rights of Scottish subjects with little ceremony; and on the score of his liberty, he assured Kinmont Willie, scornfully, that he should take a formal farewell of him before he left Carlisle Castle.

The Lord of Buccleuch was by no means of a humour to submit to an infraction of the national rights, and a personal insult to himself. On this occasion, he acted with equal prudence and spirit.

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The Scottish warden first made a regular application to Lord Scroope for delivery of the prisoner, and redress of the wrong sustained in his capture. To this, no satisfactory answer was returned. Buccleuch next applied to Bowes, the English ambassador, who interfered so far as to advise Lord Scroope to surrender the prisoner without bringing the matter to further question. Time was given to advertise Elizabeth; but she, being in this as in other cases disposed to bear the matter out by her great superiority of power, returned no satisfactory answer. The intercourse between the wardens became then of a more personal character, and Buccleuch sent a challenge to Lord Scroope, as having offered him a personal affront in the discharge of his office. Scroope returned for answer, that the commands of the queen engaged him in more important matters than the chastisement of the Scottish warden, and left him not at liberty to accept his challenge. Being thus refused alike public and private satisfaction, Buccleuch resolved to resort to measures of extremity, and obtain by means of his own force that redress which was otherwise denied him. Being the chief of a numerous clan, he had no difficulty in assembling 300 chosen horsemen at a place upon the Esk, the nearest point to the castle of Carlisle upon the Scottish marches, and not above ten or twelve miles distant from that fortress. The hour of rendezvous was after sunset; and the night, dark and misty, concealed their march through the English frontier. They arrived without being perceived under the castle of Carlisle, where the Scottish warden, taking post opposite to the northern gate of the town, ordered a party of fifty of his followers to dismount, and attempt to scale the walls of the castle with ladders, which had been provided for the purpose. The ladders being found too short, the assailants attacked a small postern-gate with iron instruments and mining tools, which they had also in readiness: the door breaking down; the Scots forced their way into the castle, repulsing and bearing down such of the English guards as pressed forward to the defence of the place. The alarm was now

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given. The beacon on the castle was lighted, the drums beat, and the bell of the cathedral church and watch-bell of the mote-hall were rung, as in cases of utmost alarm. To this din the Scots without the castle added their wild shouts; and the sound of their trumpets increased the confusion, of which none of the sleepers so unseasonably awakened could conceive the cause. In the meanwhile, the assailants of the castle had delivered their countryman, Will of Kinmont. In passing through the court-yard, he failed not to call out a lusty good-night at Lord Scroope's window, and another under that of Salkeld, the constable of the castle. The assailants then made their retreat, abstaining strictly—for such was their charge—from taking any booty, or doing any violence which was not absolutely necessary for executing the purpose for which they came. Some prisoners were taken, and brought before Buccleuch, who dismissed them courteously, charging the most considerable among them with a message to the constable of the castle, whom, he said, he accounted a more honourable man than Lord Scroope, who had declined his challenge; telling him, what had been done was acted by the command of him, the Lord of Liddesdale; and that if, as a man of honour, he sought a gallant revenge, he had only to come forth and encounter with those who were willing to maintain what they had dared to do. He then retreated into Scotland, with his banner displayed and his trumpets sounding, and reached his domains with the delivered man in perfect safety. How different the state of things now on the Borders—peaceful intercommunication among the inhabitants, and railway trains passing to and from Carlisle several times a day; the very castle that contained Kinmont Willie being now in a decayed state, and of far less importance than the adjoining railway station!

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REMARKABLE BLIND MEN.

THERE are various instances of men in a state of blindness acquiring a high degree of scholarship and general information respecting the external world. Among the most remarkable of these instances, may be mentioned that of Brindley, the celebrated planner of canals; Huber, a naturalist; and Saunderson, an eminent mathematician. The two latter cases present some deeply interesting particulars.

Francis Huber was born at Geneva, in Switzerland, in 1750, of a highly respectable family. He enjoyed the faculty of seeing, until he was approaching manhood. An imprudent eagerness in studying by day and reading at night, unfortunately impaired his sight. When he was fifteen years of age, the physicians advised entire freedom from all literary occupation. For this purpose, he went to reside in a village near Paris, where he followed the plough, and was for the time a real farmer. Here he acquired a great fondness for rural life, and became strongly attached to the kind and worthy peasants among whom he resided. His health was restored, but with the prospect of approaching blindness. He had, however, sufficiently good eyes to see and become attached to Maria Aimée Lullin, a young lady who had been his companion at a dancing-school. They loved, as warm young hearts will love, and dreamed of no possibility of separation. M. Lullin regarded the increasing probability of Huber's blindness as a sufficient reason for breaking up the connection; but the more this misfortune became certain, the more Maria determined not to abandon her lover. She made no resistance to the will of her father, but quietly waited until she had attained a lawful age to act for herself.

Poor Huber, fearful of losing his precious prize, tried to conceal from the world, and even from himself, that

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an entire deprivation of sight was his inevitable lot; but total darkness came upon him, and he could no longer deny that the case was hopeless. The affliction was made doubly keen by fears that Maria would desert him; but he might have trusted the strength of a woman's heart. As soon as Miss Lullin was twenty-five years old, *she* led to the altar the blind object of her youthful affections. The generous girl had loved him in his brilliant days of youth and gaiety, and she would not forsake him when a thick veil fell for ever between him and the glories of the external world. There is something exceedingly beautiful and affecting in this union. Those who witnessed it, at once felt a strong internal conviction that a blessing would rest on that gentle and heroic wife.

Mrs Huber had no reason to regret the disinterested step she had taken. The abilities of her husband overcame the impediments occasioned by loss of vision. Being of an active and inquiring turn of mind, and fond of scientific research, he directed his attention to the natural history of the bee—an insect which had been frequently made the object of study, but of which much still remained to be known correctly. In pursuing his investigations into the nature and habits of bees, Huber derived considerable assistance from his wife, who watched the insects in their movements, and reported to her husband what she observed. He was likewise aided, in a more special manner, by a philosophic assistant, Francis Barneus, who himself appears to have entered with enthusiasm into the pursuit, and to have conducted the experiments with the most patient assiduity and courage—qualities indispensable in those who have to work among this irritable order of insects. Huber likewise possessed the eminent advantage of being directed in his researches by one of the first philosophers of the day, M. Bonnet. How he was able to support the expense of his experiments, we are not informed; but we are led to believe that he possessed a sufficient patrimony to place him in rather easy circumstances. Time to him

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was nothing, and he possessed an inexhaustible stock of patience. In order to have a complete command of the whole operations of a hive, he contrived and had made a bee-house of a peculiar construction. It was a glass fabric, which he called a *leaf* or *book hive*, as it resembled the leaves of a book when open and standing on its end. Each leaf was a frame of a foot square, and about an inch and a half thick, with a pane of glass on each side; betwixt the two panes the bees built their combs, and all their motions were observable through the glass. The leaves were joined together at one side with hinges, and thus the hive resembled a book, which could be shut or opened at pleasure. The bees, it may be remarked, did not seem disinclined to work under this kind of scrutiny. We are told they were a little shy after the first establishment of a colony; but their owner found that after the lapse of about three days, when the community was fairly settled, the bees submitted patiently to his daily inspections.

To enter into a description of Huber's discoveries relative to bees, would be quite useless here, for it would be little else than a history of the character and habits of these valuable insects. The result of his researches was thrown by him into the form of letters to his friend Bonnet, and have been published in both the French and English languages.

The circumstance of Huber having possessed his sight till he was fifteen years of age, is calculated considerably to lessen our surprise at the success which attended his labours in the pursuit which his genius led him to follow. He had seen with his eyes the fields, the flowers, the animals which engaged his thoughts; therefore he was placed in a more favourable condition than those whose unassisted imaginations are left to form conceptions of the appearance of the external world. His blindness, nevertheless, added considerably to his celebrity; for men naturally admire intellectual strength overcoming physical obstructions. The musical talents which in youth had made him a favourite guest, now enlivened his

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domestic fireside. He enjoyed exercise in the open air; and when his beloved wife was unable to accompany him, he took a solitary ramble, guided by threads, which he had caused to be stretched in the neighbouring walks. He was amiable and benevolent, and all who approached him were inspired with love and respect. Even great success came to him unattended by its usual evils; for the most envious did not venture to detract from the merits of a kind-hearted man, suffering under one of the greatest of human deprivations.

Notwithstanding the loss of his eyes, Huber's countenance was the very sun-dial of his soul—expressing every ray of thought and every shade of feeling. During forty years of happy union, Mrs Huber proved herself worthy of such a husband's attachment. He was the object of her kindest and most unremitting attention. She read to him, she wrote for him, she walked with him, she watched his bees for him; in a word, her eyes and her heart were wholly devoted to his service. Huber's affection for her was only equalled by his respect. He used to say: 'While she lived, I was not sensible of the misfortune of being blind.' His children, inspired by their mother's example, attended upon him with the most devoted affection. His son, Pierre Huber, was a valuable assistant and beloved companion. He made a set of raised types, with which his father could amuse himself, by printing letters to his friends.

After the death of his wife, Huber lived with a married daughter at Lausanne. Loving and beloved, he closed his calm and useful life at the age of eighty-one, leaving behind him a son who acquired considerable reputation for his writings on the character and habits of ants.

We now turn to another remarkable case, the successful pursuit of scholarship under the deprivation of sight, the materials of which are gathered chiefly from a memoir in the 'Library of Entertaining Knowledge.'

Nicholas Saunderson was born at the village of Thurston, in Yorkshire, in 1682. He was only a year old when he was deprived, by small-pox, not only of his

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sight, but even of his eyes themselves, which were destroyed by abscess. Yet it was probably to this apparent misfortune that Saunderson chiefly owed both a good education, and the leisure he enjoyed, from his earliest years, for the cultivation of his mind and the acquisition of knowledge. He was sent when very young to the free school at Penniston, in the neighbourhood of his native place; and here, notwithstanding the mighty disadvantage under which it would seem that he must have contended with his school-fellows, he soon distinguished himself by his proficiency in Greek and Latin. It is to be regretted that we have no account of the mode of teaching that was adopted by his master in so singular a case, or the manner in which the poor boy contrived to pursue his studies in the absence of that sovereign organ to which the mind is wont to be chiefly indebted for knowledge. Some one must have read the lesson to him, till his memory, strengthened by the habit and the necessity of exertion, had obtained complete possession of it, and the mind, as it were, had made a book for itself, which it could read without the assistance of the eye. At all events, it is certain that the progress he made in this part of his education, was such as is not often equalled, even by those to whom Nature has given all the ordinary means of study; for he acquired so great a familiarity with the Greek language, as to be in the habit of having the works written in it read to him, and following the meaning of the author as if the composition had been in English; while he shewed his perfect mastery over the Latin, on many occasions in the course of his life, by both dictating and speaking it with the utmost fluency and command of expression.

Saunderson's acquirements were due in a great degree to his power of memory; but as this power was in reality a result of cultivation, the wonder is not materially lessened. As is very properly observed by the writer of Saunderson's memoir, the faculty of memory, like all other accomplishments, may be invigorated by exertion to a degree of which its ordinary efficiency seems to give no

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promise. In blind men, this faculty is almost always powerful. Not having the same opportunities which others enjoy, of frequent or long-continued observation in regard to things with which they wish to make themselves acquainted, or of repeated reference to sources of information respecting them—their knowledge coming to them mostly in words, and not through the medium of the eye, which in general can both gather what it may desire to learn more deliberately, and recur at any time for what may have been forgotten to some permanent and ready remembrancer—they are obliged to acquire habits of more alert and watchful attention, than those who are beset by so many temptations to an indolent and relaxed use of their faculties, as well as to give many matters in charge to their memory, which it is not commonly thought worth while to put it to the trouble of treasuring up. Their reward for all this is an added vigour of that mental power, proportioned to the labour they give it to perform. But any one of us might improve his memory to the same extent by a voluntary perseverance in something like the same method of discipline in regard to it, to which a blind man is obliged to resort. The memory is not one of the highest faculties of the mind, but it is yet a necessary instrument and auxiliary, both in the acquisition and application of knowledge. The training, too, it may be observed, which is best adapted to augment its strength, is exactly that which, instead of being hurtful to any of our other faculties, must be beneficial to them all.

On being brought home from school, young Saunderson was taught arithmetic by his father, and soon evinced as remarkable an aptitude for this new study as he had done for that of the ancient languages. A gentleman residing in the neighbourhood of his native village, gave him his first lessons in geometry; and he received additional instruction from other individuals, to whose notice his unfortunate situation and rare talents introduced him. But he soon got beyond all his masters, and left the most learned of them without anything more to teach him.

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He then pursued his studies for some time by himself, needing no other assistance than a good author, and some one to read to him.

Saunderson was still without a profession, or any apparent resource by which he might support himself through life, although he had already reached his twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth year. His own wish was to go to the university; but the circumstances of his father, who held a place in the Excise, did not enable him to gratify this ambition. At last, however, it was resolved that he should proceed to Cambridge, not in the character of a student, but to open classes for teaching mathematics and natural philosophy. Accordingly, in the year 1707, he made his appearance in that university, under the protection of a friend, one of the fellows of Christ's College. That society, with great liberality, immediately allotted him a chamber, admitted him to the use of their library, and gave him every other accommodation they could for the prosecution of his studies. It is to be recorded, likewise, to the honour of the eccentric Whiston, who then held the Lucasian professorship of mathematics in the university—a chair in which he had succeeded Sir Isaac Newton, having been appointed at the express recommendation of that great man—that, on Saunderson opening classes to teach the same branches of science upon which he had been in the habit of reading lectures, he not only shewed no jealousy of one whom a less generous mind might not unnaturally have regarded as a rival and intruder, but exerted himself, in every way in his power, to promote his success. Saunderson commenced his prelections with Newton's Optics—a strange subject to be ventured upon by a person who had been blind almost from his birth. The disadvantage, however, under which Saunderson here laboured, was merely that he did not know experimentally the peculiar nature of the sensations communicated by the organ of vision. There was nothing in this to prevent him from apprehending perfectly the laws of light: that it moves in straight lines; that it falls upon

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surfaces, and is reflected from them, at equal angles; that it is refracted, or has its course changed, on passing from one medium into another of different density; that rays of different colours are so refracted in different degrees; and the consequences to which these primary laws necessarily lead. He was not, it is true, able to see the rays, or, rather, to experience the sensation which they produce by falling upon the eye; but, knowing their direction, he could conceive them, or represent them, by other lines, palpable to the sense of touch, which he did possess. This latter was the way he generally took to make himself acquainted with any geometrical figure: he had a board, with a great number of holes in it, at small and regular distances from each other; and on this he easily formed any diagram he wished to have before him, by merely fixing a few pins in the proper places, and extending a piece of twine over them to represent the lines. In this manner, we are told, he formed his figures more readily than another could with a pen and ink. On the same board he performed his calculations, by means of a very ingenious method of notation which he had contrived. The holes were separated into sets of nine, each set forming a square, having a hole at each corner, another at the middle point of each side, and one in the centre. It is obvious that in such a figure, one pin placed at the centre might be made to stand in any one of eight different positions with reference to another pin placed on the boundary-line of the square; and each of these positions might represent, either to the eye or the touch, a particular number, thus affording signs for eight of the digits. Saunderson used to employ a pin with a larger head for the central hole; so that even when it stood alone, it formed a symbol easily distinguishable from any other. Lastly, by using two large-headed pins in one of the positions, instead of one with a large and another with a small head as usual, he formed a tenth mark, and so obtained representatives for the nine digits and the cipher—all the elementary characters required, as every one knows, in the common system of notation.

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Here, then, were evidently the means of performing any operation in arithmetic.

This remarkable man was also wont to perform many long operations, both in arithmetic and algebra, solely by his powerful and admirably disciplined memory. And his mind, after having once got possession of even a very complicated geometrical figure, would, without the aid of any palpable symbols, easily retain a perfect conception of all its parts, and reason upon it, or follow any demonstration of which it might be the subject, as accurately as if he had it all the while under his eye. It occasionally cost him some effort, it was remarked, to imprint upon his mind, in the first instance, a figure unusually intricate; but when this was once done, all his difficulties were over. He seems, indeed, to have made use of sensible representations chiefly in explaining the theorems of science to his pupils. In the print prefixed to his Algebra, he is represented discoursing upon the geographical and astronomical circles of the globe, by the assistance of an armillary sphere constructed of wood. His explanations were always remarkable for their simplicity and clearness; qualities which they derived, however, not from any tedious or unnecessary minuteness by which they were characterised, but from the skill and judgment with which he gave prominence to the really important points of his subject, and directed the attention of his hearers to the particulars most concerned in its elucidation.

Saunderson's ability and success as a teacher continued and augmented that crowded attendance of pupils, which, in the first instance, he had owed perhaps principally to the mere curiosity of the public. Every succeeding university examination afforded additional evidence of the benefit derived from his prelections. His merits, consequently, were not long in being appreciated both at Cambridge and among scientific men in general. He obtained the acquaintance of Sir Isaac Newton, his veneration for whom was repaid by that illustrious philosopher with so much regard, that when Whiston was

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expelled from his chair in 1711, Sir Isaac exerted himself with all his influence to obtain the vacant situation for Saunderson. On this occasion, too, the heads of colleges applied to the Crown in his behalf, to issue a mandate for conferring upon him the degree of Master of Arts, as a necessary preliminary to his election; and their request being complied with, he was appointed to the professorship. From this time, Saunderson gave himself up almost entirely to his pupils. Of his future history we need only relate, that he married in 1723, and was created Doctor of Laws in 1728, on a visit of George II. to the university, on which occasion he delivered a Latin oration of distinguished eloquence. He died in 1739, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, leaving a son and daughter.

PEGGY DICKSON:

A STORY OF HUMBLE LIFE.

THE longer a person lives, and the more that he knows of the world, the more reason will he have to believe that an immense deal of the misery which is endured in all classes of society is caused by imprudent marriages. This is, however, more particularly the case in the humbler walks of life than in the higher, where actual want is seldom one of the consequences of this kind of indiscretion. The consequences of an ill-assorted marriage do not seem to be at all thought of by either men or women in the working-classes, till it be too late, and not till the parties learn by dreadful experience the disasters which follow in the train of a rashly got up match. On this subject, females in particular entertain exceedingly erroneous notions. They are courted, and they at once reason themselves into a belief that it is their *fate* to marry the person who is addressing them.

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If challenged for the folly of their conduct, they tell you that it is *ordained* that they shall marry this man, whoever he is, and that they cannot get past it; all which is just as stupid as if they were voluntarily to rush into the fire, and then pretend that it was the will of Heaven that they should be burned. Women in this rank of life, as well as many in a higher sphere, are much too ready in listening to the stuff poured into their ears by those who approach them with a view to marriage. Their easiness on this score appears in some measure to arise out of a notion, that unless they now take advantage of the offer proposed for their acceptance, they may never have another opportunity of being a wife. They cannot be warned in too strong terms of the danger of such an idea. Better, a thousand times better, that they remain single all their lives, fulfilling the kindly duties of daughters, sisters, and aunts, to those who may have claims on their friendly offices, or even supporting themselves by some line of industry, no matter how humble, than entering into the solemn and binding contract to associate for life with a person who will render them unhappy, or who does not possess that character for steadiness, that integrity of principle, which can alone make any human being respected and loved.

No young and susceptible female imagination can picture the miseries of an ill-assorted marriage, either generally or in degree. Of one thing they are never aware, that a very considerable proportion of men take little or no thought how they may best support their wives and families. How a family is to be clothed, fed, lodged, and educated, does not enter into the calculation of one in ten who marry. They imprudently rush into matrimony, regardless of the results which will in all likelihood follow such a step; and the unhappy woman who becomes their wife, in a short time awakens to the sorry fact, that she has got a husband who, provided he has his own gratifications satisfied, is very regardless either of her comfort or that of her children. That this is the truth with respect to a vast number of marriages in the

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humbler ranks of society in towns, I know from evidence pressed on my observation on all sides. Out of some twenty or thirty marriages of female servants which I chance to have heard of, I could with difficulty point out one that has been happy. In most of these instances, the women were either absolutely deserted by their husbands, or, what was infinitely worse, they had to labour to support them in idleness and profligacy. In some few instances, the husbands luckily died, greatly to the relief of their wives, who were thenceforward at liberty to enter into domestic service, which they gladly and thankfully did. There is probably not a mistress of a respectable household who could not produce a dozen instances of the same kind. Every one could mention how they are besieged by old servants with troops of children in a state of destitution; all which misery is produced by these unfortunate women having entered into marriage with wretches who have ruined and deserted them. Can there be any comparison drawn betwixt the comfort of remaining single, in an honourable though humble employment, and the discomfort and degradation of marriages leading to such deplorable consequences?

The following simple unvarnished story, with which I recently became acquainted, presents a tolerably correct specimen of the suffering endured by women in a humble rank of life who are unhappily led into marriages without due consideration. Margaret Dickson—or, as she was more commonly and familiarly called, Peggy—was brought up to execute the work of a domestic servant from about her twelfth year, when she had the misfortune to lose both her parents, and in the course of time she went through a number of respectable places. She was an active and good-looking girl, possessing excellent principles, and generally liked by her employers: in more than one of her situations she might have lived for any length of time in a state of comfort and comparative happiness, being kindly treated, and her wages the highest that were paid. But like many others in her

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class, and according to her own words, 'she did not know when she was well off.' She never liked to stay long in any place; fidgetted about from term to term, always seeking better situations, or leaving those she was in from the most trifling excuses. In one house, she was not allowed to let a number of acquaintances call upon her; in another, she was scolded for spending time in her own amusement when sent on errands; and in a third, she was only allowed to have every alternate Sunday evening, not the whole day, to herself. These, and the like of these, she considered sufficient reasons to shift her situation, with a view to bettering her condition. Peggy's fate verified the old proverb, that 'an unhappy fish often gets an unhappy bait.' By one of these luckless removes, she got into a situation where she had the liberty of going out every alternate Sunday from morning till night: this seemed to her a most delightful arrangement, for it permitted her to carry on a more extensive system of gossipping with persons in her own rank of life, at houses where servants are in the habit of meeting each other, to talk over their own affairs and those of the families with which they are connected; by which practice, a steady-flowing under-stream of scandal is kept up through society. Whatever may have been the pleasure derived at the time from these gossippings, they paved the way to a very serious disaster, which was neither more nor less than Peggy's marriage with a workman in the town, Peter Yellowlees by name. This would have been a commendable and prudent enough step, had she taken a little care to ascertain beforehand that her proposed husband was a man of steady industrious habits and sound moral principles. But this never entered into her mind: she persuaded herself, that it was her *fate* to marry the person who thus addressed her, and, as a matter of course, neither sought advice nor made any kind of investigation whatever.

Behold Peggy Dickson now transformed into Mrs Yellowlees, and her residence in a gentleman's family exchanged for a house of her own, consisting of a single

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apartment in an attic storey in one of the tenth-rate back streets! Peggy was, however, a girl of some taste and tidiness; and although her domicile was humble, she did everything in her power to make it agreeable and acceptable to her husband. To the small stock of furniture she made some useful additions; and both by her exertions and her good-will, promised to make really an excellent housewife with the limited means at her command. But most unfortunately she had married a person who in no respect appreciated her efforts. Her husband was a man not decidedly bad; he would do nothing that would bring him within the scope of judicial punishment. But a man may be an utter wretch, and yet avoid the chance of coming under the hands of even the police. Peter was one of this description. He was addicted to indulge with companions in taprooms, and to loiter away his time with associates at the corners of the streets, or in any way that did not involve anything like steady labour. In short, he was an idle, dissolute person, who married Peggy for what he considered a tolerably large fortune—something that would minister to his abominable gratifications. Peggy's tocher was, alas! but a small affair to have tempted any one to destroy her comfort for life. It consisted of about twelve pounds sterling, saved from her half-yearly wages, besides a blue painted trunk containing a tolerable wardrobe, not to speak of a pea-green silk bonnet with a veil, worth five-and-twenty or thirty shillings. All this appeared an inexhaustible mine of wealth to Peter, who was not long in developing his real character.

For two or three weeks, all went smoothly on, and he attended pretty regularly to his employment; but towards the end of the fourth week, his propensities could no longer be restrained. On the pretence of purchasing some articles necessary for their personal comfort, he wheedled Peggy out of the remains of her little savings. He went forth with some seven or eight pounds in his pocket—more riches than he had ever before had in his possession at one time—and did not make his appearance

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for a fortnight. This was a dreadful blow to Peggy's expectations of happiness in wedded life. It opened her eyes to the horrors of the condition she had brought herself into; but it is somehow difficult for a woman all at once to give up her attachment to the object who has gained her affections. A good and discreet wife will submit to a lengthened repetition of contumelies and ill-usage before she can think seriously of parting from a husband whom she has vowed to love, cherish, and obey, whatever may be his errors, however great may be his crimes. The idea always predominates in her mind that his follies are but temporary; that he will repent of his misdeeds, and again be the worthy being which she once pictured him to be in her imagination. This is a delusion —a hope that is rarely realised. Very few husbands are ever altogether reclaimed, or become better than they have been. Such at least was the case in the present instance. Peggy's silent tears and bosom heaving with distress, her pitying and beseeching looks, or her few words of remonstrance, were alike disregarded. In a short space of time, her husband abandoned all regular employment, abstracting from her little household any portable article he could carry off from time to time, to pledge at the nearest pawnbroker's for an insignificant sum, and which he squandered on liquor in the company of his reckless associates. In the meantime, want pressed upon the humble dwelling, and Peggy only saved herself from starvation by making her necessities known to some of the families whom she had previously served, and who commiserated her deplorable fate. At length, in the midst of her distresses, she brought an infant into the world, to share in her sufferings, and to call upon her to put forth additional exertions for the family's support. But for the kindness of a lady who had known her in better days, she must now inevitably have sunk under her calamities: this benevolent individual, however, interested herself so far as to procure some employment for her, for which she expressed her thankfulness in terms of untutored eloquence. Poor Peggy, however,

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still clung to her home, miserable and desolate as it was, and still, in the warmth and sincerity of her unfortunately placed affections, continued to hope that her heartless husband would see the folly and wickedness of his ways, and would return to her and her child a penitent and reclaimed man. Vain hope! Idle anticipation!

One evening, as she was sitting by her little carefully economised fire nursing her little one—on whom, to add to her misery, the hand of sickness was pressing heavily—sometimes reflecting on the painful contrast which her present and former condition presented, sometimes brooding over disappointed prospects and vanished dreams of happiness, mingled—for when will hope desert us?—with visions of future felicity, grounded on a fond anticipation of her husband's amendment; one evening, as we said, while thus employed, she was startled by a loud and boisterous knocking at the door. Her heart leaped from its place with terror, and in an instant her face grew deadly pale. She knew who it was that knocked—she knew it was her husband; but this, instead of allaying, only served to increase her fears; for she knew also, from the rudeness with which the wretched man assailed the door, that he was in that state when neither reason nor sympathy can reach the brutalised heart; she knew that he was intoxicated. The unhappy woman, however, obeyed the ruffian's summons. She opened the door, and Peter staggered into the middle of the apartment. Partly through fear, and partly from a feeling of affection for the lost man, which even his infamous conduct towards her could not entirely subdue, Peggy addressed him in the language of kindness, and endeavoured to soothe and allay the sullen and ferocious spirit which she saw gleaming in his reeling eye; for he was not in the last helpless stage of drunkenness, but just so far as to give energy and remorselessness to the demon spirit which the liquor he had swallowed had raised within him.

'Peter,' she said kindly, and making a feeble attempt

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to smile as she spoke, 'Peter, you're all wet, my man: sit down here near the fire,' and she placed a chair for him with one hand, while she supported her child with the other; 'and I'll put on some more coal,' she went on, 'and bring you dry clothes, and get some supper ready for you, for I'm sure you must be hungry. Poor little Bobby's very unwell, Peter,' she added.

'I don't care whether he's well or ill,' roared out the drunken wretch; 'nor do I want clothes from you, nor a supper either. I want money,' he shouted out at the top of his voice, 'and money I must have!'

'Money, Peter!' replied his terrified wife in a gentle tone; 'you know I have no money. There's not a farthing in the house, nor has there been for many a day.'

'Well, though you have no money, you have a shawl, which we can soon turn into money.' Saying this, he forthwith went to a chest of drawers, and endeavoured to pull out that in which he knew the article he wanted was deposited; but the drawer was locked. This, however, was but a trifling obstacle. He seized a poker, smashed in the polished mahogany front of the drawer, and in an instant had his prey secured beneath his jacket, and was in the act of leaving the house with it when his unfortunate wife, having laid her sick child down on the bed for a moment, flew towards him, flung her arms about his neck, burst into a flood of tears, and imploringly besought him to think of her and her infant's condition, and not to leave the house, or deprive her of the only remaining piece of decent apparel that was left to her. And what was the reply of the monster to this affecting appeal? His only reply was a violent blow on the breast, by which he stretched his unfortunate wife senseless on the floor. Having performed this dastardly and villainous feat, he rushed out of the house, hastened to one of those monstrous abominations, a pawnbroker's shop, and from thence to the taproom, to rejoin the abandoned associates whom he had left there, until, as he himself said, he should 'raise the wind.'

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Leaving the heartless ruffian in the midst of the fierce debauch which the basely acquired means he now possessed enabled him to resume, we return to his miserable wife. Extended on the floor by the hand that ought to have protected her, the unhappy woman lay for a considerable time without either sense or motion, until recalled to consciousness by the piercing cries of her helpless infant, who lay struggling on the bed where she had placed him. But the consequences of the cowardly blow did not terminate with the restoration of her faculties. On the day following, she became alarmed by the acutely painful sensations she felt in the breast on which the ruffian's blow had alighted. This pain gradually increased from day to day, until at length it became so serious, and exhibited symptoms so alarming, that the unfortunate woman, urged by her neighbours, submitted her case to a surgeon at one of those friendly medical dispensaries which are established in different parts of the town. But it was too late, not, however, to save her life, but to save her from mutilation; for a dangerous cancer was already at work on her frame. Unwilling to expose her husband, she had delayed too long. Cancer had taken place, and had already made fearful progress in her breast.

The surgeon who attended her recommended her instant removal to the infirmary, whither she accordingly went; and in two or three days after she entered that beneficent institution, the unfortunate woman, as the only means of saving her life, was subjected to the appalling operation of having her breast amputated. In six weeks afterwards, Peggy, with a dreadfully shattered constitution and emaciated form, left the infirmary, and returned to her own cold and desolate home, now ten times more desolate than it was before; for the callous brute, to whom, in an evil hour, she had united her destiny, instead of soothing her bed of affliction, had availed himself of her absence to strip the house of every article of the smallest value it contained, and, with the money thus raised, had continued in an uninterrupted

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course of dissipation during the whole time of his wife's confinement in the infirmary. During all that time, too, he had never once visited her, or ever once inquired after either her or his child. His days, and the greater part of his nights likewise, he spent in public-houses, and only visited his home to commit some new act of robbery.

On Peggy's leaving the infirmary, her first care was to visit the kind neighbour who had taken charge of her child during her confinement; and it was some alleviation to her misery to find, as she now did, that her little innocent had been carefully tended, and was at that moment in excellent health. But the unfortunate woman was not yet aware of the state of utter desolation to which her home had been reduced by her worthless husband; when, therefore, she saw its bare walls, its naked apartments and comfortless hearth, her heart sank within her, and she wept bitterly. It was now that she felt the full extent of her misery, and saw, with unprejudiced eyes, the melancholy and striking contrast between her present and former condition. She could no longer conceal from herself the appalling fact, that she was now fast verging towards the last stage of destitution, and was absolutely without a morsel of bread. Even hope threatened to desert her, and leave her a prey to a distracted mind and broken spirit. Poor Peggy, however, determined to make yet another effort for the sake of her child, and on his account to endeavour to fight her way a little further through the world. With this view, she sought for, and at length, though not without great difficulty, succeeded in obtaining employment as a washer-woman. But here a serious obstacle presented itself. How was she to dispose of her child? She could not both work and nurse; yet work she must, or both must inevitably starve.

From this painful predicament she extricated herself by determining on putting the child out to nurse, and devoting to its maintenance whatever portion of her little hard-earned gains that duty should demand. Poor Peggy,

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however, did not come to the resolution which stern necessity imposed upon her, of parting with her infant, without feeling all that a tender and affectionate mother must always feel in taking such a heart-rending step. It is true, that she knew she could see her child at any time; for she resolved that, wheresoever she placed it, it should be near her; but then she foresaw, also, that she must necessarily be often many hours absent from it, and a mother's fears pictured to her a thousand accidents which might befall the infant when she was not near to save or protect it. It was, however, impossible for her to do otherwise with the child than put it out to nurse, and she accordingly began to look out for a suitable person for that duty, and such a one, at least she thought so, she at length found; but she did not resign her infant to the charge of this person without having previously made the most minute and strict inquiries regarding her character, and being perfectly satisfied, or at anyrate so far satisfied as the testimony of those who knew the woman could make her; but, as the sequel will shew, she was, after all, cruelly deceived, and so probably were those who had spoken to her good name. Having made arrangements with this woman regarding her child, and having put the latter under her care, Peggy commenced the laborious life to which she was now doomed; for her husband appeared to have wholly deserted her, as he had never looked once near the house after he had completed its spoliation.

For about twelve months after this, nothing occurred in Peggy's obscure and humble life worth recording. She toiled early and late with unwearying assiduity to support herself and her child, and felt a degree of happiness which she had not hoped ever again to enjoy, from the consciousness of being in the discharge of a sacred duty, and from a belief that her infant was sharing in the benefits of her exertions, by receiving all those attentions which the dearly-won earnings she appropriated to its maintenance were meant to procure for it. But at the end of the period above named, a circumstance occurred

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which shewed how basely and wickedly she was deceived in the latter particular. One day, when washing in a gentleman's house where she was frequently employed, Peggy, in the temporary absence of the household servants, happened to answer a knock at the door, when a beggar woman, with a child in her arms, wrapped closely up in a wretched cloak which she wore, presented herself, and solicited charity. Peggy, half intuitively, and half urged by her own parental feelings, gently removed the cloak to have a peep of the mendicant's child; but what was her amazement, her horror, on discovering that the child was her own! She uttered a scream of mingled surprise and terror, distractedly tore her infant from the wretch who had possession of it, and pressed it to her bosom with an energy and vehemence that seemed to indicate a fear of its being again taken from her. The mendicant in the meantime endeavoured to make her escape, but was seized and conveyed to the police-office under a charge of child-stealing. From the examination which followed, however, it appeared that the child had not been stolen, but borrowed, or rather hired at so much per day by the infamous woman in whose possession it was found, from the still more infamous person to whose care it had been confided by its mother; and it further appeared, that the latter wretch had been long in the practice of *letting out* poor Peggy's child in the way just mentioned, which, we need not add, is a method frequently adopted for exciting charity and imposing upon the humane. Peggy of course lost no time in seeking out another guardian for her child, and was at length fortunate enough to find one on whom she could place full reliance. With this person the child remained a twelvemonth, at the end of which period Peggy succeeded, though not without great difficulty and much pleading, in procuring her little boy to be admitted into an orphans' hospital.

During all this time, her worthless husband never once looked near her, or took the smallest interest either in her own fate or that of her child. She, indeed, for a long time did not know even where he was or what he was

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about, but at length heard that he was working in a quarry in the neighbourhood; and she was soon made aware of his vicinity, by his frequently coming to her, in a state of intoxication, to demand money of her, and she was often compelled to give it to him, to prevent him affronting her, or probably depriving her of her employment by his obstreperous conduct. Such torments, however, cannot last for ever. Peter was at length found to be somehow implicated in a drunken scuffle at Cramond, in which one of the parties was deprived of or lost a few shillings. Whether Peter was guilty or not in this affair is of little consequence. He was seized by a sheriff's officer, and removed to the county jail at Edinburgh. Up to this point of Peter's career, he had been simply a worthless wretch, and perhaps not past being reclaimed; but being now lodged in one common receptacle with twenty villains more or less criminal, for a period of about three months previous to trial, he embraced the opportunity of becoming a thoroughly confirmed blackguard. A notorious swindler, who happened to be confined in the same ward, acted as instructor in crime to the party, and Peter was a most apt scholar. On his trial, he was not convicted, and was therefore set at liberty; but his excellent schooling in jail soon led him into a desperate affair of housebreaking, for which he was in due time tried, and despatched to Botany Bay.

In the midst of these troubles and trials, something like better fortune smiled on poor Peggy. A respectable elderly gentleman, a bachelor, to whom she had been warmly recommended by one of the ladies who were in the habit of employing her, took her into his service, and here for two years she found a peaceful and comfortable home, but at the end of this period the old gentleman died, and Peggy was again thrown upon the world, friendless and houseless; and to add to her misfortune, the changes which even a very short period rarely fails to bring about, had during the two years of her service effected such alterations in the families by which she was formerly employed, that they were no longer open

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to her. The unfortunate woman was now, therefore, even worse off than she had been at any period of her miserable life since she married, and would have utterly starved, if she had not obtained some trifling employment in the way of washing shop floors, three of which she cleaned out at sixpence a week each, and a writer's office at a shilling, and this was all she had now to live upon.

Inadequate as these means were, Peggy was now thankful of them. Half-a-crown, however, was but a miserable sum to live upon for an entire week, to clothe her, feed her, and pay house-rent. It could procure her none of those comforts to which she had been accustomed when in service, and it was a sum on which she would not then have placed much value; but times were changed with her, and poignantly did she feel this, and bitterly did she regret the unhappy step which had at once carried her from a comfortable and happy position, and plunged her into that misery with which she was now struggling. As she thought of these things, poor Peggy's heart sank within her, and she began to despair of ever again enjoying happiness in this world. Reflections such as these preyed so much on the unfortunate woman's mind, as nearly to unfit her for the little work she had to do, and threatened to extend her on a bed of sickness; and added to all this, what a change had taken place in her personal appearance! Her once trig and well-shaped form was now thin and emaciated; her dress, though still clean and tidy, bore but too evident indications of the extreme poverty which had overtaken her; and her once ruddy and cheerful countenance was pale, haggard, and deeply marked with the grave melancholy lines of thought. No one, in short, could now have known the once pretty Peggy; the little, lively, handsome servant-girl. But although poor Peggy had now begun to despair of ever being better, Providence had not deserted her.

On passing through the market-place of the city on a day when it is frequented by people from the country, Peggy was suddenly accosted by a decent elderly man in such a dress as is generally worn by the smaller order

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of farmers. This person was Peggy's uncle. He was in easy circumstances, but having been highly displeased with his niece's marriage—against which he had remonstrated in vain—in consequence of his having heard very unfavourable but too well-founded reports regarding the character and habits of her husband, he had withdrawn his countenance from her; and she, aware of this, had never once thought of seeking his assistance in her distress. Although of a somewhat stern temper, Peggy's uncle was yet a worthy and kind-hearted man, and his unfortunate niece's sadly altered appearance, which his keen eye at once detected on thus accidentally meeting her, instantly excited his sympathy, and banished all his resentment, and determined him in the step he now took. 'How are ye, Peggy?' said the old man, taking her by the hand, and looking earnestly but kindly in her pale emaciated face. 'Dear me, lassie,' he went on, 'what's the matter wi' ye? Ye're sairly changed sin' I saw ye last: ye're no like the same woman. Are ye weel eneuch?' Peggy made no reply, but burst into tears. 'Come awa, lassie,' said her uncle; 'this is no a place for giein' vent to feelings o' that kind. Come in by here, and tak some kind o' refreshment, and we'll speak owre things at leisure, and awa frae the public ee.' Saying this, he led Peggy into an adjoining public-house, and there learned the whole story of her wedded life.

The old man's feelings gave way before the recital of the humble but affecting tale; a tear started into his eye; he took Peggy by the hand, and told her that his house was open to her whenever she chose to enter it; and added, that he thought, under all the circumstances, the sooner she did this the better. In short, before the uncle and niece parted, it was fixed that Peggy should on the very next day repair to Braefoot, her uncle's farm, which she accordingly did; and as he was a widower, and without any daughters of his own, she soon shewed herself to be worthy of all the kindness shewn her by her relative, by the activity she displayed in the superintendence of his dairy and household affairs, of which she

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obtained the sole and uncontrolled management; and thus once more found herself in the enjoyment of comfort, and of, at least, comparative happiness.

With a due consideration for her maternal feelings, as well as for 'the credit of the family,' Peggy's uncle speedily removed her child from the charitable institution in which he had been placed, and brought him home to his own house, greatly to the delight both of mother and son. Only one cankering care now preyed on Peggy's mind, and that arose from the possibility of her husband returning to his native country to blight her prospect of future quietude. Even from this unlikely occurrence, however, she was at length happily relieved, by intelligence of Peter's death. For repeated misdemeanours in the family of a respectable settler near the town of Sydney, he underwent summary transportation to the penal settlement at Macquarrie's Harbour. Here, among a gang of desperate felons, loaded with chains, and labouring ten hours a day to the knees in water, he was not long in sinking under the effects of a broken moral and physical constitution. The report of her husband's unhappy death was not unfelt or unwept by our humble heroine, but the load of uneasiness which was now removed from her mind soon led her to be grateful for the relief; and she was with little difficulty brought to agree with her uncle and the sympathising neighbours around, that her loss was, on the whole, 'a licht dispensation.'

Such is the story of Peggy Dickson; but let it be recollected by those of her class who may read it, that while all of them are liable to the miseries which she endured, by entering into a rash and inconsiderate marriage, few have such an uncle to rescue them from the last consequences of that unhappy step, as she had the good-fortune to be blessed with.

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PHILOSOPHIC PUZZLES.

THE advances made by science since the revival of letters and arts, are universally acknowledged to be very considerable. Every new generation ushers into existence some superlative genius, who, by his industry and talents, adds an important truth to the sum of human knowledge. Each civilised nation is also seen to be emulating its neighbour in the eager race of improvement; and thus we find that many anxious and active minds are constantly at work in the grand endeavour to explore mysteries in nature hitherto shrouded in darkness. Nevertheless, summing up all that has been made known, heaping together all the profound learning of ancient and modern times, it is astonishing how little is yet actually known, how much still remains to be discovered. Let us, for curiosity, try to reckon up a few things of which even the most learned of the earth have acquired no accurate knowledge, or, at the best, have been only able to form a dim conjectural opinion.

There is nothing which has puzzled philosophers more than the principle of life. They can make nothing of it. How it is infused into the physical animal fabric; how it operates in connection with the mental faculties; how it is sometimes suspended, and again revives in the body —is all a mystery. By some, it is concluded that life depends on a system of nerves shooting out from the brain; but this explanation will not serve, because life is found to be quite strong in animals which have neither brain nor nerves, neither vertebræ nor muscles. It is certain, that the principle of life is precisely the same in all kinds of animals, at least differing only in degree. It is evidently the same kind of life which animates the human being and the brute, and in both instances they are alike incomprehensible to reason. It is at once perceivable, that the principle of life has in one sense nothing

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to do with the faculties of the mind and the instinctive feelings; yet that the one cannot exist without the other, is equally obvious—there must be life in the first place, otherwise the animal frame is an insensate mass. Seeing the wonderful influence which the galvanic battery exerts upon the muscles of a dead body, it has been presumed that the living principle is in some manner dependent on electric matter; but this is but a feeble conjecture, and cannot be said to throw any light on the subject, for the galvanic battery acts only mechanically; and when its influence is withdrawn, the action of the muscles ceases.

The mode in which life is communicated to dormant inert substances, is fully more mysterious with regard to the vivification of oviparous animals, than in any other instance. The egg of the bird or the insect is not connected with the body of the parent at the time that the living principle is communicated. The minute eggs of insects will remain a very long space of time in an inert state, and will endure the influence of the hardest frost, yet be not destroyed. No sooner, however, is a certain heat applied, than living creatures are hatched. There is, however, something still more curious about the vivification of the eggs of insects. When certain substances reach a state of decay, myriads of animals make their appearance therein, as if they had been created out of the rotting matter. If we take a piece of solid fresh timber, in which there is not the smallest appearance of animal life of any description, and place it in a situation where it cannot be reached by the outer air, it is well known that by the influence of external moisture alone, it will become affected with dry rot, or, in other words, it will be reduced to powder by insects feeding on its substance. How these insects found their way into the heart of the plank, or how insects of the same species should have deposited eggs in such a secluded situation as the core of a tree, are mysteries which science is altogether unable to explain.

Not less inexplicable is the germinating principle of plants. Seeds are sown; they rot; they sprout; they

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spring into life, and shoot luxuriantly forth; but all this is beyond our comprehension. We can tell nothing of it, except that all seeds act upon something like undeviating principles. The laws of nature are inexorable, and act with the same vigour where the grain to be produced may never be seen by man, as where it is to be regularly reaped. We can explain the mode of growth in plants, describe their physiological structure, and we have ascertained the gases of which they are chiefly composed; but the mystery of their existence is still hidden from us. All the wisdom and skill of mankind combined could not give life to a dead plant with its physiology entire, and least of all, could they vivify the buds of a fictitious flower.

The ignorance of the learned has in no case been so conspicuous as in their efforts to explore the operation of the reason or understanding in the human being. It is known that the reasoning faculties are somehow dependent on the constitution of the brain; but the manner in which the process of reasoning is carried on, is a perplexing riddle; and it is the more perplexing, from the prevalent idea that it is susceptible of being discovered. Philosophers have been engaged upon this mystery upwards of two thousand years. Millions of thoughts and words have been expended on the inquiry; innumerable works, shewing a wonderful depth of research and ingenuity of conjecture, have been written and issued with the purpose of clearing up the extraordinary obscurity; every university in the world possesses a professor, who is appointed to teach youth the most correct opinions on the subject; yet, after all this, nothing, absolutely nothing, is known in regard to it. How the brain reasons, is still as great a mystery to mankind as it was when the philosophers of Greece began their investigations. It is really quite laughable to reflect on the preposterous and hopeless efforts which have been made by philosophic writers to sift out the hidden mysteries of the mind—to describe that which can be neither known nor described. One would almost think

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that they had gone deranged in their inquiries. Nothing has been too ridiculous for them to assert. Hobbes, a man of the most profound reflection, demonstrated that there was no difference between right and wrong; David Hume made out that belief was imaginary—that is to say, he came to a belief that there can be no belief; Descartes, Malebranche, and Locke, proved that mind was matter, or, in other terms, that when we lose our consciousness of existence, we no longer preserve our identity. This is a slight sample of the results 'established' by the most learned inquirers into the nature of the human understanding, which still remains, and is likely ever to remain, an inexplicable mystery. Philosophers themselves are, it would appear, beginning to be at length impressed with a conviction, that all that has yet been done on this subject is valueless. Professor Dugald Stewart, one of the Scotch philosophers, who died in 1828, has admitted that 'diversity of doctrine has increased from age to age, with the number of masters, and with the progress of knowledge; and Europe, which at present possesses libraries filled with philosophical works, and which reckons up almost as many philosophers as writers, poor in the midst of so much riches, and uncertain, with the aid of all its guides, which road it should follow—Europe, the centre and focus of all the lights of the world, has yet its *philosophy only in expectation!*' How humiliating to the human intellect is this melancholy confession!

Passing from these philosophical mysteries, we are arrested by the remarkable circumstance of there being black and white races of men. Upon this subject, there has likewise been a good deal of discussion, though without producing a settlement of the question. The shortest way of accounting for the dark colour of the skin among negroes, is by charging it upon heat of climate, and other external causes. Strong reasons, however, are advanced in opposition to this theory. First, all are not of the same dark hue under a tropical sun: some nations are pure black; others, under the same parallel of latitude, have only a tinge of brown. Second,

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the heat of climate does not seem to make any permanent difference of colour on races within the memory or records of man. The unmixed descendants of negroes are not white, though they be born and live in temperate climes; and it is as well known, that white European races do not become black by a permanent residence in hot regions. True, they generally acquire a sallow complexion, as they are individually exposed to the sun's rays; but this hue never affects their offspring. In short, it is found from observation, that external agencies, whether physical or moral, will not account for the bodily and mental differences which characterise the several tribes of mankind; and thus human reason is baffled in the inquiry.

The different hues of mankind are not more incomprehensible to the man of science, than the existence of tribes of human beings in islands and places in the most remote quarters of the globe. Savage races of men have been found by navigators living upon islands in the Pacific Ocean, at least 1500 miles from any other habitable spot; they likewise found that they possessed no tradition of their settlement, and that they were entirely unacquainted with the art of sailing in vessels on the sea. How and when these islands had been peopled, forms one of the unexplained things which have deeply interested inquiring minds. A similar obscurity hangs over the original settlement of America; and such is the extreme difficulty which scientific inquirers have in attempting to account for so perplexing a mystery, that they have occasionally been driven to the hazardous conclusion, that the American continent and its islands were originally joined to the Old World, and that, by a grand convulsion of nature, they were rifted from it, carrying with them a portion of the ancient tribes of mankind and other animal races.

Akin in many respects to this mystery, is the surprising fact, that volcanic islands springing up in the midst of extensive seas, far from all other land, become in time covered with vegetation. The Isle de Bourbon, situated

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in the Indian Ocean, 300 miles from Madagascar, is the most remarkable instance. It is evidently of comparatively recent origin, and yet it is covered in almost every part with good mould, and produces very luxuriant vegetation. Some are of opinion, that the seeds of plants must have been carried thither by sea-currents from other countries; some, that they have been carried in clouds by currents of air, and deposited with rain; others, that they have been carried by birds. But all the efforts to explain the mystery fall greatly short of what is required by the caution of science.

It is ascertained by scientific investigations, that the variegated colours of flowers, if not colours in every instance of their natural development, originate in the action of rays of light. But this, in reality, is a mystery as obscure as that just alluded to. The rays of light, when analysed, no doubt consist of seven primitive colours; still, this analysis does not explain how the rays operate on bodies so as to fix upon them the colours they are seen to possess. Whence and wherefore, likewise, the apparently capricious variegation of bodies with particular colours? How do the rays of light paint a bed of tulips in a thousand varying tints, even before their leaves are exposed to the sun? Whence the beautiful and various plumage of birds—whence the wonderful dyes and brilliant golden hues of fish in Oriental rivers—whence the splendid colours of shells? It is impossible to say how all this should be. We can only look on in mute surprise. Mankind, in their arrogance, have presumed to declare, that all the resplendent beauties of nature were designed for their gratification—an absurdity almost too gross to deserve observation; for it is notorious, that some of the most resplendent objects are naturally beyond the reach of human beings, and can only be obtained with very great difficulty and danger. Thus, the most beautiful shells are found at the bottom of the sea; the most beautiful birds and flowers are found in regions least suitable for man's residence; and some of the most beautiful of

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animated creatures—the diamond beetle, for instance—are so minute, so secluded from vulgar gaze, as to require powerful magnifying-glasses to bring them within the scope of our senses. All these natural embellishments of inanimate and animate objects, have therefore obviously been afforded for the gratification of creatures whose faculties are far inferior to those of man; and let us not envy nor rob them of their enjoyment. Let us repel the inglorious idea, that

> 'Many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

No flower has its beauties or sweetness wasted. Even in the solitude of the desert, the modest daisy or hare-bell is giving nourishment and pleasure to myriads of God's creatures, and therefore in every respect fulfilling the purposes of a wise Creator.

To come, again, to phenomena connected with the geography of our planet—no one has yet been able to explain how the ocean comes to be salt. Some are of opinion, that the sea is impregnated with saline particles from rocks of salt at its bottom; but nobody has ever proved that these rocks exist in such abundance as to impregnate the whole ocean, or have so much as pointed out where they are precisely situated. Neither has any one ascertained the depth of the ocean. Measurements by means of lines have been made at different places; but no line can be made to sink much deeper than two miles and a half, and so the actual depth of the ocean is still one of the mysteries which physical science has to explore. The tides of the ocean form certainly one of the most remarkable of natural phenomena. They are usually attributed to the influence of the moon, in consequence of their greatest rise and fall taking place at certain states of the moon's phase, and very elaborate and ingenious theories have thereupon been propounded: yet, conceding that it is the moon which causes the flowing and ebbing of the tides, *how* that luminary exercises its influence on the waters of the ocean is a complete mystery. No

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theory that ever we have seen in any way explains this wonderful phenomenon; and it is probable, that it never will be brought to the test of mathematical demonstration. The depth of the ocean has not been more anxiously inquired into than the height of the atmosphere. The air which we breathe is known to reach only to a certain height above the surface of the earth. As people ascend mountains, or are wafted aloft in balloons, they notice that the air becomes thinner, and less suitable for being taken into the lungs; but it has never been ascertained at what height the common atmosphere ceases, nor what species of air is beyond.

JOSEPHINE:

THE STORY OF THE OLD SHOES, AND OTHER MATTERS.

AFTER the divorce of the amiable Josephine from her second husband, Napoleon, she retired to Malmaison, a pleasant country residence not far distant from Paris. Here, though retaining the title of empress, she lived in comparative seclusion till the period of her death in 1814. Some time before her lamented decease, she was visited by two young ladies of her acquaintance, whose interview with her is thus described by one of the party, in the Memoirs of Josephine:—'It happened to us to request of the empress to shew us her diamonds, which were locked up in a concealed cellar. She yielded with the most willing compliance to the wishes of such giddy girls as we were, ordered an immense table to be brought into the saloon, upon which several of her maids-in-waiting laid a countless number of caskets of every form and shape. They were spread upon that spacious table, which was absolutely covered with them. On the opening of the caskets, we were perfectly dazzled with the brilliancy, the size, and the quantity of jewels composing

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the different sets. The most remarkable after those which consisted of white diamonds, were in the shape of pears, formed of pearls, perfectly regular, and of the finest colour; opals, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, were encircled with large diamonds, which were, nevertheless, considered as mere *mountings*, and never taken into account in the estimation made of those jewels. They formed altogether a collection which I believe to be unique in Europe, since they consisted of the most valuable objects of that description that could be found in the towns conquered by our armies. Napoleon was never under the necessity of seizing upon objects, which there was always evinced the utmost anxiety to offer to his wife: the garlands and bouquets formed of such a countless number of precious stones had the effect of verifying the truth of the descriptions hitherto so fanciful, which are to be met with in the fairy tales. None but those who have seen this splendid collection can form an adequate idea of it.

'The empress seldom wore any other than fancy-jewels; the sight, therefore, of this exhibition of caskets, excited the wonder of most of the beholders. Her majesty greatly enjoyed our silent admiration. After having permitted us to touch and examine everything at our leisure—"I had no other motive," she kindly said to us, "in ordering my jewels to be opened before you, than to spoil your fancy for such ornaments. After having seen such splendid sets, you never can feel a wish for inferior ones; the less so, when you reflect how unhappy I have been, although with so rare a collection at my command. During the first dawn of my extraordinary elevation, I delighted in these trifles, many of which were presented to me in Italy. I grew by degrees so tired of them, that I no longer wear any, except when I am in some respects compelled to do so by my new rank in the world: a thousand accidents may, besides, contribute to deprive me of those brilliant though useless objects. Do I not possess the pendants of Queen Marie Antoinette? and yet am I quite sure of retaining them?

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Trust to me, ladies, and do not envy a splendour which does not constitute happiness. I shall not fail to surprise you, when I relate, that I felt more pleasure at receiving an old pair of shoes, than at being presented with all the diamonds which are now spread before you." We could not help smiling at this observation, persuaded as we were that Josephine was not in earnest; but she repeated her assertions in so serious a manner, that we felt the utmost curiosity to hear the story of this wonderful pair of shoes.

"'I repeat it, ladies," said her majesty: "it is strictly true that the present, which of all others has afforded me most pleasure, is a pair of old shoes of the coarsest leather: you will readily believe it when you shall have heard my story. I had set sail with my daughter Hortense, from Martinique, in the West Indies, on board a ship in which we received such marked attentions, that they are indelibly impressed on my memory. Being separated from my first husband, my pecuniary resources were not very flourishing; the expense of my return to France, which the state of my affairs rendered necessary, had nearly drained me of everything; and I found great difficulty in making the purchases which were indispensably requisite for the voyage. Hortense, who was a smart, lively child, sang negro songs, and performed negro dances with admirable accuracy; she was the delight of the sailors, and in return for their fondness, she had made them her favourite company. I no sooner fell asleep, than she slipped upon deck, and rehearsed her various little exercises to the renewed delight and admiration of all on board. An old mate was particularly fond of her; and whenever he found a moment's leisure from his daily occupations, he devoted it to his little friend, who was also exceedingly attached to him. My daughter's shoes were soon worn out with her constant dancing and skipping. Knowing, as she did, that I had no other pair for her, and fearing lest I should prevent her going upon deck, if I should discover the plight of those she was fast wearing away, she concealed the trifling accident from

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my knowledge. I saw her once returning with bleeding feet, and asked her, in the utmost alarm, if she had hurt herself. 'No, mamma.' 'But your feet are bleeding.' 'It really is nothing.' I insisted upon ascertaining what ailed her, and discovered that her shoes were all in tatters, and that her flesh was dreadfully torn by a nail.

'"We had as yet only performed half the voyage; a long time would necessarily elapse before I could procure a fresh pair of shoes; and I was mortified at the bare anticipation of the distress my poor Hortense would now feel at being compelled to remain confined in my wretched little cabin, and of the injury her health might experience from the want of exercise. At the moment when I was wrapped up in sorrow, and giving free vent to my tears, our friend the mate made his appearance, and inquired with his honest bluntness what was the cause of our whimperings. Hortense replied in a sobbing voice, that she could no longer go upon deck, because she had torn her shoes, and I had no others to give her. 'Is that all? I have an old pair in my trunk; let me go for them. You, madame, will cut them up, and I shall sew them over again to the best of my power. Everything on board ship should be turned to account. This is not the place for being too nice or particular. We have our most important wants gratified when we have the needful.' He did not wait for our reply, but went in quest of his old shoes, which he brought to us with an air of exultation, and offered them to Hortense, who received the gift with every demonstration of delight. We set to work with the greatest alacrity; and my daughter was enabled, towards the close of day, to enjoy the pleasure of again amusing the ship's company. I repeat, that no present was ever received by me with more sincere gratitude. I greatly reproached myself for having neglected to make inquiries after the worthy seaman, who was only known on board by the name of James. I should have felt a sincere satisfaction in rendering him some service, since it was afterwards in my power to do so."'—Hortense afterwards became the

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wife of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, and mother of the present President of France, Prince Louis Napoleon.

The poor circumstances in which Josephine had thus been placed, by her sudden removal or flight from Martinique, after the breaking out of the rebellion in that island, were less distressing than her subsequent sufferings on her arrival in France. Her husband, M. de Beauharnais, who had figured as one of the early military leaders in the French revolutionary movements, was seized, condemned, and brought to the guillotine; and she narrowly escaped the same fate only by the death of Robespierre, whereupon she was released from confinement. The letter written by M. de Beauharnais to Josephine on the night before his execution, is a most affecting document. The following is a translation :—

'CONCIERGERIE.—*Night of the 7th Thermidor, year 2.*

'I have yet a few minutes to devote to affection, tears, and regret, and then I must wholly give myself up to the glory of my fate, and to thoughts of immortality. When you receive this letter, my dear Josephine, your husband will have ceased to live, and will be tasting true existence in the bosom of his Creator. Do not weep for him; the wicked and senseless beings who survive him are more worthy of your tears, for they are doing mischief which they can never repair. But let us not cloud the present moments by any thoughts of their guilt; I wish, on the contrary, to brighten them by the reflection, that I have enjoyed the affections of a lovely woman, and that our union would have been an uninterrupted course of happiness, but for errors which I was too late to acknowledge and atone for. This thought wrings tears from my eyes, though your generous heart pardons me. But this is no time to revive the recollections of my errors and your wrongs. I owe thanks to Providence, who will reward you.

'That Providence now disposes of me before my time. This is another blessing for which I am grateful. Can a virtuous man live happy when he sees the whole world

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a prey to the wicked? I should rejoice in being taken away, were it not for the thought of leaving those I love behind me. But if the thoughts of the dying are presentiments, something in my heart tells me that these horrible butcheries are drawing to a close; that executioners will, in their turn, become victims; that the arts and sciences will again flourish in France; that wise and moderate laws will take the place of cruel sacrifices; and that you will at length enjoy the happiness which you have always deserved. Our children will discharge the debt for their father. . . . .

'I resume these incoherent and almost illegible lines, which were interrupted by the entrance of my jailers. I have just submitted to a cruel ceremony, which, under any other circumstances, I would have resisted, at the sacrifice of my life. Yet why should we rebel against necessity?—reason tells us to make the best of it we can. My hair has been cut off. I had some idea of buying a part of it, in order to leave to my wife and children an unequivocal pledge of my last recollection of them. Alas! my heart breaks at the very thought, and my tears bedew the paper on which I am writing. Adieu, all that I love! Think of me, and do not forget that to die the victim of tyrants and the martyr of liberty, sheds lustre on the scaffold.'

THE DARIEN EXPEDITION.

THE Isthmus of Darien, a spot full of sad recollections to the minds of Scotsmen, is the well-known neck of land joining the two continents of America to each other, and separating the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. It was in the situation of this Isthmus that Columbus, in his latter voyages, ardently expected to find a passage leading into the Southern Seas, and, consequently, opening a new and expeditious road to the commerce of the East. The great inroad made on the continents of the New World in this

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quarter, by the waters of the Mexican Gulf, favoured much this hope of the immortal navigator; and though it terminated in disappointment, the very expectation exalts our idea of his foresight and genius; seeing that, as his biographer observes, 'if he was disappointed in finding a strait through the Isthmus of Darien, it was because nature herself had been disappointed, for she appears to have attempted to make one, and to have attempted it in vain.' On the world, in general, the non-existence of a strait through the Isthmus has been attended with important consequences, as, had it existed, all those attempts to discover a passage to the Eastern Indies in other directions, on which the nations of Western Europe have expended so much labour, time, and cost, would never have been entered into. Darien would have been the road to the commerce of Asia, with all her rich and spicy isles.

The narrow neck of land, which was the only barrier in the way of this great result, at last attracted the eye of a daring and enterprising man, who conceived that the obstacle in question might be overcome, and that the Isthmus of Darien might still be, what nature had so nearly made it—the key to the commerce of the world. This man was William Paterson. He was a Scotchman by birth, and was educated for the church; but being of an adventurous disposition, and eager to see new countries, he made his profession the instrument of indulging this propensity, and spent many years in the West Indies, ostensibly with the view of converting the natives of the islands to the Christian faith. It is supposed, however, that his real occupation in these regions was of a very different character, and that he actually united himself with the bucaneers who then infested the Spanish Main. That the information which induced him ultimately to engage in the scheme which we are about to describe, was chiefly derived from these roving plunderers, is at least certain, though there is no ground but conjecture for the assertion, that this knowledge was acquired by associating with them in lawless rapine. However this might be, Paterson, at this period of his life, made himself thoroughly

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acquainted with the natural character and capabilities of the Darien Isthmus. He satisfied himself that there was a tract of land upon it, over which neither the Spaniards, who possessed the adjoining territory, nor any other European nation, had ever obtained any right, a tribe of natives having been always its independent masters. This tract lay between Puerto Bello and Carthagena, and at the mouth of the river Darien, about fifty leagues from each of the places mentioned, had an excellent natural harbour, capable of receiving the largest fleets, and strongly defended, by its position, either from storms or enemies. Such was the character of the coast on the Atlantic side, while on the Pacific lay several natural harbours, equally capacious and secure. The country between the seas at this point was composed of high ground, which rendered the climate temperate even in those hot latitudes, and the soil was of a rich black mould, several feet deep, and producing spontaneously every kind of tropical fruit. The ridge, moreover, was so adapted for the construction of roads, that beasts of burden and even carriages might have travelled easily from sea to sea in one day.

Such were the observations stored up in the mind of William Paterson, in his early years, respecting the Isthmus of Darien. Gold was likewise perceived by him in some parts of the country, and many other circumstances were noted down in his memory, all tending to establish the probable success of a settlement in the spot. With the two Americas close at hand, penetrable to their very centres by means of their immense rivers—with the whole range of the rich West Indian islands within almost a day's sail—with the broad Pacific on one side, opening upon all the wealth of the East, and on the other the Atlantic, incessantly traversed by the fleets of the Old World—certainly, as an able author observes, 'Darien seemed to be pointed out, by the finger of nature, as a common centre to connect together the trade and intercourse of the universe.'

Though it is probable that the project for establishing a colony with these magnificent views was early matured

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in the mind of Paterson, yet his obscurity and want of means and friends deferred for a time its promulgation to the world. His mind, however, was not so entirely absorbed in his favourite scheme, that he could not direct it to other enterprises. About the year 1694, we find him in London, actively employed in modelling a plan for the establishment of the Bank of England; and to him this great institution, now the most important of the kind in the world, chiefly owes its successful origin. For some time, he was a director of the bank, and received the consideration to which his merits entitled him. But those who had made use of his abilities in the time of need, afterwards neglected him, and the friendless Scot was intrigued out of the post, and even the honours he had earned.

After receiving discouraging answers from the few persons in London to whom he communicated his scheme for colonising Darien, Paterson went over to the continent, and made offer of his project to the Dutch, the Hamburgers, and the elector of Brandenburg. The two former heard him with cold indifference; and the elector, after bestowing some countenance upon him, ultimately withdrew it, in consequence of false reports and some court enemies.

On his return to London, Paterson became acquainted with the celebrated Fletcher of Saltoun, who fell eagerly into the scheme for a settlement of Darien. Fletcher believed that he saw in it the means of raising Scotland to the rank of a high commercial nation; and, accordingly, he carried the projector down to that country, having prevailed upon him to give the Scotch the advantage of the offer. Having recently obtained a settlement of the religious questions which for a century had absorbed the national energies, the people of Scotland were now disposed to turn their attention to commerce, in which almost every other nation of Europe was their superior. The Marquis of Tweeddale, then minister for Scotland, and Lord Stair and Mr Johnston, secretaries of state, warmly patronised the scheme, and, in June 1695, procured

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a statute from parliament, and afterwards a charter from the crown in terms of that statute, for creating 'A trading company to Africa and the New World; with power to plant colonies and build forts, with consent of the inhabitants, in any places not possessed by other European nations.'

Here was the first great step gained, and Paterson immediately threw his project boldly upon the public, opening at the same time subscriptions for a company. 'The frenzy,' says Sir John Dalrymple, 'of the Scotch nation to sign the Solemn League and Covenant, never exceeded the rapidity with which they ran to subscribe to the Darien Company. The nobility, the gentry, the merchants, the people, the royal burghs without the exception of one, and most of the other public bodies, subscribed. Young women threw their little fortunes into the stock; widows sold their jointures to get the command of money for the same purpose. Almost in an instant, L.400,000 was subscribed in Scotland, although it is now known that there was not at that time above L.800,000 of cash in the kingdom.' Nor was the success of the subscriptions confined to Scotland. In nine days, L.300,000 was subscribed in England; and the Dutch and Hamburgers, who had contemned the scheme when proposed by an unknown individual, contributed now L.200,000. The conduct of Paterson in the midst of this success was noble and honourable. In the original articles of the company, it had been stipulated that he should be rewarded with two per cent. on the stock, and three per cent. on the profits. On seeing the vastness of the sums subscribed, however, he came forward, and gave a discharge of his claims to the company.

In the December of the same year, these flattering prospects were clouded by the first of those reverses, which rendered this magnificent plan eventually one of the heavest calamities that ever befell a nation. The East India Company, alarmed at the sudden rise of what seemed likely to prove a formidable rival, assembled their numerous friends, and entered upon active measures to

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suppress the new company. An address against it was sent up to King William from the English House of Commons, which wrought so strongly upon the monarch, that he not only withdrew at once his favour from the company to which he had so lately granted a charter, but became its bitterest enemy. He dismissed the Scottish ministers, who had, to use his own words, advised him so ill, and directed his resident at Hamburg to memorialise the merchants of that city, to the effect that he disowned the Darien Company, and warned them against it. The senate of the city answered the king spiritedly, 'that they were free to trade with whom they pleased, and marvelled especially that he should endeavour to prevent their intercourse with a body of his own subjects, to which, by a solemn act, he had so lately given large privileges.' But the king's influence in the end prevailed, and Hamburg withdrew her subscriptions. The Dutch and English subscribers did the same, and the Scots were left to pursue their object alone. This they did vigorously; they built six ships on the continent, and engaged as colonists 1200 men, many of them members of the best families of Scotland. The parliament of the nation, besides, continued to support the scheme.

On the 26th day of July 1698, the colonists set sail from the harbour of Leith, bearing with them the prayers, the hopes, and, alas! great part of the wealth of Scotland. Strong in body, and hardy in habits, the crews of the Darien ships accomplished their voyage in two months, with the loss of only fifteen men. Anxious that their character and purposes should not be misunderstood, they purchased from the natives, immediately on landing, the tract of country which their leader had fixed upon, and sent messages of amity to every Spanish governor in the neighbouring countries. Their buildings were then commenced, and to the station they gave the name of New St Andrew, while the beloved name of Caledonia was assigned to the country itself. Defences were also erected, and mounted with fifty pieces of cannon. The first public act of the colony was also issued, and it was

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one worthy of the liberal mind of the projector, Paterson. It was a declaration of freedom of trade and religion to all nations.

The colony thus located fell rapidly into decay. Trusting to the support of the British settlements in the Mexican Gulf, the Scots had brought out an insufficient stock of provisions with them; and on making application, they found that orders had been sent from England to the governors of the West Indian and American colonies, to hold no correspondence, much less to give any assistance, to the colonists of Darien. Those who extenuate King William's conduct in issuing these cruel orders, say that Spain had protested against the colony, on the ground that the land belonged to the Spanish monarch. True it is, that such a protest was made, but the *date of the orders* is prior to that of the protest. Indeed, it is probable that the orders, by shewing King William's disfavour, were the cause of the Spanish claim being made. The truth is, that William's whole reign evinced, if not a dislike to Scotland, at least a disposition to regard it as a paltry, and to him inimical, appendage of England. The alarm of the English and Dutch India Companies, loudly expressed and unweariedly acted upon, was the real cause of the king's conduct, if worse motives had not their influence.

The natives, during the eight months that the first Darien colony existed, were more kind to the settlers than their civilised brethren and countrymen. The poor Indians hunted and fished for the new-comers, and gave every assistance in their power. But at the end of the time mentioned, having received no news from Scotland, every one of the colonists almost had either died or quitted the settlement.

Meanwhile, the Scottish nation, ignorant of the state of matters abroad, though aware of the Spanish protest, sent out another band of 1300 men to the assistance of the settlement. The second expedition had a most unfortunate passage: one ship was lost, and great numbers of the men died on shipboard in the other vessels. The survivors arrived, one after another, in a

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straggling manner, and, instead of finding comfort and plenty, were shocked to behold a miserable famished remnant of their predecessors at Darien. The fear of the Spaniards was now added to their other distresses; and the arrival, three months after the landing of the second band of settlers, of Captain Campbell with a shipful of men from his own estate in the Highlands, confirmed these boding anticipations. He brought intelligence to New St Andrew that a Spanish force of 1500 men lay encamped at a place called Subucantee, waiting for the arrival of eleven ships of war, in order to attack and destroy the new colony. The Scots had still enough of spirit remaining, amid their disasters, to attempt a vigorous plan of resistance. Captain Campbell, with a force of only 200 men, marched upon Subucantee, stormed the enemy's camp by night, and scattered them after a terrible slaughter. But on his return to New St Andrew, the gallant Highlander found the Spanish ships before the harbour, and their troops landed. He threw his small force into the place, and made a brave defence for the space of six weeks. At the end of this time, the colonists were obliged to capitulate. The conditions, however, were most favourable; they obtained not only the common honours of war, but security also for the property of the Company. Captain Campbell, whose exclusion at his own desire from the capitulation was the chief cause of these favourable terms, contrived to escape from his enemies, and returned in safety to Scotland, where the home Company paid him the honours he so well merited.

The Spaniards, enemies as they were, seem to have felt pity for the wretched remnant of the colony of Darien. They assisted the settlers to embark in the ships that were left, and behaved generously to them in every respect. Indeed, every nation in Europe seems to have felt shame for the cruel desertion and persecution of the poor colonists. The leaky state of the ships forced them to touch at several places on their return home: by foreigners, they were kindly used; and at English stations,

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barbarously: one of the ships was even seized, and detained by an English governor. Of all the men who embarked in this great undertaking, about thirty only saw their native land again. Paterson was seized with fever on his return, and for a time was deprived of reason by the unhappy issue of his scheme. He recovered, however, the use of his faculties, and shewed that the spirit of enterprise in his breast was undying, by the memorials which he presented to the king and the government for the renewal of his stupendous project upon a wider and more stable basis. His representations were never attended to.

How deeply Scotland felt this great blow, may be conceived from the amount of her capital, and the number of her sons, destroyed by its failure. In one or other of these respects, almost every family participated more or less in the calamity. Added to the recollection of the Glencoe massacre, the Darien expedition excited a deep feeling of resentment in the breasts of the Scottish people against both the English and their sovereign, which two succeeding ages did not see entirely obliterated. It may safely be assumed, that, if the cause of the Stuarts had afterwards any favour among the Lowland Scotch, it was owing almost solely to the memory of these two atrocious transactions. Nevertheless, good may be said to have flowed from the calamity, for it was probably in consequence of the cruel selfishness of the English on the occasion of the expedition to Darien, that the Scotch, in 1703, assumed so determined an attitude of hostile threat against England, and wrung from her fears that equality of commercial rights, which could never have been obtained from her justice, and which, perfected by the Union, was the basis of all the prosperity now enjoyed by Scotland.

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MADAME DE STAËL.

THIS celebrated woman, whose maiden name was Anna Louisa Germaine Necker, was born in Switzerland, in the year 1766, and was the daughter of the Genevese banker, M. Necker, a man of distinguished parts, and afterwards famous for the high position he occupied in France, being elevated, on account of his financial ability, to the ministry of that department in 1777. During the greater part of the interval between his daughter's birth and that period, she resided in her native country; and having the good-fortune to have a woman of talents for her mother, she was early trained to studious and literary habits. The effects of this became strikingly conspicuous on the settlement of the family in Paris. M. Necker was then the most important person in the government of France, and this elevated position brought him into close connection with all the most noted characters of the day. To the society of literary personages, in particular, his lady and himself were strongly attached; and Marmontel, Raynal, Thomas, and Grimm, with many other celebrated writers of the time, were the daily visitors and intimate friends of the family.

The talents of Mademoiselle Necker, diligently cultivated, as they were, from her very infancy, sprang rapidly to maturity in so congenial a soil as she was now introduced to. At the age of ten or eleven years, indeed, she was in a measure regarded as a prodigy, and but for the remarkable strength of mind which even then distinguished her, she might have been spoiled—the fate of most precocious geniuses. About the time of life we have mentioned, her usual practice was to take her place in the drawing-room at her mother's knee. By and by, Marmontel, or some other wit, would drop in, and stepping up to the little lady's seat, would enter into animated and sensible converse with her, as with a brother or

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sister wit of full age. At table, she listened with delight to all that fell from the talented guests, and learned incredibly soon to bear a part in their discussions. To this early initiation, no doubt, her unequalled conversational powers in after-life were owing.

It is curious that her father, whom she loved and venerated almost to excess, had a dislike to female writers, and prohibited his wife from indulging in the use of her pen, for the seemingly petty reason, that it would distress him to disturb her on entering her chamber. Her filial affection, however, and obedience, great as they were, were totally unequal to the suppression of the passion for writing in his young daughter. Baron Grimm, in his memoirs, mentions that Mademoiselle Necker, at the age of twelve years, amused herself by writing little comedies after the manner of M. de Saint Mark. The scenes of one of these dramas, he says, were so ably written and well connected together, that Marmontel, on seeing it performed by the author and some of her young companions at Saint Owen, Necker's country-seat, was affected even to tears. From this open performance of her dramas, we may gather that the success of our heroine's compositions had, even thus early, overcome her father's objections. In her fifteenth year, she wrote an abstract of Montesquieu's *Spirit of the Laws*, which shews that at this time her avocations were not entirely histrionic. Her first published works were three plays—*Sophia*, a comedy; and *Lady Jane Grey*, and *Montmorency*, tragedies. These were given to the world in 1786, and in the same year she was married to the Baron de Staël Holstein, ambassador from Sweden to France. This was not a marriage of affection; and Madame Necker has been blamed for hurrying her daughter into a union with a man much older than herself, and when her affections were known to be engaged to another. A desire to secure to her daughter a husband of the Protestant persuasion, is assigned as the reason for Madame Necker's conduct.

Madame de Staël—which contraction of her husband's name she bore through life—did not arrest public

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attention by her dramas. Her *Letters upon Rousseau* had a different fate; they attracted notice at once, and are still popular with all who endeavour to fathom the extraordinary character who was their subject. Great events, however, in which, from her father's situation, she was necessarily deeply implicated, were now at hand. In 1787, the revolutionary ferment in France first assumed an open and formidable front. It was impossible that a mind like Madame de Staël's could have looked, so closely as she was enabled to do, upon the political affairs of that country, without forming strong opinions, and imbibing a deep interest. The period, too, was one in which many women of brilliant talents flourished in France, and exercised a powerful influence on its destinies; when they were consulted in the management of public affairs, and interfered, by speech and pen, in support of the doctrines to which they were attached. Of all her father's maxims of political economy, she was a strenuous and conscientious advocate. It may be conceived, then, with what concern, both in a public and private point of view, M. Necker's banishment, in 1787, affected her, and how joyously she shared in the triumph of his recall in the following year. The gratification was short-lived. Within a very little time, she saw her father again necessitated to withdraw from the helm of public affairs. After his departure, the revolutionary storm rapidly increased in violence, and Madame de Staël beheld with grief the monarchy tottering to its fall. With a degree of courage that redounds to her honour, she issued, in the very height of Robespierre's power, a powerful and eloquent defence of the queen, from whom, it should be remembered, she had always experienced aversion rather than favour. This publication probably would have sealed Madame de Staël's fate, had she not escaped the clutches of the assassins, almost accidentally, on the night of the 2d of September, up till which period she had lingered in Paris, unwilling to leave her friends in danger. She was for a period detained by the agents of the Jacobins, but made her way at last from the scene

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of bloodshed. Her father's house in Switzerland was the place of refuge which received her.

In 1795, the French Republic was recognised by Sweden, and Madame de Staël, in that year, left her retirement, and returned to Paris with her husband, who was again appointed ambassador. Our heroine had not spent her hours of retirement in idleness, as appeared by the publication, in 1796, of her work on the *Influence of the Passions on Individual and National Happiness.* Before this, however, she had recorded her views respecting the condition of France, in two political pamphlets upon peace, general and internal. A circumstance connected with the history of an eminent character shews the influence she had acquired over the leading men shortly after her return to Paris. Talleyrand came home in the end of 1795 from his American exile. By her influence with Barras, and his colleagues in the Directory, Madame de Staël procured for Talleyrand the appointment of foreign minister.

Madame de Staël's work on the *Passions* was peculiarly calculated to attract the admiration of a nation like the French. The views it contained were lively, striking, and enlightened, but it was deficient in the subdued, practical wisdom, and sustained depth of her later philosophical writings. As it was, it placed her on the very pinnacle of female Parisian society; an elevation which her powers of conversation, now progressing to maturity, enabled her with ease to maintain. In the year 1797, she saw, for the first time, the man whose enmity was destined to imbitter her future life. Bonaparte had then returned to Paris, after the conclusion of the peace of Campo-Formio. Madame de Staël, like others, was dazzled by the brilliancy of his reputation, and it is undeniable, that she at first courted his friendship. Her views in doing this were, to secure his aid, if possible, in establishing the independence of her native Switzerland. From the very outset, however, they found themselves unsuited to each other. Bonaparte has said, that she took a dislike to him on account of an answer made by him to

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a question of hers, as to 'what sort of woman deserved most—which was the most meritorious member of society?' 'She who bears most children, madame,' was the reply. Madame de Staël denies that the conversation, as stated here, ever took place; and that, even had it been so, she could not have taken offence.

The Baron de Staël died in 1798, leaving his widow with two children, a son and daughter. He had been lavish in his habits; and having a mind incapable of appreciating the talents of his wife, their union altogether had been marked by mutual coldness, if not disagreement. At the time of his death, he was on his way, in company with Madame de Staël, to her father's house at Coppet, whither she hastened on hearing of the danger impending over Switzerland from the French armies. When Geneva was incorporated with France, she returned with equal haste to Paris, to cause Necker's name to be struck from the list of emigrants. Her father's future peace seemed thus in some measure assured; but he fell into an error some time afterwards, which was the ostensible cause of overturning his daughter's happiness. Bonaparte, before his passage of the Great St Bernard, visited Coppet, and spoke with some freedom respecting his future views to the ex-minister of finance. Necker was injudicious enough, in a work issued in 1802, to tell the world that the First Consul intended to re-establish a monarchy in France. Napoleon had no wish to see his plans thus prematurely laid bare, and he sent a haughty message to Necker, not to meddle with public affairs. It is a point not clearly ascertained, whether or not Bonaparte's anger at this transaction was the real cause of his violent conduct to Madame de Staël. The true reason, some have surmised, was his fear of her influence, and her clear and enlightened understanding, in thwarting his ambitious plans. Whatever may be the truth of the matter, at this same period he accused her of sending information to her father, injurious to the French government, and banished her from Paris. She went to her father at Coppet.

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It may save future allusions to Bonaparte's reasons for his continued oppressions of Madame de Staël after this time, if we now shortly advert to his own explanation of the point. He averred at St Helena, that the lady, in season and out of season, in spite of all warnings of a gentle nature, made himself and his acts the subject of incessant sarcasm and unrelenting hostility; that she raised coteries and clubs against him; and, in short, that her interminable and injudicious babbling was dangerous to him, and caused all her own misfortunes. The observant reader will see that there are two sides of this matter, as of every other; and that what Napoleon termed babbling, might be but the free thoughts of a clear-headed and independent-minded woman.

Madame de Staël's literary fame, meanwhile, was widely increasing. In the very year of her banishment, two of her most celebrated works issued from the press at Paris—namely, her *Considerations on the Influence of Literature on Society*, and her romance of *Delphine*. The first of these publications is an attempt which might well have daunted the most masculine mind of this or any age; and the success with which it has been executed by a woman, confers immortal lustre on the sex. From the early days of learning and science in Greece, she has traced the progress and effects of literature through all times and countries, and has laid bare the causes of national peculiarities of taste and thought in a manner singularly luminous and comprehensive, and with a generalising spirit of philosophy equal at all times to the magnitude of the subject. The task required the learning of a Gibbon, and a Gibbon's research. Yet this work was not fully appreciated, till her novels brought its author into the notice of Europe. Of *Delphine*, the first of these, it is hard to say whether it has received most praise or censure. The story charmed every one, but it has been condemned as injurious in its moral tendency. The author, in a distinct essay, denied the justice of the accusation, and defended her work. Into this point we shall not enter, though we cannot help expressing

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our opinion, that the censure was not altogether unmerited.

In 1803, Madame de Staël visited Germany, and had the misfortune to lose her beloved father before she could return to Coppet. At that place, she remained for the next two years, and in 1805 she published Necker's *Manuscript Remains*, with a Life prefixed to them. At this time, she appears to have been in a state of the utmost mental depression. Her father's death, and her exile from Paris, the place she loved above all others, weighed heavily upon her. She went to Italy, in hopes of dispelling her grief; and when there, an intimate friendship sprang up between her and the German scholar, A. W. Schlegel, who became the inmate of her family, and superintended her son's education. The fruit of her Italian tour was the celebrated novel of *Corinne, or Italy*. The heroine of this work, which it would be superfluous in us to praise here, is a picture, almost confessedly, of Madame de Staël herself, 'as she wished to be,' while the heroine of *Delphine* represents her 'as she was.' She resided chiefly, after the production of *Corinne* in 1807, at Coppet, yearning always for Paris and its society, and wandering sometimes on the verge of the proscribed circle, her banishment being only for forty leagues around the French capital. But she was soon to have the miseries of exile doubled to her.

She visited Germany a second time in 1810, for the purpose of collecting further materials for her great work on that country, which she had long projected. In the same year the work was prepared for publication. It was entitled *L'Allemagne*, or *Germany*, and consisted of a most intelligent exposition of the science, literature, arts, philosophy, and other characteristics of the Germans, the whole work being written with a high-toned feeling of independence, quite at variance with the deadening political influence of the French emperor. No sooner had the work been announced as being ready, than Bonaparte, then all-powerful, ordered Savary, the police

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minister, to seize the whole impression, which he immediately did. Not content with this, Bonaparte exiled the authoress from *France*, and ordered Schlegel to leave Coppet and return to Germany. Scarcely a shadow of excuse did the emperor deign to give for all this. Nor was this all. Madame Récamier, and M. de Montmorency, for merely visiting her, received sentence of banishment. Spies were set to observe her every motion, till at last Madame de Staël resolved upon flight. A new marriage with M. de Rocca, a retired French officer, resident at Geneva, gave her a protector and companion, and in the spring of 1812, she fled to Vienna. From this she went to Moscow; and when the French army arrived in that city, removed to St Petersburg, and in the autumn of the same year, to Stockholm. Here was published her work on *Suicide;* a production which, more than any other composition of hers, entitles us to form a high estimate of the author's moral and religious sentiments. In the beginning of the ensuing year, she passed over to England, and was entertained by the British in a very flattering manner. Her most intimate friend here was the late Sir James Mackintosh, a man possessed of a mind not dissimilar to her own. Her conversational talents were the parts of her character which attracted admiration in London, as they did everywhere else.

Madame de Staël published her *Ten Years of Exile* in 1814, and on returning to France, was received with honour by the allied princes. The return of her great enemy from Elba drove her again to Coppet, but on his second overthrow she went back, never again to leave it by the command of any ruler. Of her pleasure on this occasion, the reader can scarcely judge, for we have not dwelt on all the miseries of her exile. Her books were purposely published in a mutilated condition in her absence, and every annoyance given to her that could be invented. Napoleon, besides, not only disregarded all her requests, made by her son and others, for the repeal of her banishment, but kept from her, most ungenerously, the sum of two millions of francs, which

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Necker was acknowledged to have left in the treasury, and which Louis paid at once on his restoration.

The only work of consequence, and by many critics conceived to be her greatest, which she gave to the world after this period, was her *Reflections on the French Revolution*. We have said little respecting her *Germany*, and we may give a summary of the merits of the latter work, which applies with all its force to her view of the revolution. This summary is from an able paper in the *Edinburgh Review*:—'Thus terminates a work which, for variety of knowledge, flexibility of power, elevation of view, and comprehension of mind, is unequalled among the works of women; and which, in the union of the graces of society and literature with the genius of philosophy, is not surpassed by many among those of men.'

The life of Madame de Staël was spent towards its close in happiness and honour. Her daughter was united to the distinguished statesman, the Duc de Broglie, and her son exhibited in manhood such talents and virtues as could not but realise a mother's fondest wishes. In the beginning of 1817, the health of this able woman began to decline, amid projects for greater undertakings than any she had achieved. But nature failed to supply her with the necessary power. On her sick-bed, she was kind, devout, and intellectual. To the last moment, she retained her tranquillity. One of her expressions to a friend was: 'I have been always the same, in mirth and in joy. I have loved God, my father, and liberty!' On the morning of July 14, 1817, the nurse asked her if she had slept. 'Soundly and sweetly,' was the reply.

These were the last words this gifted being was ever heard to utter—her death taking place shortly after. Her remains were conveyed to the family vault at Coppet, to rest beside the bones of her father and mother.

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THE EARTHQUAKES OF MISSOURI.

THE alteration effected in the features of a country by means of natural phenomena, particularly earthquakes, has almost nowhere been so conspicuous in modern times as in the state of Missouri, in the western settlements of the North American Union. The district more particularly affected lies on the west side of the Mississippi river, above the mouth of the Ohio, and adjacent to the river Missouri, another of its large tributaries. This part of the western territories is famed for its produce of lead-ore, the smelting of which is a main source of wealth to the inhabitants, who are partly of French and partly of Spanish extraction. Possibly the metallic nature of the substrata may have been one of the influencing causes of the series of earthquakes which affected the country, and did so much damage to the settlements; but we give this merely as a stray conjecture, and will present the account of the circumstances attending the earthquakes, which has been given by Timothy Flint in his *Recollections of the Valley of the Mississippi*. Mr Flint's visit to the country was in 1819, or from six to eight years after the occurrence of the earthquakes.

'From all the accounts, corrected one by another, and compared with the very imperfect narratives which were published, I infer that the shock of these earthquakes in the immediate vicinity of the centre of their force, must have equalled, in their terrible heavings of the earth, anything of the kind that has been recorded. I do not believe that the public have ever yet had any adequate idea of the violence of the concussions. We are accustomed to measure this by the buildings overturned, and the mortality that results. Here the country was thinly settled. The houses, fortunately, were frail and of logs, the most difficult to overturn that could be constructed. Yet, as it was, whole tracts were plunged into the bed of

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the river. The grave-yard at New Madrid, with all its sleeping tenants, was precipitated into the bend of the stream. Most of the houses were thrown down. Large lakes of twenty miles in extent were made in an hour. Other lakes were drained. The whole country, to the mouth of the Ohio in one direction, and to the St Francis in the other, including a front of 300 miles, was convulsed to such a degree as to create lakes and islands, the number of which is not yet known—to cover a tract of many miles in extent, near the Little Prairie, with water three or four feet deep; and when the water disappeared, a stratum of sand of the same thickness was left in its place. The trees split in the midst, lashed one with another, and are still visible over great tracts of country, inclining in every direction and in every angle to the earth and the horizon.

'The inhabitants described the undulation of the earth as resembling waves, increasing in elevation as they advanced; and when they had attained a certain fearful height, the earth would burst, and vast volumes of water, and sand, and pit-coal, were discharged as high as the tops of the trees. I have seen a hundred of these chasms, which remained fearfully deep, although in a very tender alluvial soil, and after a lapse of seven years. Whole districts were covered with white sand, so as to become uninhabitable. The water at first covered the whole country, particularly at the Little Prairie; and it must have been indeed a scene of horror, in these deep forests and in the gloom of the darkest night, and by wading in the water to the middle, to fly from these concussions, which were occurring every few hours, with a noise equally terrible to the beasts and birds, as to men. The birds themselves lost all power and disposition to fly, and retreated to the bosoms of men, their fellow-sufferers in this general convulsion. A few persons sank in these chasms, and were providentially extricated. One person died of affright. One perished miserably on an island, which retained its original level in the midst of a wide lake created by the earthquake. A number perished,

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who sank with their boats in the river. A bursting of the earth, just below the village of New Madrid, arrested the mighty stream of the Mississippi in its course, and caused a reflux of its waves, by which in a little time a great number of boats were swept by the ascending current into the mouth of the Bayou, carried out and left upon the dry earth, when the accumulating waters of the river had again cleared their current.

'There was a great number of severe shocks; but two series of concussions were particularly terrible—far more so than the rest. And they remark, that the shocks were clearly distinguishable into two classes—those in which the motion was horizontal, and those in which it was perpendicular. The latter were attended with the explosions, and the terrible mixture of noises, that preceded and accompanied the earthquakes, in a louder degree, but were by no means so desolating and destructive as the other. When they were felt, the houses crumbled, the trees waved together, the ground sank, and all the destructive phenomena were more conspicuous. In the interval of the earthquakes, there was one evening, and that a brilliant and cloudless one, in which the western sky was a continued glare of vivid flashes of lightning and of repeated peals of subterranean thunder, seeming to proceed, as the flashes did, from below the horizon.

'One result from these terrific phenomena was very obvious. The people of New Madrid had been noted for their profligacy and impiety. In the midst of these scenes of terror, all, Catholics and Protestants, praying and profane, became of one religion, and partook of one feeling. Two hundred people, speaking English, French, and Spanish, crowded together, their visages pale, the mothers embracing their children. As soon as the omen that preceded the earthquakes became visible, as soon as the air became a little obscured, as though a sudden mist arose from the east, all in their different languages and forms, but all deeply in earnest, betook themselves to the voice of prayer. The cattle, as much terrified as the rational creation, crowded about the assemblage of men,

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and seemed to demand protection, or community of danger. One lady ran as far as her strength would permit, and then fell exhausted and fainting, from which she never recovered. The general impulse, when the shocks commenced, was to run; and yet, when they were at the severest point of their motion, the people were thrown on the ground at almost every step. A French gentleman told me, that, in escaping from his house, the largest in the village, he found he had left an infant behind, and he attempted to mount up the raised piazza to recover the child, and was thrown down a dozen times in succession. The venerable lady in whose house we lodged, was extricated from the ruins of her house, having lost everything that appertained to her establishment which could be broken or destroyed. The people at the Little Prairie, who suffered most, had their settlement—which consisted of a hundred families, and which was located in a wide and very deep and fertile bottom—broken up. When I passed it, and stopped to contemplate the traces of the catastrophe which remained after seven years, the crevices where the earth had burst were sufficiently manifest, and the whole region was covered with sand to the depth of two or three feet. The surface was red with oxided pyrites of iron, and the sand-blows, as they were called, were abundantly mixed with this kind of earth, and with pieces of pit-coal. But two families remained of the whole settlement. The object seems to have been in the first paroxysms of alarm to escape to the hills at the distance of twenty-five miles. The depth of the water that covered the surface soon precluded escape.

'The people, without an exception, were unlettered backwoodsmen, of the class least addicted to reasoning; and yet it is remarkable how ingeniously and conclusively they reasoned from apprehension sharpened by fear. They remarked that the chasms in the earth were in direction from south-west to north-east, and they were of an extent to swallow up not only men, but houses, "down quick into the pit." And these chasms occurred

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frequently within intervals of half a mile. They felled the tallest trees at right angles to the chasms, and stationed themselves upon them. By this invention, all were saved; for the chasms occurred more than once under these felled trees. Meantime, their cattle and their harvests, both here and at New Madrid, principally perished. The people no longer dared to dwell in houses. They passed this winter and the succeeding one in bark booths and camps, like those of the Indians, of so light a texture as not to expose the inhabitants to danger in case of their being thrown down. Such numbers of laden boats were wrecked above, and the lading driven by the eddy into the mouth of the Bayou, at the village, which makes the harbour, that the people were amply supplied with every article of provision. Flour, beef, pork, bacon, butter, cheese, apples—in short, everything that is carried down the river was in such abundance as scarcely to be matters of sale. Many boats that came safely into the Bayou were disposed of by their affrighted owners for a trifle; for the shocks still continued every day, and the owners, deeming the whole country below to be sunk, were glad to return to the upper country as fast as possible. In effect, a great many islands in the Mississippi were sunk, new ones raised, and the bed of the river very much changed in every respect.

'After the earthquake had moderated in violence, the country exhibited a melancholy aspect of chasms of sand covering the earth, of trees thrown down, or lying at an angle of forty-five degrees, or split in the middle. The earthquakes still recurred at short intervals, so that the people had no confidence to rebuild good houses, or chimneys of brick. The Little Prairie settlement was broken up. The Great Prairie settlement, one of the most flourishing before on the west bank of the Mississippi, was much diminished. New Madrid again dwindled to insignificance and decay, the people trembling in their miserable hovels at the distant and melancholy rumbling of the approaching shocks. The general government passed an act, allowing the inhabitants of this country to

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locate the same quantity of lands that they possessed here in any part of the territory where the lands were not yet covered by any claim. These claims passed into the hands of speculators, and were never of any substantial benefit to the possessors. When I resided there, this district, formerly so level, rich, and beautiful, had the most melancholy of all aspects of decay, the tokens of former cultivation and habitancy, which were now mementos of desolation and desertion. Large and beautiful orchards left unenclosed, houses uninhabited, deep chasms in the earth, obvious at frequent intervals—such was the face of the country, although the people had for years become so accustomed to frequent and small shocks, which did no essential injury, that the lands were gradually rising again in value, and New Madrid was slowly rebuilding, with frail buildings, adapted to the apprehensions of the people.'

FOUCHE AND THE FRENCH POLICE.

Of all the extraordinary men who were raked up from the obscurity of private life during the French Revolution, and amidst its storms carried to power and eminence, there is no one whose name is more notorious than that of 'the crafty and sagacious' Fouché. As the parent and organiser of that terrible engine of oppression, the political police and espionage or spy system, he exercised an influence in the different phases of that extraordinary drama, secondary only to that of its greatest hero, Napoleon Bonaparte, and ultimately subversive even of his throne and dynasty. With matchless art and cunning, he shared in the downfall of no friends or patrons: the Convention, the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, the Kingdom, were all swept away, but Fouché stood immovable, and in the last great shock surprised even those best acquainted with him, by securing the smiles and confidence of the gaining party.

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It is perhaps a fortunate circumstance, that after his long career of intrigue was closed, and when he had withdrawn into what was to him a gloomy retirement, he took up his pen, and composed his own memoirs, which were published in Paris, in 1824, after his death. Without the avowals he himself volunteers of the policy he pursued through life, it would have been difficult to have placed implicit reliance on the relations respecting him made by many of his contemporaries, who were in most instances his enemies. But he has left a picture of himself so perfect in all its parts, and bearing, what may seem almost impossible, such marks of candour about it, that his foes could add little to its revolting details.

He tells us, that his father was a privateer, though his family was respectable. He himself was designed for the sea, but he had an inclination for teaching, and the Revolution found him a prefect in the college of Nantes, 'which shews at least,' says he, 'that I was neither very ignorant nor a fool.' That city sent him as a representative to the National Convention, from which he draws the very natural inference, that he possessed the confidence of its revolutionary inhabitants. He was a participator in the bloody acts of that assembly, including the execution of Louis XVI. and his queen; and in the provinces he exercised a mission wherewith he was intrusted to seize, to slay, and to confiscate, in a manner to gain the approbation of the Jacobins. At length, he drew the attention of Barras; and having gained his confidence, he was put in the way of making himself easy on the score of wealth, by government contracts, and timely speculations in the funds.

But although the possession of money was every way agreeable to the feelings of Fouché, it was not alone sufficient to satisfy the cravings of his restless spirit. A high political employment was the object of his ambition; and after a preliminary embassy to the Cisalpine Republic, he at last obtained his object by

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being nominated to the ministry of police under the Directory, in August 1797. Previous to his appointment to this department of the government, it had been held as of little importance. 'The demagogues of the Convention,' says Scott, 'had little need of a regular system of the kind. Every affiliated club of Jacobins supplied them with spies, and with instruments of their pleasure. The Directory stood in a different situation. They had no general party of their own, and maintained their authority by balancing the moderates and democrats against each other. They, therefore, were more dependent upon the police than their predecessors.'

Under Fouché, an immediate activity was imparted to the functions of minister of police, which for a time maintained the tottering authority of the Directory. Their enemies, the Royalists and the Jacobins, the extremes of two perfectly opposite parties, were placed under an active *surveillance*, and their most secret designs ascertained and frustrated. Spies and informers were disseminated amongst them, and arrests and banishments multiplied. In a government where force and terror were the main ingredients of power, a secret and irresponsive tribunal, armed with unlimited authority, became its most dreaded and potent engine. But even when Fouché appeared labouring most sedulously for 'the five kings of the Luxembourg,' as the Directors were derisively styled, his deep and calculating mind foresaw how short would be their reign; and even at a distance his intrigues were commenced, to avoid the consequences of their overthrow. Whilst Bonaparte was yet in Egypt, he secured the good graces of Josephine, by largesses, which her expensive habits rendered peculiarly agreeable to her. By his emissaries, he was early informed of the projected return of the general from his unfortunate expedition to the East; and his influence was thrown into the scale, to forward his views on the supreme government of his country. The revolution of the 18th Brumaire, which raised Napoleon to the Consulate, received a helping-hand from Fouché; and Bonaparte has himself confessed

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in his Memoirs, dictated at St Helena, that without his assistance, it could not have been effected. He obtained the reward he contemplated; and whilst his patron Barras was ignominiously expelled from office, Fouché retained his portfolio of the police under the new administration.

The great object of the high police was to obtain information upon all matters connected with the safety of the person and government of the First Consul. Paris and all France were filled with the discontented, and plots were incessantly hatching to overthrow the existing order of things. The mind of Bonaparte was so ill at ease in his new supremacy, as to be never free from suspicions. He thought that even Fouché, with all his army of spies, was incapable of getting intelligence of every danger that threatened. He therefore instituted four distinct departments for the transacting of this branch of business. There was the police of the palace, under Duroc and his aids-de-camp; the police of the gendarmerie, under Savary; the police of the prefecture, under Dubois; and the ministry of the police, under Fouché. All of these had their separate establishments, their respective spies and informers, and their peculiar agents. Each of them made every day its particular report to the First Consul on what was doing, what was said, what was *thought*. This was what he called feeling the pulse of the republic. Under this system, the head of each department became eager to exceed his fellows in the multiplicity of the details he furnished to the anxious mind of the First Consul. It was necessary for them to make a report; and when nothing of consequence was ascertained, the most ridiculous fables were manufactured. The conversations of the dining-room, the salon, the café, the mess, the pot-house, the hovel, were all submitted to the scrutiny of Napoleon, who often flew into a rage at the nonsense that was brought before him. Yet the consequences of the duty imposed upon these ministers were deplorable. Doubts and suspicions were urged against individuals, if facts were not at hand

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to substantiate any specific charges; and the fortune and freedom of every inhabitant were at the mercy of the most depraved of the human race.

As the minister of a military despot, Fouché wielded the most terrible engine for maintaining his power that has been known in modern times. Though he had competitors in the art, none of them could be compared in efficiency and judgment to him. His spy-system embraced all classes of the community. Josephine, the wife of Bonaparte, was in his pay at the rate of 1000 francs (about L.42) a day, and Bourrienne, his private secretary, received 25,000 francs (L.1000) a month, for the information they communicated concerning the words and actions of the First Consul himself. Bonaparte was frequently astonished at what to him seemed the preternatural acumen of his police minister, being perfectly unsuspicious that he was himself exposed to the system he directed against others.

In one part of his memoirs, Fouché states that he revived an old maxim of the police—that three persons could not meet together and speak indiscreetly on public affairs, without its being known in a few hours to the police. He adds: 'It is certain that I had the address of spreading abroad the belief, that wherever four individuals were together, one was certain to be in my pay.' What a dreadful system does this admission unfold! The most intimate relations of friendship and consanguinity were insufficient to secure confidence. Social meetings were at an end, when no one knew to whom he might venture to open his mouth. Even in the state-prisons, spies were introduced, suffering apparently under the grievances of tyranny, but in reality to gain the confidence of their fellow-prisoners, and then betray and immolate them. Not only in the capital, but in every town and village of France, was this dreadful system in force; and the unwary, and in many instances the innocent, were made the victims of villains, who earned their detestable wages by inciting them to some foolish exclamation or inconsiderate toast. The princes of the

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royal blood themselves, at that time exiles, were under espionage by Fouché; and three of the most distinguished of the ancient nobility performed the part of spies on their 'legitimate' monarch and his family.

The enormous expenses necessarily caused by the extensive operations of Fouché in bribing spies, were sustained from sources equally flagitious and hurtful to the community. His main resource was licences. One individual alone, who took a lease of a gaming-house, paid 3000 francs a day to Fouché. Immense sums were also collected from passports, for no one could stir a foot without a passport; to obtain which, it was necessary to produce various certificates—such as of birth, parentage, and good-behaviour, and to have the most minute details as to personal appearance inserted, so that no mistake might be made by the numerous agents through whose hands the unlucky traveller had to pass. Add to all this, the fines and gratuities paid to the police-office, the bribes and douceurs given to its managers, altogether producing a fund more than sufficient for the purposes for which it was required, and enabling Fouché, at the termination of his functions, to deliver to Napoleon above 2,000,000 francs as a surplus.

In a government so suspicious and jealous as Napoleon's, not only was all freedom of thought, speech, or action, denied to the people generally, but even the army, the groundwork and main stay of his sway, was watched by innumerable spies. The following is, perhaps, one of the most vile transactions for which modern historians will have to blush in recording:—It appears that four wretched individuals, the chief of whom was named Céracchi, entered into a conspiracy against the First Consul, and they had as an associate a man called Harrel. This latter personage came to Bourrienne to relate the plot, who, having communicated with the First Consul, instructed Harrel how he should encourage the parties to proceed in their design, so that a real and substantial conspiracy might be got up, and prevented the moment previous to execution. This was a scheme peculiarly

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agreeable to Bonaparte, as it not only afforded the means of increasing his interest amongst the soldiers and people, by exciting their indignation and sympathy, but also formed the pretext for increased severity on the part of the police. He was, therefore, much rejoiced at so fair an opportunity of obtaining an undoubted plot, and, in the joy of his heart, he told Bourrienne not to say a word to Fouché, to whom he would prove he knew more of police than he did. This injunction, of course, Bourrienne had secret reasons for disobeying, and much to the annoyance of Napoleon, Fouché soon related to him all the particulars. However, Bourrienne still continued the negotiation with Harrel, though, from the delay that occurred, it seemed difficult to get the conspirators 'up to the sticking-point.' Napoleon and his secretary began to fear that the affair was about to blow off, when at length Harrel appeared, to inform them that he had got all the particulars arranged, *but that they had no money to buy arms.* In order that the assassins might not want such essential instruments in their designs on the life of the Consul, his private secretary furnished them with the necessary sums! The remainder of the disgraceful tale it is scarcely necessary to relate. The scene of operation was to be the Opera House; and on the appointed night, Napoleon entered his box with a calmness altogether inimitable, the miserable wretches concerned in the plot having been arrested a few moments before in the lobby. They were led off to prison, and thence to the guillotine; whilst Harrel was named commandant of the fortress of Vincennes, where he had afterwards the satisfaction of handing over the Duke d'Enghien to a more veritable scene of assassination.

When the murder of that unfortunate prince took place, Fouché was not in the ministry of police, otherwise his sagacious mind would probably have pointed out to Napoleon not only the wickedness, but, what was of more weight with him, the impolicy of the step. As it was, he declared his disapprobation, and in his auto-

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biography has claimed for himself the authorship of those remarkable words which were repeated on the occasion: 'It is more than a crime; it is a political fault.' As he has in another place related an anecdote to prove his own ready-wittedness, it would be perhaps unfair not to give it, as he seems anxious to enter into a competition on this score with his rival in finesse and intrigue, the far-famed Talleyrand. At a council, Fouché was maintaining that a proposal made by Napoleon, then Emperor, was impossible. 'What!' exclaimed Bonaparte in a fury, 'a veteran of the revolution use a term so pusillanimous! You, sir, to maintain that a thing is impossible! You, who have seen Louis XVI. bow his neck to the executioner, who have seen an archduchess of Austria, a queen of France, mending her stockings, whilst she was preparing for the scaffold—you, in fine, who see yourself a minister, when I am emperor of the French, should never have on his tongue the word impossible!'. To this vehement harangue Fouché replied, with an insinuating grace: 'I should have remembered that your majesty had taught us that the word *impossible* is not French.'

Upon the establishment of the Empire, Fouché had been again appointed minister of police, and, in common with many others of Napoleon's instruments, raised to nobility, under the title of Duke of Otranto. The same kind of intrigues, the same demoralising espionage, now characterised his administration. A daring manœuvre he attempted in 1810, to open a negotiation with England unknown to Napoleon, caused his abrupt dismissal from office; and after a sudden flight to Italy, he returned to his estate of Ferrières, where he continued in close seclusion under the watchful eye of his successor in the police administration—Savary, Duke of Rovigo. Here occurred what was to him rather an odd incident. He addressed a memorial to Napoleon on the subject of the projected campaign in Russia, and waiting on the Emperor with it in person, he was surprised at his remark: 'Ah, I knew you were preparing a paper

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for me, Monsieur le Duc.' As Fouché had taken particular pains that no one should have an inkling of his intention, he was puzzled to know how Napoleon had heard of it. At length he recollected that a man had one day got admission into his cabinet, on pretence of speaking to him on behalf of a tenant, who must have seen the letters 'V. M. I. et R.' (the initial letters of the words Votre Majesté Impérial et Royal) in the writing on which he was engaged at the time. This was a spy of Savary, who thence concluded that Fouché was addressing the Emperor, and apprised him accordingly. The circumstance would not have been worth noticing, if Fouché had not expressed his rage at the circumstance of his being once in his life deceived. From the anger of Fouché, and the triumph of Savary also, it may be judged what contemptible and stupid details must have frequently engaged the attention of Napoleon and his mighty police ministers.

When the Duke of Otranto retired from office, he carried with him a colossal fortune, if we are to trust to the account of Savary, who was his bitter enemy. 'The income assigned to Fouché, as Duke of Otranto,' says he, 'amounted to a clear sum of 90,000 francs, besides the senatorship of Aix, in Provence, worth upwards of 30,000 more. He had, besides, a revenue of 200,000 francs, arising from savings in the nine years of his administration, during the whole course of which he was altogether in the receipt of an income of 900,000 francs (L.37,500 per annum), all derived from the Emperor's bounty.' Under these circumstances, it will not be denied that Fouché had taken care of himself.

The subject of this memoir was with Murat when he committed the unpardonable act of forsaking Napoleon in his adversity, and he boasts that he made Murat pay him moneys which he claimed from the Emperor. He was once more made minister of police by Napoleon on his return from Elba, in which position he maintained a treacherous correspondence with Louis XVIII., by

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virtue of which he retained his post upon the second restoration. To his intrigues after the battle of Waterloo, may be in a great measure attributed the complete suppression of the Napoleon dynasty, and the capture of the fallen Emperor by the English fleet. Nothing could surpass the rage and astonishment of his former associates, when they found Fouché triumphantly riding out the storm, which had wrecked all of them. One of his colleagues, Carnot, wrote to him, to ask what place of residence was assigned him by the police of the king, in these words: 'Traitor! where do you order me to go?' To which Fouché briefly replied: 'Where you choose, imbecile!' With this insolent repartee, let us close our notice of the most skilful schemer who perhaps ever existed—Joseph Fouché.

OUR NEW ORGAN.

THE village of Westerwick is situated in the far north of England, and almost on the coast. The neighbouring country is not picturesque, being remarkable chiefly as a coal district. It is true, there are hills in the distance; but they are so distant, they look almost like clouds on the horizon. Immediately round the village, it is quite flat, with the exception of the little eminences which generally lead up to the mouths of the coal-pits. There is no luxuriant vegetation to compensate for the want of variety of surface, no shady foliage, no fertile fields, no green meadows, nothing but bleak, sandy moorlands—sometimes bare, sometimes turfy, and sometimes, as they approach the sea, scantily covered with the stiff, rushy beach-grass; while mounds of ashes by day, and red flames by night, mark the coal-pits, and form the distinguishing feature of the country. But this bleak district has a beauty of its own in its coast scenery. From these moors, bold, rocky, rugged cliffs descend, sometimes

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abruptly into the sea, sometimes on a hard, flat, yellow beach, on which the waves of the German Ocean roll in for miles and miles. Not above a quarter of a mile from the shore stands the village, which is straggling and dirty—the houses built of stone, and roofed with red tiles. The villagers and their families are chiefly colliers. At one end of the village there is a small new church without a chancel—too much in appearance like a town church to be interesting—surrounded by a new-made grave-yard, grassy, and neatly kept, but with none of those mouldering monuments, and solemn, shadowing yews which bestow a deep though mournful interest.

At the time of which I am speaking, the aristocracy of the village consisted of Mr Selby, a wealthy solicitor, who practised in the neighbourhood, and his family; Mr Moore, lessee of the coal-pits, and his daughter; the surgeon and his wife; and the clergyman and his sister; besides my sister and myself—two middle-aged spinsters, in easy, though not wealthy circumstances. The Moores and the Selbys had not been on speaking-terms for many years; the origin of the quarrel had been some trifling difference between Mr Moore and Mr Selby about a parish road. By degrees, the breach was widened, till it had become almost irreparable. Now, at the distance of ten years, there was apparently much less prospect of reconciliation than when the evil was new. Yet neither Mr Moore nor Mr Selby was a bad man. The former was warm-hearted and warm-tempered, equally vehement in his likings and dislikings, ready to forgive when forgiveness was asked, but determined not to be the first to sue for pardon. Mr Selby was a man of colder temperament, more just, but not so generous. He was high-principled, and his reputation as a lawyer was honourable in the extreme. He had been chiefly incensed against Mr Moore, because the latter had, in the heat of passion, said something which seemed to reflect upon his veracity and good faith in some way or other, and he insisted on his making an apology, to which Mr Moore had replied: 'That he had never in his life said anything which

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required an apology, and that, therefore, he did not intend ever to make one, and he was not going to be domineered over by Mr Selby.' Mr Selby 'would not suffer himself to be insulted with impunity.' And thus for the present the affair ended. The quarrel had made them both unhappy, but neither of them would pronounce the few words which might have terminated it.

It may be imagined that this rupture did not tend to increase the cheerfulness of our little society at Westerwick. There was always wanting now at our little meetings either the genial mirthfulness of Mr Moore, or the clear, good sense of Mr Selby, for they could not be invited together. The surgeon and his wife, and the clergyman and his sister, deplored with my sister and myself the estrangement which had taken place between our village magnates; and many a time, to use a homely phrase, we laid our heads together, to devise a plan for a reconciliation; but always in vain. As the young people of the two families grew up, it seemed even sadder. More especially, I pitied poor Ellen Moore. There was a large family of the Selbys, and they made a merry circle of young men and women among themselves; but Ellen was quite solitary, as she had no mother, and during all the day, her father was engaged with his business. Often she would come down with her work, and spend the morning with my sister and myself; or, when the health of the former would permit me to leave her—for my sister was a great invalid—I occasionally passed an hour with Ellen at Sea-view House, which was only about a quarter of a mile from the village.

Sea-view House was a very charming residence. It was situated at the top of a high cliff, but at some distance from the edge, the space being filled with a smooth, green lawn, from which a zig-zag path, cut in the rock, led to the smooth sands beneath. The house itself was large, cheerful, and luxuriously furnished, and commanded from almost every window a view of the rock-bound coast, with its innumerable creeks and headlands washed by the illimitable sea, which spread round and round, and away

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and away to the far horizon. At the end of the house furthest from the sea, were the garden and green-house; and behind, an orchard. As I have said, I had often suspected Ellen was dull; but she never complained. At last, one day when she and I were sitting at work together in an upper chamber, from which, besides the sea-view, there was a glimpse of the public road, along which just then a party of the young Selbys on horseback were passing, laughing and talking, she sighed gently. As I looked at her, she coloured, and then said with some hesitation: 'I know it is wrong, dear Miss Madeline, with so much to make me happy; but I do feel dull sometimes.'

'Nothing more natural, my love,' I replied.

She continued: 'I cannot help thinking how I used to enjoy going to the Hall to play with the Selbys, and what friends Kitty and Julia, and Robert and I, used to be. When I was at school, I did not think often of those days, but now I seem to be thinking of them always—I feel so lonely sometimes. It is so different with the Selbys. I daresay, they never think of me, Miss Madeline.'

'Indeed, Ellen, you wrong them. Kitty and Julia often speak of you; and Robert, who I daresay you know has returned from Newcastle, and become his father's partner, was asking me very kindly about his old playmate only yesterday. And even Mr Selby himself remarked one day, what a sweet, lady-like girl Ellen Moore was, and that you always used to be a pet of his.' As I spoke, Ellen's sweet face, which before had been somewhat pensive, broke into smiles.

Ellen was a pretty girl, with a slight, flexible figure, gentle, sensitive expression, and massive braids of glossy black hair. Although she looked pleased, she did not, however, continue the subject, but said after some minutes' silence: 'I have been wishing for a long time we had a new organ and choir in the church: these scraping fiddles, and that poor old John Morris's screeching, are dreadful.'

'It would indeed be delightful,' I answered—for my

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ears had suffered martyrdom for some years from the causes to which Ellen had alluded—'but I fear there is little hope for us. An organ would be beyond our means, and who would play it, if we had one?'

'Why, you and I, dear Miss Madeline; and perhaps Kitty Selby: she used to play nicely on the piano. And as to the cost, I was speaking to papa about it the other night, and he and I will give fifty pounds as our share; and if you and Mr Jones could help us to collect as much more, we could get a very nice little organ for a hundred pounds. And then we might teach some of the village children to sing.'

'It would be charming, indeed, my dear Ellen,' I said, 'if it could be managed.'

'Now don't say *if*, Miss Madeline; it must and shall be managed.'

On my way home, I met Mr Moore, and spoke to him of his daughter's suggestion. 'Yes,' he said, 'was it not a capital idea of Ellen's? I am so glad she thought of it instead of any of the Selbys; because in that case I could have had nothing to do with the business. It would have looked as if I had wished to truckle to these people.'

It was agreed by the rest of the village society, who were one and all charmed with the idea of the new organ, that I should break the matter to the Selbys. Accordingly, one fine summer evening I bent my steps in the direction of Westerwick Hall, or the Hall, as it was more commonly called. The golden rays of a summer sunset were streaming on the lawn, and the purple and crimson clouds were mirrored on the still surface of a small sheet of water which bathed the foot of the green slope. The Selbys were all assembled in front of the house, to enjoy the beauty of the summer evening, and welcomed me cordially. The moment seemed auspicious; and as soon as our mutual greetings were over, I entered on the subject of my mission, merely saying, however, with diplomatic caution: 'It had been proposed.'

The notion was hailed with delight by all the party.

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At last Mr Selby inquired: 'And is it to you, Miss Madeline, we are indebted for this excellent suggestion?'

'No,' I answered intrepidly, but with some little misgiving: 'the credit is due to Miss Moore.'

'Miss Moore! I am glad it was *Miss* Moore. If it had been her father—— But, no; one ought not to allow one's private feelings to interfere with the public good. If a thing is right, it ought to be supported, no matter whence it emanates. Fifty pounds, you say, have already been subscribed; you may put my name down for twenty-five.'

I then, as I had been instructed, spoke of forming a choir, saying that Ellen Moore, relieved occasionally by myself, was to play the organ.

'Ellen Moore!' cried the girls in delight. 'Then we shall see dear Ellen Moore again.'

'Pretty Ellen Moore!' said Robert Selby. 'What a sweet-tempered little thing she used to be!'

'Yes,' I said, 'and still as sweet-tempered as ever. She was asking me all about her old playfellows the other day.'

'Poor thing!' said their father; 'she must lead rather a solitary life. I am sure, if she and my young people choose to be friendly, I have no objection, though her father is an insolent, obstinate madman. I do not confound the innocent with the guilty, Miss Madeline. Ellen is only the more to be pitied.'

I went home, charmed with the success of my commission, and not without a hope in my heart, that our new organ might in some way or other be productive of a yet more important harmony than that which was to supersede old John Morris and the fiddles. And now nothing was talked of and thought of at Westerwick but the new organ. Ellen Moore looked livelier than I had seen her for a long time. It struck me she was pleased and excited by the prospect of renewing her acquaintance with the Selbys. Mr Moore had given his consent they should meet, 'as the *Selbys* wished it: Ellen should not have made the advance.'

At last the organ arrived, and was put up in the church.

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I shall not attempt to describe the excitement which prevailed in Westerwick that day: those only who understand the life of small country places, and who know the immense sensation there produced by the merest trifle, the smallest break in the ordinary monotony, can have any idea of it. It had been for some weeks the chief subject of conversation at every tea-party; we rushed about to each other's houses, to consult about every little circumstance regarding it. All our thoughts seemed to bear some reference to the all-absorbing topic. I met the doctor's wife on the day on which it was to leave Newcastle. 'Fine weather this *for the organ!*' she said.

It came the next morning. Man, woman, and child turned out to see the wagon in which it was conveyed pass down the street; and all the remainder of the day, while it was in the course of erection, you would have thought some high festival was celebrating in the church, from the numbers that thronged merely to gaze at the organ. There was to be a tea-party that night at the parsonage, to talk over the organ, and arrange about the choir.

I had seen Ellen Moore in the morning: I fancied she looked anxious and excited; but as she said nothing, I thought I might have been mistaken. She was to come for me in the evening, that we might go together to the parsonage; and I saw then that she was excited, for there was a bright spot on each cheek, her eyes shone anxiously, and I could feel, as her hand rested on my arm, that it trembled. 'Dear Ellen!' I said involuntarily.

'Oh, Miss Madeline!' she cried: 'I think of so many things. I wonder how we shall meet. My heart fails me.'

We were now at the parsonage, and I hurried into the drawing-room, for Ellen looked very pale, and I thought delay was only making matters worse. The Selbys were already come. They all three rose and advanced a step as we entered the room, then stopped half-doubtfully. At last, Julia, who was always the most self-possessed of the three, said in a friendly voice, and holding out her hand:

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'How do you do, Miss Moore? I'—— Then suddenly stopped, seeing how much Ellen was agitated, and how deadly pale she had become.

'Ellen is thinking of past times! Are you not, dear Ellen?' cried Kitty affectionately. And in a moment the girls were in each other's arms, and all three sobbing together. At last, Kitty was able to say: 'But here is another old friend of yours, Ellen, and he has not forgotten you, I know, any more than Julia and I have.'

Ellen, now colouring and smiling through her tears, held out her hand to Robert. I saw the young man's eyes sparkle with pleasure as she said: 'Robert, too!'

'Yes, Ellen, we have never forgotten you. We constantly spoke of you, and tried to hope you had not forgotten us.'

Then Ellen sat down between Robert and Kitty, and they talked together of old days and old scenes; and as they spoke, Ellen's winning smile and gentle gaiety returned, and Robert became more and more animated. Robert Selby was a pleasant, manly-looking young man, with an intelligent, happy face, which mirrored truthfully all his feelings. I could see at a glance that he was charmed with Ellen, and she, too, looked unusually happy in her gentler way. As I had early begun to anticipate, there was not so much said about the organ as the occasion might have seemed to demand. However, it was arranged we were to meet in the church three times a week to practise. Robert was to lead the choir, for he had a fine voice.

Weeks and months passed on—the church-music prospered. Ellen was a first-rate organist; and when she was prevented officiating, I supplied her place. Nothing could exceed the friendship of Ellen and the Selbys. I sometimes, indeed, suspected, that between some members of the party, a warmer sentiment than friendship might exist. I should have rejoiced at this, had my heart had no misgiving when I thought of Mr Moore and Mr Selby. I was confirmed in my suspicion one day, when, coming from church with Ellen, I learned that I had

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guessed aright. With many tears, the poor girl told me she and Robert loved each other. 'But, papa—he will never consent! Oh, Miss Madeline, I could almost wish we had never met!'

I endeavoured to console her, but my hopes were not great. 'And Mr Selby?' I asked.

'Robert has spoken to his father, and he says, if papa gives his consent, he will not withhold his. Robert is to ask papa to-morrow, but I know it will be in vain.'

And in effect, as I feared, it was in vain. There was a terrible scene at Sea-view House. Mr Moore, in a violent passion, had said, that he would 'rather see his daughter beneath the waves of the German Ocean, than the wife of Mr Selby's son; and he was not going to permit himself to be flattered into a reconciliation now, when it was so palpably for their own interest the Selbys wished it. All intercourse between the families must cease at once, and for ever.' Robert, who had kept his temper for some time, could hold out no longer, and he and Mr Moore parted in mutual anger.

I did not see Ellen till some days after this catastrophe, and then she looked heart-broken. She tried to smile when she saw me, but the effort was too much for her, and she became hysterical. Poor Ellen! my heart was sad for her: she did not complain, but day by day, and week by week, her eye became dimmer and her step feebler. Her father, meanwhile, appeared to me to be in the state of one who was determined to be blind to what he did not wish to see. Nothing could exceed his devotion to his daughter: he seemed to endeavour to anticipate every desire; but that she was wasting away, body and spirit, he *would* not see. Meanwhile, Robert Selby, although forbidden by his father, had made several efforts to open a clandestine correspondence with Ellen. Only once she had replied to him, and then it was through me. 'Tell Robert,' she said, 'I shall never marry him or any one. I am my father's only child, he has always loved me dearly, and I cannot, I must not quit him. Married without his consent, I should be even more

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wretched than I am; it is therefore better we should meet no more. I shall never forget him, Miss Madeline; but do not tell him that: he must cease to think of me.'

I delivered Ellen's message, and Robert declared vehemently, that to give up Ellen Moore was impossible. He would love her to the end of his life, and as long as life lasted; and if she remained unmarried, he should still hope to win her.

And now winter and spring had passed away, and it was summer again. Again the summer blue of the sky was reflected in the sunny sea; again the gay flowers blossomed bright in Ellen's parterres; but the sweet girl herself drooped like a flower cut off in its early bloom from the sunshine and the dew. Often I noticed her father's eye turned anxiously upon her; he, too, looked ill: it was evident that some care preyed upon his spirits. I now determined to speak to him myself upon the cause of Ellen's unhappiness. Accordingly, I chose an opportunity one morning when the latter had left us together alone. Mr Moore listened to me in excessive agitation, but without anger. When I had finished, he hid his face in his hands and groaned.

'It cannot be,' he said; 'it cannot be. Now, at least, it is impossible. I thought it was only a girlish fancy—and so it is, I trust. I will take her away: she shall go to Italy—she used to wish to go there. Change of scene will soon make her forget. Miss Madeline, I tell you it is impossible.'

I was on the point of answering, when I was prevented by the return of Ellen, equipped in her walking-dress. She and her father accompanied me to the gate on my way home: they said they were going to walk on the sands.

'Have you time before the tide comes up?' I inquired.

'O yes—plenty; it will not be high-water for an hour or two.'

I did not accompany the Moores on their walk; but as I have often heard the particulars of it related, I know what passed almost as well as if I had been present.

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After having descended the rocks by the zig-zag path, they had walked some distance very slowly along the beach, when Ellen was seized with a sudden faintness. For some time, her father watched anxiously over her, hoping it might go off; but instead of doing so, it seemed to increase. Whenever she attempted to walk, her strength and her senses seemed to fail her. Nearly an hour she remained in this state, her father not daring to leave her to seek assistance. It was while still bending over the drooping girl, he suddenly felt his feet wet; and turning hastily round, he found he was standing in a pool newly formed by the advancing wave of the flowing tide. The full horror of his situation now broke upon him. Clasping his half-dead daughter in his arms, he staggered with her in the direction of the zig-zag path; but it was a spring-tide, and the dashing waves were hurrying forwards so rapidly, that he could not have reached it in time to save himself, even had he been alone. He might, perhaps, have made, had he been unencumbered, a desperate attempt to climb the high, frowning cliffs; but with Ellen, this was totally out of the question: all he could do, was to drag her upon a rock, and wait there in the forlorn hope, that ere the tide reached them, some one might descry them from the road above the heights—a road, however, which was but little frequented.

Greater than the bitterness of death now took possession of the soul of Mr Moore. The raging waves, the insurmountable cliff—his daughter, his adored Ellen, so soon to be lying cold beneath those bright, pitiless waters! Then came almost maddening on his memory the speech he had made to Robert Selby: 'Rather would I see her beneath the waves of the sea, than the wife of Mr Selby's son!' This, then, was retribution!—so, in that awful moment, it appeared to the wretched man. A whole existence of agony seemed to be compressed in these few minutes; all things appeared to him in a new light—his conduct, his motives—it was terrible to see what they had really been, now that it was *too late!*

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At last, above, or rather through the hollow roar of the sea, he fancied he heard the shriller sound of a human voice. He called loudly, with the energy of despair. Yes, there were certainly figures on the top of the cliff: then they seemed to disappear. His bewildered brain must have been playing him a trick. His heart sickened with despair. But no, one figure only had disappeared; and the other—yes, the other—was now actually descending the rock with the skill of an experienced cragsman! In a few minutes, Mr Moore stood face to face with his mortal enemy! but he forgot it now. 'Save Ellen!' he cried.

'My servant has gone to the village for ropes, and ladders, and other assistance: he will be back immediately. You are saved!'

And now they were all at Sea-view House. Ellen was lying on a sofa, half insensible; her father and the doctor were bending over her; Mr Selby and I stood at the foot of the couch.

'Only a temporary attack,' said the doctor, 'occasioned by great debility and mental distress—no disease.'

Her father lifted his eyes in heart-felt gratitude; as they fell, they met those of Mr Selby. 'You have saved her life,' cried Mr Moore, 'and mine. You have returned good for evil. Can you forgive all the unchristian bitterness of my heart against you?'

'Let us forget our sins against each other,' answered Mr Selby. 'Next to our sin against God, our greatest sin has been against *her*'—and the enemies clasped hands.

At this moment, Ellen looked towards them—an unspeakable smile lighted up her sweet, pale face.

It is a glorious August morning—the sun is shining in a cloudless sky; the sea is sparkling like a sapphire strewed with diamonds; the bells of Westerwick Church are ringing a merry peal; all the village are at church, for there is a wedding to-day in Westerwick. I play the organ, for Ellen Moore is differently engaged. She is the bride, and Robert Selby the bridegroom.

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We have good music in the church now, and perfect harmony in Westerwick.

'Who would have thought,' said the clergyman's sister as we gossipped that night over our tea, 'that all this joy would have come out of our new organ!'

THE YOUNG BAUCOLO.

On the morning of the 15th of March 1735, the greater part of the population of Marseille was seen streaming towards the harbour. A solemn and moving spectacle drew them together—the return of a body of monks to their native land, bringing back the Christian slaves whose freedom they had purchased from their African captors in Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, and Morocco. The vessel, with the fathers and the liberated prisoners on board, had cast anchor the evening before in the port of Marseille, and the news had spread like wild-fire throughout the town, wherein dwelt many who trusted to find again, among the number of those whose chains compassion had broken, long-lost relatives and friends.

The priests of the different churches, with their banners and consecrated vessels, the magistrates, the governor, bearing his wand of office, the bishop with his whole chapter, and the troops of the garrison, went in solemn procession towards the harbour, accompanied by an immense crowd. The ship, which lay in the roadstead, hoisted her national flags in token of joy, the artillery thundered from the fortress, and in the pauses of the general tumult might be distinguished the festive sound of bells from every church tower.

At length the priests and the redeemed captives were safely landed, and the crowd were at liberty to bestow their blessings and gratitude upon the former, and to seek among the latter the features of the long-regretted and dearly remembered. As for the captives themselves,

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thin, pallid, and covered with rags, they seemed scarcely able to sustain the overwhelming joy of the moment. They wept, they laughed, they prostrated themselves upon the earth, frantically kissing the soil of that beautiful France which they had never hoped to behold again. At this affecting sight, tears of joy and pity moistened every cheek; and the mighty crowd, taking the liberators and the liberated along with them, hastened, as by one consent, to the cathedral, to offer up their praises and thanksgivings for the restoration of the emancipated slaves to their homes and families. Those of these poor victims who had no relations in Marseille, were hospitably received and cherished by the citizens, until they regained sufficient strength to return to their distant homes in the provinces.

The festivities were over, and the crowd beginning to disperse, when a stranger, whose appearance and accent betokened his Venetian extraction, approached one of the priests, and prayed a moment's audience.

'If I mistake not, reverend father,' said he, 'the number of the slaves whom you have rescued amounts to above two hundred. How many still languish in the chains of slavery?'

'Alas! monsieur,' returned the friar with a deep sigh, 'more than six hundred. Our funds only enabled us to buy the older Christian slaves; and we have left behind three of our brethren as pledges for three Italians, who, had they not been liberated, would have sunk under their miseries.'

'Three captive Italians!' eagerly exclaimed the stranger. 'From what part of Italy?'

The priest drew forth a parchment scroll, containing a list of names. 'There is first,' said he, 'Paolo Baucolo, seventy years of age, formerly tax-gatherer in Palermo. Taken prisoner at Syracuse in the year 1700.'

'Is it possible?' cried the stranger. 'Holy father, are you not deceiving yourself?'

'Read for yourself, monsieur.'

'Yes, yes—Paolo Baucolo! It is he! Tell me, father, where I shall find the old man?'

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'Paolo Baucolo,' replied the priest, somewhat astonished at the excitement of the stranger, 'is in the house of the governor of Marseille, whose doors are open to all who have no friends in the city, until he can further provide for them.'

'A thousand thanks!' exclaimed the stranger, pressing his lips to the friar's hand. 'But I must see you again. Where shall I find you?'

'But a few steps from hence. Inquire at the monastery yonder for the Father Superior.'

It was dark, and the convent-bell had already summoned the brethren to vespers, when the porter apprised the Father Superior that two men wished to speak with him. He joined them in the parlour of the monastery, where all visitors were admitted. In the one, he recognised the stranger of the morning; and in the other, the old captive, Paolo Baucolo. The latter had exchanged the rags of his slavery for the rich velvet dress of a wealthy man. He warmly embraced the worthy friar, and once more expressed his grateful thanks.

'Paolo Baucolo,' returned the monk, 'after your fearful and protracted sufferings, Providence has assigned to you a happy, and, if I may judge by your appearance, a prosperous old age. Return thanks to God, therefore; and forget not, amid your present blessings, those unfortunates who still sigh for their freedom and their fatherland.'

'No, father,' the stranger replied; 'Paolo Baucolo will not forget that his former companions in suffering are still in misery, and he will do what he can to alleviate their grief and unloose their chains. To-day he acknowledges this obligation, and I, his son, am his surety.'

'How, monsieur!' exclaimed the monk: 'you Baucolo's son?'

'Even so. My father was torn from his family while I yet lay in my cradle. Eight days after my birth, he was called to Syracuse upon business affairs. He embarked for that place, and we never saw him more. My mother caused the strictest search to be made, but in vain. The

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ship in which he had sailed never arrived at its destination. I and all my family have long mourned him as dead. Imagine, then, my surprise, when you this morning pronounced the name of Paolo Baucolo. My warmest hopes were raised: I hastened to the governor's palace, and embraced, for the first time, my long-lost father. I now owe a thank-offering to the Almighty Being who has watched over him. Tell me, holy father, how much money would be required to liberate the six hundred slaves left behind?'

'The Africans are inexorable and avaricious in their transactions: nevertheless, it might be possible to free our Christian brethren for five hundred thousand livres.'

'Then, on yourself, father, depends the accomplishment of this great work. You do not fear the journey?'

'Three-quarters of my life,' replied the friar, 'have been spent in journeying to other lands. I have dared all possible dangers for the love of my fellow-men. Provide me with the requisite funds, and let me set forth anew. I am ready!'

'I accept your offer, father. Turn your steps towards Venice. Be at the palace of the Orsini, in St Mark's Place, next Ash-Wednesday. On your punctuality depends the redemption of the captives still pining in slavery. Remember, and farewell!'

It was the evening of Shrove-Tuesday, and the large theatre in Venice presented a gorgeous and glittering spectacle. The eight tiers of boxes were filled with the youth, beauty, and rank of Italy. Four-and-twenty thousand wax-lights burned in 12,000 gilded candelabra; and their star-like beams were reflected as in a thousand mirrors, in the diamonds, pearls, rubies, and emeralds with which the fair women of Italy had sought to enhance their charms. Every province seemed to have contributed to this artistical assemblage of all that was lovely: the Roman lady was recognised by the regularity of her features; the Bolognese, by her graceful smile; and the maiden of Milan, by her slender figure. Here flashed

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the ardent glances of the Neapolitan; there waved the superb raven tresses of the Florentine damsel; and further on, the eye was arrested by the dazzling complexion of the women of Mantua. Amid this crowd of youth and beauty, giving yet a deeper interest to the scene, moved the celebrities of ancient and modern Italy, the descendants of the Gracchi, the Scipios, and the Medici; the followers of Michael Angelo, Titian, and Caravaggio. Science, high birth, dignity in the state, were mingled promiscuously with the other attractions of the hour.

The close of the carnival was not alone sufficient to account for this unusual assemblage. A rumour had spread through Venice of the intended withdrawal of its most celebrated actor. In the height of his talents and popularity, he was about to make his final appearance, and all Italy had assembled to crown him with the laurels of their gratitude and admiration.

A murmur of lamentation arose from the assembled multitude on account of the impending loss, but was soon drowned in the rich tones of the orchestra, which performed the most enchanting melodies; while numerous lackeys, in the picturesque garb of Ethiopians, handed exquisite refreshments to the fair occupants of the boxes, and a rain of fragrant flowers fell from above upon the delighted audience.

The actor this evening surpassed himself. He made an indescribable impression, holding the hearts of the thousands before him in his power. When the curtain fell, they rose *en masse*, and the universal shout 'Baucolo!' rang through the immense saloon. The tragedian appeared, and *vivats* resounded from all sides. It was a jubilee, as if Venice welcomed home her bravest warrior, or the mighty Doge had just celebrated his nuptials with the fair Adriatic. Baucolo made a sign that he wished to speak, and immediately the stillness of death reigned around. He stepped forward, and uttered a graceful farewell to his beloved countrymen, thanking them for their encouragement and support during his short but

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glorious career. The *vivats* were renewed, bouquets were showered upon the stage; but Baucolo raised his hand once more, and again silence was proclaimed.

'My lords,' cried he, with all the fire of an impetuous Italian, 'this is the last day of the carnival: in an hour, this theatre will be metamorphosed into a ball-room, and you will all be whirling in the giddy maze of the masquerade. The aristocratic marquis will become a shepherd, and the princess a milkmaid; the slim youth will be a life-sick hermit, and the blooming maiden an ancient duenna. If I, who am about to lay aside my mask for ever, may presume upon your friendship, I would fain challenge you to take part in a pious and God-pleasing duty. While you are all happy in the bosom of your families, and revelling in the enjoyments of life, thousands of our fellow-creatures languish in the deserts of Barbary, in the chains of slavery; their tears fall and sink in the burning sands, their sighs inhale the poisonous breath of the sirocco. It is for this holy cause that I have spent the last year in amassing gold, that I might be enabled to purchase the freedom of these unfortunates. Now has the hour arrived: to-night, in the Palace Orsini, an old monk expects me to redeem my word—expects to receive from me the gift of love. I go thither: follow, my lords, and you, my noble ladies!'

The whole assembly rose. Baucolo stepped quickly off the stage, and down the broad steps of the theatre; then placing himself at the head of the glittering crowd, marched quickly forward to the place of destination. They were greeted by the populace with loud applause, and the gondoliers accompanied their progress with songs.

In the entrance-hall of the Palace Orsini sat the Father-Superior of the monastery of St Ignatius. On his right was the *protonator;* on his left, a senator of the republic. The glorious procession, headed by Baucolo, appeared on the threshold of the hall. The tragedian entered hastily, cast a purse of gold at the feet of the monk, and cried with a voice almost choked by emotion: 'Reverend

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father, I redeem my word. Pray for me, that God will accept me in my dying hour!'

'My son, be of good cheer! Amid all the offerings made to God from a pure heart, the sacrifice of Baucolo will not be the least in His eyes.'

The value of the gold and precious stones piled up before the monk amounted to above a million more than the sum required: it was enough, and more than enough to break the fetters of every unfortunate pining beneath the African yoke. The enthusiasm ran so high, that the ladies voluntarily offered their chains, earrings, rings, their pearl-embroidered fans—everything with which they had adorned themselves. The populace, who are so ready to imitate the noble deeds of the great, followed their example in this instance, and added their mites to the sparkling store. Never had the carnival terminated so triumphantly.

Not many days later, two ships sailed from the shores of Venice. On board the first was the monk, who, with his treasure, was setting forth to Africa, to complete his benevolent enterprise; the other bore Baucolo and his father to Palermo, the birthplace and last resting-place of the celebrated tragedian.

END OF VOL. IX.

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CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

VOLUME X.

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CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

THE THREE COUSINS.

It was about sunset on a beautiful evening in October 1840, that a number of persons of the Hebrew nation were seen bending their steps towards the Rue Notre Dame de Nazareth, in Paris. Among the crowd were three middle-aged women, who walked together, preceded by three young smiling girls, apparently about sixteen or seventeen years of age, tall, handsome, slight, and flexible as the undulating palm-tree. A strong family resemblance would have made people suppose that they were sisters, nor would they have been much mistaken, for they were cousins. As they were approaching the temple, they were joined by a young man, who, after paying his respects to all the party, walked on beside the elderly ladies.

'Good-evening, Elysée,' said one of them, who was called Madame Esdra. 'Have you had any account of your father?'

'Alas!' replied the young man, over whose countenance there passed a shade of sorrow, 'ever since my father sent me from New Orleans to Paris for my education, twenty

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years ago, I never passed a solemn festival without receiving a letter from him saying: "At the next festival, my son, I will bless you with my own hands, instead of sending you my blessing in a letter." At the last Passover, he wrote me word he would be with me at the Pentecost; at the Pentecost, he put off coming till the Feast of Tabernacles; and now at the eve of those feasts, he has not yet arrived! It must be that he has again put off until the Passover; however, I trust he will keep his promise some day or another, for it is certainly a sad thing, aunt, not to know one's father.'

'When our brother left Paris, he was too young for even us to have any very distinct recollection of him,' said another aunt, the widow of a rich cloth-merchant named David. 'Our family was poor, and an uncle we had at New Orleans, sent for our young brother—your father—then only ten years old. He adopted him, and left him his fortune; but it was as if he left it among us all, and it is not his fault that my sisters have lost their fortunes: he has promised to portion their daughters, mine, fortunately, having no need of his wealth.'

'Your father is a princely man, Elysée,' said Madame Nathan, in a tone that testified the feelings of her heart at the recollection of her brother's kindness.

They had now arrived at the gate of the Jewish temple, and the young man took leave of his relatives, to enter the part appropriated to the men, while the ladies proceeded to the galleries, which were devoted to the use of the women. Scarcely had they taken their places, when the young cousins touched each other, and with their eyes bent upon their books, whispered Sara! Esther! Monime!

Sara was the daughter of Madame Esdra; Esther, that of Madame David; and Monime was the only child of Madame Nathan.

'Do you know,' said Sara, 'where my Cousin Elysée will commence the feast this evening?'

'My mother ought to invite him,' replied Monime.

'And so should mine,' said Esther.

'And mine too,' added Sara.

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'He would then be puzzled how to choose,' replied Monime.

'You are talking, instead of attending to your prayers, young ladies,' said Madame Esdra, whose vigilant maternal ear had detected the chattering of the young girls.

They all blushed, and bending their eyes still lower over their books, began to read in good earnest, until the grand rabbi, having pronounced the amen, terminated the service at the eve of the festival. The widows then arose, and having left the temple, each took the arm of her daughter, for night had now set in.

At the gate where they had parted, they again met their nephew. 'Elysée, you will keep the feast with me!' said the three sisters together.

'Certainly, aunts,' replied Elysée. As he made this reply, he offered his arm to the aunt next him, who was Madame David.

'This consent does not apply to us all, my dear nephew,' she replied. 'With which of us will you commence the feast?'

'With you all,' replied Elysée laughing. 'You surely have not three booths?'

'We have,' said Madame David. Then lowering her voice, she added in a tone of confidence: 'You know my sisters are not rich, and their booths are very inferior. I have allowed them to take all the fruits of the garden, whilst I have had mine brought from every part of the world. Bordeaux has contributed her finest peaches, Marseille her grapes, Algiers her dates, Malta her oranges, Martinique her pine-apples, Jerusalem her lemons, still hanging to the branches on which they grew. Oh, you will see a vast difference between my booth and those of my sisters!'

'I have no doubt of it,' replied Elysée rather coldly, for the list of luxuries spread through the tabernacle of Madame David was far from having gained the object that lady had in view. 'But I am in a dilemma: it is certainly my wish to oblige you, but at the same time it is equally my wish not to disoblige my other aunts.'

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'You cannot, however, divide yourself in three,' replied Madame David, a little piqued at the hesitation of her nephew.

'That idea never struck me, dear aunt,' said Elysée laughing.

They had now reached the widow's residence. The court in front of the house presented a most beautiful spectacle. It was a long and spacious quadrangle, planted with trees, in the centre of which were three booths, formed of the boughs of trees, loaded with flowers and autumnal fruits, and lighted with variegated lamps: the booth of the wealthy Madame David rose majestically between those of her more humble sisters, and produced an almost magic effect. The cousins retired to change their dresses, and the three sisters gave orders to the porter, to admit every person who should knock at their gate that evening. Before separating, each pointed to her own booth, and requested to know with whom Elysée would spend the evening.

After a moment's silence, he replied: 'When I accepted your invitation, aunts, I thought I should have been able to pay my respects at the same time to my father's three sisters; but as I find I cannot do so, I will attend the blessing of bread with one, that of the wine with another, and I will return thanks with the third. And now, I must beg permission to leave you for half an hour, that I may go and inquire whether any letter has arrived from my father; and then I shall be at your service.' Saying this, he took leave of his aunts, who entered the house to give directions respecting the festival, and the cousins returned to the court.

'Well, with which of us will our cousin keep the feast?' asked each of them at the same moment.

'Oh, it will certainly be with my Aunt David,' replied Monime, 'for she will have the handsomest supper.'

'One would suppose you felt jealous about it,' replied that lady's daughter.

'You know very well, Esther, that I am not jealous of any one; and if ever I should have the misfortune to be

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so, it could not be of you, whom I love so sincerely,' said Monime.

'Yes, you love me, I know, Monime, and so does Sara too, and I love you both with my whole heart; still,' she added, after a moment's hesitation, 'I will be candid with you. Our Cousin Elysée has sown disunion among us. Why did we discover the secret that our mothers had concealed with so much care!'

'That should teach us not to be curious again,' replied Monime. 'Before we know that our uncle had written to desire his son to choose a wife from amongst us, nothing interrupted the harmony that subsisted between us, or disturbed us when in his presence; we looked upon him as a brother, and were simple and natural when with him, and much more amiable than we are now, I am sure. I know at least, that whenever he looks at me, I blush, and become quite stupid.'

'I don't feel as much as you do,' said Sara; 'however, I must acknowledge that I do not feel so much at ease in his presence, as I did before the discovery of this secret.'

'As to me,' said Esther, 'I have quite a different feeling; and were this to be the feast of expiation, I should have to ask your pardon, my dear cousins, for I feel angry with you. It seems to me, Sara, that you have purposely become more beautiful; you, Monime, more gentle and amiable. Oh! if he only looks at you, I feel quite angry; and yesterday evening, I could have beaten Monime for having sung so well.'

'This is our punishment,' said Monime.

'Sara is the most to blame,' remarked Esther.

'It was I who discovered the letter, certainly,' replied Sara; 'but it was Esther who opened it, and it was Monime who read it.'

'Because I happened to be the only one who could read English,' said Monime. 'However, we are all equally guilty, so let us bear the consequences of our curiosity without upbraiding one another.'

'But all this has nothing to say to where our cousin will keep the feast,' observed Sara.

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'Alas! that is true,' replied Monime; 'and as we are but one family, if we had but only one booth'——

'He could sup with us all,' said Esther, completing the sentence.

'If our mothers would allow it,' said Sara, looking at the booths all ranged in a line, 'it would be very easy to unite them.'

'I am sure my mother would not object to it,' replied Monime.

'Neither would mine, if I were to ask her,' said Esther.

'Then why did not they do so in the first instance?' asked Sara.

'Because they probably never thought of it,' replied Monime. 'My aunt Esdra, who was the first married, had a booth of her own; when my aunt David married, she had the same; and the following year my mother followed their example; and so they have continued to have separate ones ever since.'

'Well, now, let us all go and ask our mothers' leave to unite them.'

'Come!' exclaimed all with one voice. Away they ran, and soon their radiant faces shewed that they had gained their request. They were followed by servants; and in the space of a quarter of an hour, the vine branches which enclosed each booth were taken down at one end, and spread in a line, so as to join each other, thus forming what might be called a long tunnel of foliage and fruit. When the mothers returned, and saw their wishes so well and so quickly executed, each of them embraced her daughter, for in the depth of each of these mothers' hearts, there was a fond hope that her child would be the object of Elysée's choice. It was his father's wish that he should marry one of his cousins, and he was a young man to whom the fondest parent might, with confidence, intrust the happiness of her child. Already did the Paris bar number him amongst the most celebrated of her lawyers. He was amiable without weakness, prudent without parsimony, and generous without ostentation;

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in fact, he was a young man of exalted mind and of distinguished abilities.

Soon the large gate began to resound with the knocks of the visitors, and Elysée was not the last to make his appearance; he held in his hand three bouquets, composed of white camellias and myosotis, one of which he presented to each cousin, as he wished her a happy festival.

Although the booths were now all united under one roof, yet each lady presided at her own peculiar table. The guests took their seats promiscuously, and, whether by accident or design, Elysée was not beside any of his relatives.

When all were seated, Elysée, as the nearest male relation, rose to give the blessing, when another knocking was heard at the gate. When the servant opened it, some men in Turkish dresses entered the court.

'They are rabbins from Jerusalem,' said Elysée; 'I saw them in the temple, and they seem to be at a loss where they shall keep the feast.'

On hearing this, Madame David desired a servant to say, that the three daughters of Aaron Levi requested those respected missionaries would honour them by their presence. 'These holy men,' said she, turning to her guests, 'leave their families and their country, to solicit alms for their unfortunate brethren. We will make a collection for them after our repast.'

The servant having delivered his mistress's message, was followed in by seven men, whose countenances gave evidence of their having endured both hunger and fatigue.

Each guest rose at their entrance; and the rabbins, having first washed their hands at the fountain, seated themselves at the table. Scarcely had they done so, when more knocks were heard at the gate. The same servant opened it, and returned to tell his mistress that three Germans begged permission to keep the festival with them.

'They must go elsewhere,' said Madame David—who, being the eldest and wealthiest of the sisters, always took the lead—'we have already exercised the laws of hospitality to the utmost of our ability.'

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The servant having delivered his message, returned to say, that two of them had gone, but that the other refused to stir.

Madame David made a sign to her daughter, who rose from the table, and went to the gate. 'You see,' said she, addressing the poor man, and pointing to the tables, 'every place is filled: you must go elsewhere.'

'I am tired and hungry,' replied the man, but in a tone which indicated neither humility nor supplication.

'I can send you some bread and a glass of wine,' said Esther.

'That will suffice for the body,' replied the mendicant; 'but my soul has need of prayers.'

'You can hear them where you are,' said Esther, as she left him to order the provisions.

'One moment, mademoiselle,' said the mendicant; 'pray let me ask your name?'

'Esther David,' she replied.

'Esther David,' repeated the old man, raising his voice, 'I will pray to God for you.'

When Esther returned to her place, she described the eccentricity of the old man, and the tone in which he asked for alms, as if he were demanding a right. She forgot, however, to repeat his last sentence.

'Perhaps he is a robber or a highwayman!' exclaimed Sara.

'O no,' said Monime; 'he is more probably a broken gentleman, who has lost everything but his pride and independence of spirit.'

'If I thought so,' said Sara rising, 'I would send him something better than dry bread.'

Sara found the mendicant seated at the gate, with the bread and wine untouched beside him. His venerable countenance was more expressive of sorrow and disappointment than of hunger and fatigue.

'My poor man,' said Sara kindly, 'I am very sorry that you came so late; but I will send you something better—some meat, or fish, and fruit.'

'What I have will suffice,' said the old man; 'only I

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could not well hear the prayers at the commencement of the feast, and I should like to be able to hear those at the end better.'

'I can easily satisfy you,' replied Sara: 'come close to the booth, and sit down on that seat under the lime-tree.'

'Thank you, mademoiselle,' said the old man, rising to move as he was directed. 'May I be permitted to ask your name?'

'Sara Esdra.'

'Sara Esdra,' he repeated, 'I will not forget you in my prayers.'

'Esther was right,' said Sara, as she resumed her seat beside her cousins: 'he is an extraordinary old man.'

'What kind of appearance has he?' inquired Monime.

'The appearance of a beggar,' replied Esther: 'a worn-out greatcoat, a ragged neckcloth, and a hat that has any shape but its right one.'

'But his countenance? You have only described his dress.'

'You may see him from this,' said Sara.

Monime turned her eyes in the direction pointed out, and was struck with the noble expression of the old man's countenance, with his air, his attitude, and his whole appearance. The amiable young girl felt no longer at her ease when seated at her plentiful table: she saw at a few steps' distance a venerable and perhaps unfortunate old man. How unhappy he must feel, she thought, to be thus alone, while a family festival is going on within his sight, where all are enjoying themselves, and he, a stranger, excluded! Moved by these considerations, Monime arose and approached the old man. 'You do not eat,' said she, 'or seem to take any part in our festival. Why did you come so late? Had you come even a few minutes sooner, we could have given you a place.'

'I lost time while hesitating whether I should knock.'

'Are you one of us?' she inquired in a low voice.

'How do you mean?'

'A co-religionist?'

'Assuredly,' replied the old man.

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'I know not how it is,' said Monime: 'I never met you before, and yet your features seem familiar to me; neither does your voice seem strange. Pray come and take a place at table.'

'There is no place for me.'

'Pardon me—there is mine.'

The stranger seemed moved, but recovering himself, said: 'I accept it.' He then rose, and followed Monime, who placed him between her two cousins.

'That was right, my daughter,' said Madame Nathan, turning with an approving smile towards Monime, who had come to stand behind her mother's chair.

'I cannot allow you to stand, cousin,' said Elysée, rising to offer his place to Monime, who declined it with a deep blush.

'Remain where you are, Elysée,' said Madame Nathan; 'I will make room for Monime beside me;' and then, by a little management, she was able to accommodate her daughter by her side.

This little incident took place so quickly, that it was almost unperceived by the guests; but scarcely had the old man been seated, when Elysée saw that large tears were rolling down his cheeks, which he was vainly endeavouring to suppress. Affected by this mute expression of grief, the young Israelite was desirous to console him.

'This festival no doubt recalls some sad remembrance,' said he: 'you are perhaps lamenting the absence of your wife and children!'

'My wife!' exclaimed the old man: 'she has been dead these two years; and as for children, I have but one son.'

'And he, perhaps, is far away from you!' said Elysée.

'No; but I always consider him too far away when he is not in my arms.'

'Then, perhaps, you are lamenting the loss of fortune!' said Madame Nathan.

'He who knows how to be contented with a little, is always rich, madame,' replied the old man; 'and in point

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of riches, there is but one kind to which I attach any value.'

'And what may that be?'

'That of which you are in possession, madame.'

'You are mistaken, sir, and think you are speaking to my sister, Madame David. I am far from being rich.'

'Can she be poor who possesses such a treasure as that?' said the mendicant, pointing to Monime.

'You are very gallant to my cousin, sir,' said Esther laughing.

'At my age, young lady, people are not gallant—they are just.'

'But you are not quite so to us,' replied Sara; 'for we were no less kind to you than Monime.'

'Yes, you were both kind to me,' replied the mendicant. 'You both extended your hospitality towards me, but your cousin has done more; she has followed to the very letter the law of Moses, who said: "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man, and fear thy God." She rose up before me, and made me to sit down in her place. Were my son rich, she is the woman I would desire for his wife.'

The conversation now became general, and the stranger spoke on every subject with an ease, intelligence, and information that made it evident he had known better days. When the supper had concluded, to the amazement of the mistresses of the house, the old man rose and returned thanks, and then gave the signal for the singing to be commenced. It is the custom of the Jews to remain at the table after the hymns have been sung; the women then generally retire, and politics or public affairs are discussed. It was not the case, however, on this evening: the conversation of the old man was so attractive, that none of the female guests left the table. The hour, however, at length came that all were obliged to depart, and Elysée and the old man were the only remaining guests.

'You know, I suppose, where to procure a lodging?' said Elysée; 'if not, I can accommodate you at my house.'

'I am waiting for a friend of mine,' said the strange

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old man—'a person who travelled to Paris with me, rather an oddity, who, having lived but little in the world, thinks of nothing but money. He was formerly in possession of great wealth, and he then betrothed his son to the daughter of one of his sisters; but he has lost everything, and has now come here, under the impression that his sister will keep her word, and give her daughter all the same. I did not wish to entirely discourage him, and said I would wait for him here, and that if he were not well received, we would go and seek a lodging together.'

'Then you think he will return?' said Monime, who could not help thinking there was some analogy between the history of the old man's friend and that of himself.

'I think he will,' he replied.

'One could not give their daughter to a ruined nephew,' observed Madame David; 'but that need not prevent hospitality being shewn to his father.'

'But my friend will not remain, unless his son be accepted,' said the old man.

'Then he will remain, I am sure,' replied Monime.

'May be so!' uttered her two aunts together.

'You say nothing, madame; what is your opinion?' inquired the old man, addressing himself to Madame Nathan.

'If it were my case,' replied that lady, 'I would consider my own promise sacred, and then leave the matter to my daughter's decision.'

'I come back to my first opinion of you young ladies,' said the old man. 'You are certainly all very pretty, very amiable, but Monime possesses a superior mind, and greater penetration than either of you, for she alone has acted as if she knew me.'

'Why, who are you?' exclaimed Elysée and his aunts all at once.

'Ask Monime.'

And as every eye turned towards Monime, her agitation became extreme. She remained silent for a moment,

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then turning to the old man, she said: 'My heart tells me that you are not what you seem—that you are no stranger. Your features, the sound of your voice, make me think that perhaps you are—— That the story of your friend is your own. That you are our uncle. Are you not?'

'My father! my dear father!' exclaimed Elysée, throwing himself into the old man's arms. 'Oh, you are my father!'

'My tears are a proof of the constraint I was under, my beloved son,' said the old man, as he covered the forehead of Elysée with kisses and with tears.

'And is it true, brother, that you are ruined?' inquired Madame David.

'How did it occur?' asked Madame Esdra.

'My brother! my dear brother!' sobbed Madame Nathan as she tenderly embraced him.

'Are you really my Uncle Levi?' said Esther with more of coldness than astonishment.

'I must acknowledge that Monime possesses more penetration than I do, for I never should have guessed it,' said Sara.

'Oh, my father!' exclaimed Elysée, unable to tear himself from the old man's neck, 'it is to me alone that you must look for support and comfort; it is with me alone that you can live independently. I have enough for us both, and have abilities to make another fortune. You must live with me.'

'So, then, I find I have a son, three sisters, and three nieces, but no daughter-in-law,' said Levi, looking affectionately at the group that surrounded him.

'Before any of our daughters could respond,' observed Madame Nathan, 'it would at least be necessary for your son to make a choice among them.'

'He could not do so before my arrival,' replied Levi. 'But if my son were to make choice of you, Esther, what answer would you give him?'

'I have no will but that of my mother,' said Esther coldly.

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'And as your mother is silent, that is a refusal. Well, what do you say, Sara?'

'I can only answer like my cousin, uncle,' replied Sara carelessly.

'And you, Monime?'

'I would say also that I have no will but my mother's'—and the young girl cast a timid glance towards her parent. Then after a moment's silence she added: 'And as my mother does not say no'——

'My daughter-in-law will perhaps allow me to remain with her?' added the old man, pressing his lips to the forehead of the lovely girl.

'Thanks, O thanks, Monime, for accepting me when poor; for in wealth you would have been the chosen of my heart!'

'Who said that you were poor, my son?' asked the old man proudly.

'I am rich, indeed, in your love, my father, and in the goodness of my cousin.'

'To which love, and to which goodness, I will add fifty thousand livres per annum. I did not tell you that I was poor.'

'But the story of your friend?' said Monime.

'The history of my friend is my own. My object in assuming this disguise was, to try and discover which of my nieces would be the most suitable wife for my son. I have succeeded beyond my expectations. But,' said he, turning to his other sisters and nieces, 'we must not be the worse friends and relations on that account. Esther is not in need of anything from me; but I will settle a dowry upon Sara. And now this is the day of my son's betrothal,' added he, taking from a little box a splendid diamond ring, which he placed on the finger of Monime; 'and in a fortnight let us have the wedding.'

Esther and Sara embraced their cousin, and offered their congratulations; but it must be confessed, that each of them, as she was curling her hair that night, whispered to herself: 'Ah, if I had but known!'

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EFFIE.

THERE is no saying more true, than that the one half of the world does not know how the other half lives. It must be acknowledged, that those who clothe themselves in silk and fine linen every day, possess, for the most part, a wonderful amount of knowledge respecting the motions of the stars and other heavenly bodies—the history of nations which flourished before and immediately after the flood—the structure of the materials of the globe—the whole scheme of the animal creation, from an invisible infusoria to the stately giraffe: in short, they know a vast deal both of what is useful and what is useless; but with all their stores of information, they generally know nothing of how the myriads of their fellow-creatures, inferior to them in the scale of worldly wealth, find the means of daily subsistence.

When we walk along the streets of a crowded city how many objects of misery pass by us unheeded!—pitied if noticed, perhaps, but in general disregarded, shunned, and despised. Yet all these miserable children of misfortune, who seem to us on the extreme verge of poverty, must have some means of living. They must contrive to do something to help on the machine of society, so as to earn a crust of bread and purchase shelter for the night. Many, too many, there are who contrive to draw a scanty and precarious subsistence from the daily commission of transgressions on the persons and property of their fellow-creatures; but it is pleasing to reflect, that there are far more, even in the very humblest classes in crowded cities, who shun the paths of vice, and resort to honest and commendable shifts for the sake of themselves and their little ones. If any one would wish to instruct himself in the character and resources of these humble denizens of this world, he will require to seek them in their abodes, and there become acquainted with their

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divers processes of economy. These cannot be learned from books: they are not yet esteemed worthy of being put in print. The lives of the abject are too prosaic for the pages of the romance writer, and the philosopher has not yet found them out. Occasionally, they furnish a passing detail to the drawer-up of reports for destitute sick societies; and it is reasonable to conclude, that they are counted once in ten years by the individual, whoever he be, who makes up the census of the population. Further than this, they never flourish in literature. Forgotten and unknown, however, as hundreds of thousands thus remain from age to age, their lives are not passed without a share of enjoyment, frequently not without the exercise of considerable mental energy, and the display of traits of sensibility, such as would scarcely be expected from their education or their habits. But is this wonderful?—are they not human beings, even though steeped to the lips in poverty, and engaged in a keen struggle with the fell enemy, starvation? Indeed they are, and susceptible in no mean degree of the common feeling in the lot of man. Toiling in obscure garrets, dingy apartments in back courts, or sunk caverns in antiquated and unwholesome alleys, the better sentiments of the heart expand, flourish, and brighten, where nothing could be expected to grow and ripen into beauty. The greater the gulf that is placed betwixt them and the upper stream of humanity, the more are they thrown upon their own resources, and a dependence on the kindly assistance of each other. In all their distresses, they find the chief succour among themselves. When death lays the father of the family low, or when a child is brought into the world—which too often may be considered a calamity more than a matter of rejoicing—then are these generous feelings developed, and succour and consolation freely and instantly conferred by those who themselves hardly less require support under their multifarious and heart-rending distresses. It is also to be observed, that, mixed up with the miserable and perhaps the vicious, there are always some individuals who exert greater

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energy, and display finer traits of character. Where there is a profligate and idle husband, there may be a suffering and industrious wife. Where the wife is a drunkard and a wretch, the husband, or a grown-up child, or some one connected with the family, will exhibit a redeeming virtue and constancy, and contrive to keep the heads of the rest barely above water. Verily, few Gomorrahs of this kind are without ten righteous to save from utter ruin the multitude of the wretched.

Besides affording mutual succour in the day of trouble, and more or less consorting together, it may be said that the poor in many instances live upon what they can gain by dealing with each other in the way of trade. In that humble department of society which is ordinarily classed under one great head, there are many degrees of rank, from the little huckster down to the lowest possible outcast. All rank, it will be remembered, is comparative; and, therefore, within the precincts of an alley, which many would shudder to look into, shall we find a world in miniature—a high, a middle, and a lower class, an extreme aristocracy and a democracy, fully typifying what is exhibited on a grander scale in the upper regions of society. I had lately an opportunity of scraping up a few particulars illustrative of this state of things. One day, while endeavouring to shorten my way by threading a series of dingy alleys in the more ancient part of the town, my attention was arrested by a woman poorly yet decently apparelled, who was laying out some things on a shabby decayed table, planted by way of stall at an open door. I immediately knew the face: it was that of an old servant of one of my familiar friends, subsequently a humble hanger-on, but who had latterly vanished and been no more heard of.

'Effie, is it you?' said I.

''Deed is't, sir: it's naebody but Effie, although she has come to a low met, when you see her in sic a like place as this.'

'How do you manage to live here?' said I in reply.

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'Do you keep a shop—do you sell things—what sort of a business do you carry on?'

'Trowth, sir,' continued Effie, 'it's no easy to say how I mak a leeving; I've haen a gay sair fecht ae way and another, frae first to last; but it's been, I hope, an honest fend in the main, and I wad be bauld to compleen. I canna just say I keep a shop, yet it's a kind o' shop too; at least I buy and sell things, and do what I can in a sma' way to gather twa-three bawbees. But maybe you'll step in a minute and sit down?'

I certainly did not despise the humble offer, and so forthwith picked my steps into an exceedingly ill-lighted apartment, the ground-floor of a tenement six or seven storeys in height. The room was arched overhead, and, originally a cellar, seemed now a nondescript mixture of shop and dwelling-house, the former quality evidently predominating. No imagination could picture the assortment of *goods* which were lying about and stored up in this obscure emporium of merchandise. There seemed to be a collection of everything that was useless in creation. It was a concentration of everything that was decayed, worn-out, and incurable in the domestic system of the poor. There were old coal skuttles, filled with women's cast-off shoes that had been long worn as street slippers, or *bauchles;* by the side of these stood a pile of rusty nails and the smallest pieces of old iron—such as bits of latches of doors, hinges, and locks; frying-pans without any bottom, and kettles wanting both handles and spouts: you might also see teapots past holding water, with a little earth in them, to shew they might still do for growing thyme and marjoram at garret windows; hearth-brushes without bristles; old pieces of tattered carpet, legs of tables, backs of chairs, broken looking-glasses with the quicksilver mostly worn off; above all, was conspicuous an immense lot of old blacking-bottles and medicine phials, with an extensive variety of old keys of all shapes and sizes. There was likewise visible an assortment of second-hand carpenters' tools, particularly planes for cutting grooves in deals, and

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forming mouldings for doors and panels. These, and innumerable other odds and ends, especially of wearing apparel, filled Effie's shop, leaving little room for domestic purposes. On the walls and at the entrance were hung up, in tempting array, a complete wardrobe of old doubly worn-out shawls, with patterns washed out of all countenance, shreds of petticoats and gowns, checked aprons and dirty straw-bonnets, coats without tails, and tails of coats without bodies, with waistcoat fronts, strings of buttons, and trousers full of holes. Such were all hung up in an easy fashion against the thickly-whitened wall, but wisely secured from eloping up or down the close by means of a cramp-stick, which kept them to their respective places.

While making myself acquainted with these interesting particulars, I was also listening to Effie's story. It was the old thing over again. 'Married out of a good place —man drank—deserted—left her with a sma' family, and married another woman, whom he set off with to Newcastle—not able to get any redress—a poor, destitute craiter—taken in at last by a widow-woman who kept a mangle—by her set up in her present shop—all she had to begin with only three shillings and ninepence—had a sair struggle at first, but in the end got into a way o' doin', and was able to keep a house aboon her head—set her bairns to the schule, and pay for a seat in Mr Lothian's meeting-house in the Vennel.'

Such was the sum and substance of Effie's recital of her history; and it is the history of too many of her class, with the slight difference, that few are so successful in their efforts to rescue themselves from misery. The most curious part of Effie's harangue, was the description of her ways and means. She had been planted in a bare cavern in one of the lowest alleys in the town; and her capital, as I have said, amounted to 3s. 9d., out of which she paid 1s. to get her establishment registered. With no more than 2s. 9d., then, did she commence business. Some may think, as I was inclined to do, that this was a very small, a uselessly small, capital to embark in trade:

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but let us again recollect, that everything is great or small only by comparison. Two-and-ninepence was a great sum in a close where the circulating medium was very little seen, and which had a dram-shop both at the head and the foot. A single penny is a great sum to some people: it is of more value to them than L.1000 would be to others. So was it in the neighbourhood of Effie. No sooner had she opened shop, than she began to get customers. Her business consisted in a great measure of buying things from the poor people about her, and selling them back again at a profit. One brought her a door-key; another, a pair of old shoes; a third, a smoothing-iron; a fourth, a worn-out apron; a fifth, an old brass candlestick; and a sixth, a coal-axe. Bargains such as these varied in value from 1d. to 2½d. or 3d. Beyond the last sum Effie did not go: 3d. was her maximum. Articles of greater value naturally went up to the main street to the pawnbroker's, for they were pawnworthy. The broker's charge of 1d. for the ticket could be afforded upon them, independent of the interest of the loan. Effie's business was thus a species of pawnbroking in its way: it might, indeed, be called either pawning or buying, according to the capabilities and inclination of the dealer. The door-key which was sold for a penny in the morning, would, if means came in, be bought back at night for 1½d.; but if resources failed, as they were apt to do, or if the exigencies were pressing, then the said key lay on Effie's stall till bought for 6d. on some future occasion by a customer in search of keys. Of course, by this arrangement the door lost its key; but this was nothing to the seller: it was the look-out of the landlord, who might be thankful to find his door left—glad it was not cut up to supply the match-manufacturer next house.

'Effie,' said I, 'this is a dreadful business you are engaged in; you take an enormous percentage on your accommodations.'

'Percentage here, percentage there,' replied she, 'it's just a bawbee on a penny, and I couldna tak less. I rin great risks, and at first I lost a good deal wi' bad debts,

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besides being ance fined half-a-crown by the police for buying a pair o' auld tings that were said to be stown.'

It would have been very needless for me to have made any other remark. It was clear Effie was a usurer; but as such, only a humble imitator of her superiors. She did on a small scale only what our bankers—paper-money manufacturers—do on a larger one. At all events, it was by this means she picked up a subsistence, and, by her negotiations, rose to be one of the aristocracy of the close. She was reckoned a moneyed woman—had been seen to have silver shillings—shillings that would *go*, if taken to the spirit-dealer's at the head of the wynd.

Great, indeed, must be the want which prevails in households where everything has vanished above the value of a single penny! Dire must be the privation which can induce so deplorable a means of subsistence as the dissipation of every movable belonging to bed, board, or bodily covering; depending for its restoration on sources the most precarious! Still more deplorable is the reflection, that by far the greater part of this traffic is carried on by females in the last stages of destitution; women often the mothers of families, whose native good principles have been banished by the pressure of poverty and misusage, and whose sole object in life was at length the acquirement of a single penny to purchase a dose of deleterious and intoxicating liquor! According to the statement of my friend Effie, in answer to a parting interrogatory, 'it was maistly a' for the drap drink' that her impoverished neighbours divested themselves of every comfort in their dwellings. For a dram of base whisky, they raked the streets for rubbish; for this they begged, for this they desolated their households, sacrificing both body and soul for a temporary excitement, a momentary gratification! Horrid drug, one may well say; what terrible scenes of domestic affliction, strife, and bloodshed are caused by thy baneful allurements!

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A GERMAN SETTLEMENT.

NEAR Cape Girardeau, in the state of Missouri, and at no great distance from the western banks of the Mississippi, Mr Flint, in the course of his travels as a preacher, lighted upon what he terms a 'curiosity' in such a district—namely, an isolated but pure German settlement. We beg to transcribe his account for the entertainment of our readers:—'These people have here preserved their nationality and their language more unmixed than even in Pennsylvania. At a meeting in the woods, where it was supposed 400 German people were present, there were not half a dozen of people of English descent. The women are not able to express themselves well in English. The men, though they understand the colloquial and familiar language, yet express themselves with the peculiar German accent, pronunciation, and phrase, so as to be very amusing, if not sometimes ludicrous. They are principally Lutherans, and came some of them directly from Germany, but the greater portion from North Carolina and Pennsylvania. They have fixed themselves on a clear and beautiful stream called the White Water, which runs twenty-five miles, and loses itself in the great swamp. Located here in the forest—a narrow settlement of Germans unmixed with other people, having little communication except with their own people, and little intercourse with the world, having, besides, all the coarse trades and manufactures among themselves, they have preserved their peculiarities in an uncommon degree.

'They are anxious for religious instruction, and love the German honesty and industry; but almost every farmer has his distillery, and the pernicious poison, whisky, dribbles from the corn; and in their curious dialect, they told me, that while they wanted religion, and their children baptised, and a minister as exemplary as possible, he must

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allow the honest Dutch, as they call themselves, to partake of the native beverage: and they undertook to prove, that the swearing and drunkenness of a Dutchman were not so bad as that of an American.

'The vast size of their horses, their own gigantic size, the peculiar dress of the women, the child-like and unsophisticated simplicity of their conversation, amused me exceedingly. Nothing could afford a more striking contrast to the uniformity of manners and opinions among their American neighbours. I attended a funeral where there were a great number of them present. After I had performed such services as I was used to perform on such occasions, a most venerable-looking old man, of the name of Nyeswunger, with a silver beard that flowed down his chin, came forward, and asked me if I were willing that he should perform some of their peculiar rites. I of course wished to hear them. He opened a very ancient version of Luther's hymns, and they all began to sing in German, so loud that the woods echoed the strain; and yet there was something affecting in the singing of these ancient people, carrying one of their brethren to his long home, in the use of the language and rites which they had brought with them over the sea from "vaterland," a word which often occurred in their hymn. It was a long, loud, and mournful air, which they sung as they bore the body along. The words "mein Gott," "mein bruder," and "vaterland," died away in distant echoes in the woods. Remembrances and associations rushed upon me, and I shall long remember that funeral hymn.

'They had brought a minister among them, of the name of Weiberg, or, as they pronounced it, Winebork; an educated man, but a notorious drunkard. The earnest manner in which he performed divine service in their own ritual and in their own language, carried away all their affections; for, like other people naturally phlegmatic, when the tide once gets started, it sweeps all restraints from its course. After service, he would get drunk, and, as often happens among them, was quarrelsome. They claimed indulgence to get drunk themselves, but were

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not quite so clear in allowing their minister the same privilege. The consequence was, that when the time came round for them to pay their subscription, they were disposed to refuse, alleging, as justification, his unworthiness and drunkenness. He had for three successive years in this way commenced and recovered suits against them; and to reinstate himself in their good-will, it was only necessary for him to take them when a sufficient quantity of whisky had opened their phlegmatic natures to sensibility, and then give them a vehement discourse, as they phrased it, in the pure old Dutch, and give them a German hymn of his own manufacture—for he was a poet too—and the subscription-paper was once more brought forward. They who had lost their suit, and had been most inveterate in their dislike, were thawed out, and crowded about the paper either to sign their name or make their mark.

'The settlement is German, also, in all its habits—in their taste for permanent buildings, and their disposition to build with stone; in their love of silver dollars, and their contempt of bank-bills; in their disposition to manufacture every necessary among themselves. I counted forty-five female dresses hung round my sleeping-room, all of cotton, raised and manufactured, and coloured in the family. The ladies of cities are not more inwardly gratified with the possession of the newest and most costly furniture, than these good, laborious, submissive, and silent housewives are in hanging round their best apartment fifty male and female dresses, all manufactured by their own hand. I had the good-fortune to be very acceptable to this people, although I could not smoke, drink whisky, nor talk German. They made various efforts to fix my family among them; and as the highest expression of good-will, they told me that they would do more than they had done for Weiberg.

'These strong features of nationality are very striking characteristics in this country universally. The Germans, the French, the Anglo-Americans, Scotch, and Irish, all retain and preserve their national manners and prejudices.

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Nothing fosters attachment to everything national, like residing in a foreign region, and among foreign manners. All our peculiar ways of thinking and acting become endeared to us by the unpleasant contrast of foreign manners, and become identified with our best possessions by national pride. But among the races in this country, the Germans succeed decidedly the best—better even than the Anglo-Americans. They have no vagrant imaginations, and they cast a single look over the forest or prairie which they have purchased, and their minds seize intuitively the best arrangement and division, and their farming establishment generally succeeds. They build a good house and barn: they plant a large orchard: their fences, their gates, all the appendages to their establishment, are strong and permanent: they raise large horses and cattle: they spend little, and when they sell, will receive nothing in pay but specie. Every stroke counts towards improvement. Their wives have no taste for parties and tea. Silent, unwearied labour, and the rearing of their children, are their only pursuits; and in a few years they are comparatively rich. Next to them in prosperity are the Anglo-Americans; then the Scotch. The direct emigrants from England are only superior to the French, who in the upper country have succeeded less than any other people, as planters. The German settlement at Cape Girardeau extends very near the French settlement at St Genevieve; and here you have the strong points of national difference brought in direct contrast. The one race is generally independent in their condition; the other produces a few rich farmers, but is generally a poor race of hunters, crowded in villages with mud hovels, fond of conversation and coffee, and never rises from a state of indigence. The difference produces a corresponding physical change even in the body. The Germans are large, stout, and ruddy-looking men and women; the poorer French are spare, thin, sallow, and tanned, with their flesh adhering to their bones, and apparently dried to the consistency of parchment.

'One general trait appears to me strongly to characterise

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this region in a religious point of view. They are anxious to collect a great many people and preachers, and achieve, if the expression may be allowed, a great deal of religion at once, that they may lie by, and be exempt from its rules and duties until the regular recurrence of the period for replenishing the exhausted stock. Hence we witness the melancholy aspect of much appearance and seeming, frequent meetings, spasms, cries, fallings, faintings, and, what I imagine will be a new aspect of religious feeling to most of my readers, the religious laugh. Nothing is more common at these scenes than to see the more forward people on these occasions indulging in what seemed to me an idiotic and spasmodic laugh; and when I asked what it meant, I was told it was the holy laugh! Preposterous as the term may seem to my readers, the phrase "holy laugh" is so familiar to me, as no longer to excite surprise. But in these same regions, and among these same people, morals, genuine tenderness of heart, and capacity to be guided either by reason, persuasion, or the uniform dictates of the gospel, was an affecting desideratum.'

CUVIER, THE NATURALIST.

GEORGE CUVIER, the most eminent naturalist in modern times, was born August 23, 1769. The place of his nativity was the little town of Montbeliard, in Switzerland, formerly the capital of the district so called, and which, up till 1796, formed part of the German domain of the Duke of Würtemberg. His father was a distinguished officer in a Swiss corps in the pay of France, and who, after forty years' service, retired to his native town with a small pension and a military title of honour. He there espoused a young lady of good family, to whose admirable management and superintendence the future eminence, if not, indeed, the very existence, of George

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Cuvier, who was the second son, is mainly to be attributed. He was of an extremely delicate constitution, and, equally with the view of strengthening his body and enlightening his mind, she directed his attention to the beauties of outward nature. To the latest day of his life, Cuvier cherished, with the most lively fondness, every reminiscence of this excellent woman, and in his later years, when immersed in the toils of legislation and science, expressed the warmest gratitude to any one who brought him a bouquet of the flowers which his mother had more especially loved. Under her instructions alone, Cuvier was taught to read with facility when only four years of age. She also instructed him in sketching, while she fostered in every way the desire for solid information which he so early manifested, by procuring a supply of historical and scientific works, calculated to expand his youthful mind. When he became of age to learn Latin, she not only attended him to and from the school personally, but even undertook the superintendence of his daily lessons, and had the satisfaction of finding that he maintained a superiority over all his schoolfellows. When ten years old, Cuvier was removed to a higher school, called the Gymnase, where his progress attracted particular attention. He was singularly diligent and thoughtful, with a memory of uncommon retention. But the author who attracted all his regard in his leisure moments, was Buffon, the whole of whose plates, even at this early age, he faithfully copied and coloured, manifesting at the same time the most extraordinary aptitude for mastering the driest details of nomenclature. His acquisition of the dead languages, mathematics, and geography, was not less remarkable, and he pursued all these studies with an ardour that would seem incompatible with the indulgence of childish sports.

Cuvier was destined for the church, and from the poverty of his parents, became a candidate for admission to the free school of Tabingen. In this competition, he composed and delivered a poetical oration on the prosperity of the principality, which he is said to have recited with

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astonishing effect; but from the base treachery of his master in the Gymnase, he lost the just reward of his able composition. His merits, however, had now become so conspicuous as to attract the notice of Duke Charles, uncle of the king of Würtemberg, who, upon an interview with him, became so much interested in his welfare, that he sent him, upon his own—Duke Charles's—charges, to the *Académie Caroline* at Stuttgart, a seminary founded by the duke himself, and in which he took the deepest interest. This was in 1784, when Cuvier had entered his fifteenth year. His various talents, or rather his unbounded capacity, had now the means of expanding itself upon the wide range of studies afforded to its exercise. The pupils were instructed in almost every branch of knowledge, but more particularly those connected with civil polity; and many of them became in after-years the ministers not only of the various courts of Germany, but even of Russia and other states. Cuvier was inferior to none in the ready acquisition of every subject of study; but amidst all his occupations, that of natural history was pursued with an ardour that increased in proportion to the means of self-instruction which he possessed. He read Linnæus, Reinhart, and all the other best authors; inspected all the museums within his reach; collected specimens; and drew and coloured insects, birds, and plants, in his hours of recreation. Even then, he began to perceive the great advantages which the study of entomology—anatomy of insects—would lend to his future investigations, while its prosecution led to the acquisition of habits of minute observation.

Cuvier had been only four years at Stuttgart—during which time, however, he had won many marks of distinction—amongst others, the order of *Chevalerie*, which was only granted to five or six of the pupils out of 400—when the disturbed condition of France and Germany, occasioning the departure of his patron, and the discontinuance of his father's pension, obliged him to leave that seminary: and he took what appeared to his companions to be the desperate resolution of becoming tutor in a

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private family—that of Count d'Héricy, a Protestant nobleman—with whom he removed to Caen, in Normandy, in July 1788. Change of residence, society, and circumstances, however, could not for a moment damp the persevering assiduity of Cuvier, and the transition from an inland to a maritime situation only contributed to direct his active mind into new channels of study and investigation. He here began to study the anatomy of fishes, compare fossil with recent species, and from their dissection was conducted to the development of his great views on the whole of the animal kingdom, by which he subsequently read the physical history of creation through all its phases, as in a book. Whilst engaged in making records of his observations simply for his own guidance and use, he was unwittingly rectifying the mistakes and oversights of all preceding and contemporary naturalists.

Nearly six years passed over Cuvier's head thus usefully and tranquilly employed, whilst France was undergoing the dreadful ordeal of the Revolution. But its impulse at last reached his retreat. A society or union, like those which were organised by the populace throughout every other part of the empire, and which armed the inhabitants against themselves, was about to be established at the neighbouring town of Fécamp, when Cuvier, who perceived the impending danger, prevailed on his employer and the neighbouring landholders to anticipate its formation by constituting the society themselves. Of this body, Cuvier was appointed secretary, and the members, instead of discussing sanguinary affairs at their meetings, devoted their attention solely to the consideration of agriculture. At one of these meetings, a speech was delivered by a venerable-looking individual, who resided in the neighbourhood under the character of a surgeon. Cuvier, however, although he had never seen him before, quickly recognised in the speaker the author of certain valuable articles on agriculture in the *Encyclopédie Méthodique*, and approaching him after the sitting was finished, he addressed him as the Abbé Tessier. The old man was at first much

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alarmed, for he had fled from Paris, and concealed himself under his present disguise, to avoid the common doom of all who then bore the hated name of abbé; but Cuvier soon quieted his fears, and they became thenceforward the most intimate friends. Tessier perceived at once the extraordinary talents and acquirements of his new acquaintance. 'At the sight of this young man,' he wrote to his friend Jussieu, 'I felt the same delight as the philosopher who, when cast upon an unknown shore, there saw traces of geometrical figures. M. Cuvier is a violet which was concealed among common herbs. He has great acquirements; he draws plates for your work, and I have urged on him to give botanical lectures this summer. He has consented to do so, and I congratulate the students on the fact, for he demonstrates with great method and clearness. I doubt if there is to be found a better comparative anatomist; he is indeed a pearl worth the picking up. I contributed to draw M. Delambre from his retreat; do you now help me to draw M. Cuvier from his, for he is made for science and the world.' The immediate result of these warm recommendations, was the transmission of some of Cuvier's papers to Paris, where their great value was properly appreciated; and in a few months afterwards he was appointed colleague of M. Mertreid in the newly-created chair of comparative anatomy at Paris, whither he removed, being then only twenty-six years of age.

Cuvier's first thoughts, on finding himself placed in a respectable and permanent situation, were for his distressed relatives. His mother was then dead, but he invited his father and brother to come and live with him; and after seeing them comfortably settled, he applied himself to his favourite studies with a zeal that nothing could repress. He was everywhere heard with delight and conviction, for he had already, before coming to Paris, adopted those extensive views, and arrived at those profound and sagacious conclusions, which guided his investigations into physical nature, and shook to their base all the then existing systems of Linnæus and other

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naturalists. Besides his public lectures and private pursuits, he published during the first year of his residence at Paris, more than half-a-dozen treatises on various subjects of natural history, in which the most expanded views were combined with evidence of the minutest accuracy and arrangement. He especially impressed on his pupils the importance of entomological study. A young medical student came to him upon a certain occasion, full of a discovery he supposed himself to have made in dissecting a human body. Cuvier immediately asked him, if he was an entomologist; to which the other replied in the negative. 'Go, then, and anatomise an insect,' said Cuvier, 'and then reconsider the discovery you have made.' The young man did so, and returned to Cuvier to confess his error. 'Now,' said Cuvier, 'you see the value of my touchstone.' His discovery of the red blood of the leech, and the other animals which he grouped in the class *Annelides*, was made in 1796; and in 1797 he read his celebrated memoir on the nutrition of insects, in which he shewed the manner in which respiration was carried on by tracheæ, and how the nutritious fluid diffused itself over the whole internal surface of the body, so as to be everywhere absorbed.

The period of Cuvier's removal to Paris was fortunately that when the arts and sciences and social order were beginning to be re-established after the convulsions of the Revolution. The National Institute, one of the noblest societies of Europe, was founded in 1796; Cuvier was one of its original members, and for more than thirty years maintained the most distinguished rank amongst them. His appointment in the Jardin des Plantes had now fixed him in the midst of those objects to which his life would have been devoted by inclination; and from the day of his appointment to the day of his death, his labours were devoted to forming and completing the collections of which it can now boast, and which, in every respect, may almost be pronounced unrivalled. The intensity of his devotion to this occupation was strongly manifested upon

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a remarkable occasion in the year 1798. Bonaparte was then preparing for his expedition to Egypt, and deputed M. Berthollet to select some scientific men to accompany the armament. Berthollet particularly recommended Cuvier, who accordingly received a notification of his appointment; but, undazzled by the flattering nature of the proposal, and the prospects it held out of advancing his private interests, by bringing him into frequent and personal communication with Napoleon, he had the firmness to decline the honour, saying that he was conscious he could much more advance the science of natural history by the steady prosecution of it at the Jardin des Plantes, than by any casual study of it elsewhere. And well did he prove the sincerity of his motives. Soon afterwards, he published his *Tableau Elémentaire*, consisting of 710 octavo pages, which was only a precursor to his great work, *Règne Animal*, or the *Animal Kingdom*, in which he adopted Daubenton's two grand divisions of vertebrate and invertebrate animals: dividing each into four great classes, and subdividing them into orders, genera, and species. Cuvier also produced at the samo time his first *Memoir on Fossil Bones*, being an essay on the fossil bones of the larger quadrupeds, particularly those of the elephant, the mastodon, the hippopotamus, the rhinoceros, &c. A view of the specimens he collected, first opened to the gaze of foreigners after the peace of 1814, could alone enable any one to form a proper estimate of the labours of Cuvier. These collections, when inspected, broke up the slumber of many old institutions, caused renewed investigation into neglected specimens in other countries, and spread an active love for the pursuit of natural history through all ranks of the people. And be it observed, that when Cuvier first began this anatomical collection, his materials consisted but of a few skeletons tied together like so many fagots, and put away in the lumber-room of the college.

Circumstances by degrees contributed to the success of Cuvier's labours. Wherever French armies marched, it was their pride to collect whatever might enrich the

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increasing collections at Paris; and under the directions of Cuvier, the numerous contributions thus received were arranged according to the system which his eloquent lectures explained. By labours which knew little intermission, and with the help of these daily increasing stores, he was enabled to lay the foundations of comparative anatomy, to make the discovery of ancient zoology, and to introduce a reform throughout the whole series of the animal kingdom. The death of M. Daubenton, in 1799, opened the way for the succession of Cuvier as professor at the Collége de France; and he thus discharged the double duty of teaching natural philosophy at that latter institution, and lecturing on comparative anatomy at the Jardin des Plantes. It is painful to state, that his pecuniary remuneration for this great labour was neither commensurate in amount nor regular in its payment.

In 1800, Cuvier commenced his celebrated *Lectures on Comparative Anatomy*, which were completed in five years. They were delivered from notes, and with a persuasive eloquence perfectly unrivalled. His skill in delineating forms was so great, and the rapidity and exactness with which he produced them so extraordinary, that it seemed to his pupils as if he rather created living objects than inanimate representations. He did not consider the whole organic structure of each animal separately and at once, but examined an individual organ through the whole series of animals in succession. It was by this method that he was ultimately led to the revealment of an order of facts illustrative of the theory of the earth. It was by the combination of mineralogical observation, and the sciences relating to organic structures, that the successive eras of the earth were made apparent.

To his researches into fossil remains, Cuvier ever attached the utmost importance. His writings on these and other subjects are indeed so numerous, that it is impossible for us even to attempt a list of them. His labours increased with his years, in magnitude and diversity, but only to shew the extent of his capacity.

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After Bonaparte's return from Egypt, and being declared First Consul, Cuvier was elected secretary to the class of physical and mathematical sciences, of which Bonaparte was president. The latter soon perceived the value and variety of Cuvier's talents, and selected him as one of the six general inspectors appointed in 1802 for the purpose of establishing a lyceum school in each of thirty cities of France. While absent on this duty, Napoleon made the secretaryship of the class of physical and mathematical sciences perpetual, with a salary of 6000 francs.

In 1803, Cuvier married Madame Duvancel, the widow of a *fermier-général*, who was guillotined in 1794, and who brought four young children home with her. Madame Cuvier appears to have been an admirable woman, and to have proved an invaluable blessing to her husband. She bore him four children, all of whom, as well as his step-children, were successively taken from him, excepting one of the latter. In 1808, Cuvier was appointed one of the councillors, for life, of the New Imperial University; and Bonaparte (now Emperor) about the same time employed him to write a history of the progress of the human mind from the year 1789. Of this work, to which Cuvier applied himself with his usual ardour, Baron Pasquier says: 'We were present when it was read to the Emperor in the Council of State, and such scenes are never effaced from the memory. Napoleon had asked merely a report, and under that unassuming title, the skilful reporter had raised a monument, which stands like a Pharos between two ages, shewing at once the road that had been traversed, and that which still ought to be pursued.' His situation as university councillor brought him frequently into the Emperor's presence, to discuss affairs of administration. During the years 1809 and 1810, he was appointed to organise the academies of the Italian States. In 1811, he was employed to form academies in Holland and the Hanseatic towns. Upon these duties he entered with all the enthusiasm of his benevolent mind, and no employment could have been more delightful.

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Napoleon was so much pleased with the manner in which he discharged his task, that he conferred on him the title of Chevalier, and also named him in 1813, *maître des requêtes* in the Council of State. During these various tours, Cuvier prosecuted his study of natural history unremittingly.

The extraordinary talents of Cuvier, blended as they were with so much dignity of character and so much experience, were indispensable to France under all the successive changes of government which happened during his lifetime. The Consulate, the Imperial Government, the Restoration, the Monarchy of July, did but anew direct public attention to the civil services of a man whose attainments and whose sagacity were for all time. He was the favoured, admired, esteemed, of all parties, and yet independent. Undistracted by all the changes that befell his country, he was ever occupied with her best interests, and endeavouring to diffuse that mental and moral preparation, without which he well knew the political rights she so urgently sought would prove the reverse of blessings. After the restoration, Louis XVIII. bestowed on him the dignity of councillor of state, and he was thus called on to take a considerable share in the internal administration of his country, as president of the committee of the interior, an office which involved him in endless details of business. In 1818, he visited England for six weeks, and during his absence from Paris, had the distinguished honour of being created one of the forty of the Académie Française. In 1819, he was named grand-master of the university, and in the same year was created a baron. In 1826, Charles X. bestowed on him the decoration of grand-officer of the legion of honour; and his old sovereign, the king of Würtemberg, about the same time made him commander of the order of the Crown. During the same year, he lost the favour of the court by steadily refusing the appointment of censor of the press; but he incurred a much heavier dispensation in the loss of his only remaining child, Clementine, a beautiful young woman on the eve of

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marriage. In 1830, he again visited England, along with his step-daughter, Mademoiselle Duvancel, and they happened to be in London during the revolution of the barricades. On his return to Paris, Cuvier was most graciously received by Louis-Philippe, by whom he was, in 1832, created a peer of France. But he lived not long to enjoy his dignity. On the 9th of May he was attacked by partial paralysis in his arms, and aware in what it was to terminate, made his will, and arranged some important matters with the most perfect calmness. On the 11th, his legs were paralysed; but so powerful was the love of science within him, that he sought to illustrate a paper which he had previously read in the Institute by reference to his own case, saying: 'It is the nerves of the will that are affected'—alluding to the distinction between the nerves of the will and those of sensibility, and the discoveries of Sir Charles Bell and Scarpa. To M. Pasquier, who saw him on the 12th, he remarked: 'I had great things still to do. All was ready in my head. After thirty years of labour and research, these remained but to write, and now the hands fail and carry with them the head.' On the 13th, after vainly trying to swallow a mouthful of lemonade, he gave the draught to his step-daughter to drink, saying it was delightful to see those he loved still able to swallow; after which affectionate remark, he calmly expired.

Cuvier was an uncommonly fine-looking man, both in person and features, his countenance being indicative of that talent and intelligence by which he was distinguished. His manner was noble and dignified; he was kind and conciliatory to all; and his charity and benevolence were unbounded. His application was prodigious. He was never without occupation, and his only relaxation was in the change of his objects of business or study. Amid his multifarious occupations out of his house, if he had only a quarter of an hour to spare before dinner on his return, he availed himself of it to resume some composition, interrupted since the night before, on some scientific subject. During his drives through the city, he read and

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even wrote in his carriage, having a desk fitted up in it for that purpose. He dined betwixt six and seven, after which, if he did not go out, he immediately retired to his study, where he continued till ten or eleven. His extreme facility for study, and of directing all the powers of his mind to diverse occupations of study, from one quarter of an hour to another, was one of the most extraordinary qualities of his mind; and we will conclude our notice of this great man by observing, that the habit he had acquired of never being idle, of being undisturbed by interruptions, and of returning to unfinished labours as if no such interruptions had occurred, was shewn in his instance to be so valuable, that if it is to be acquired by those who do not naturally possess it, it merits the strongest efforts of the mind for its attainment.

SIR MICHAEL SCOTT.

LIKE Thomas the Rhymer, of whom we lately presented a brief memoir,* Sir Michael Scott is the hero of numberless traditionary anecdotes, which continue to this day to be related in all parts of Scotland, from the border to the remotest of the sea-encircled Hebrides. He is also an eminent personage in the national history, partly on account of his political services, and partly on account of his learning, of which he possessed no small share. We shall here present both the traditionary and the historical accounts of this noted gentleman, so that the reader may have an opportunity of comparing the one with the other, and thus observing the strange liberties which ignorance in the first place, and finally popular report, are apt to take, through a series of unenlightened ages, with those whose pursuits are at once above the comprehension of the public mind, and patent to its observation.

* Vol. iii., p. 36.

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TRADITIONARY ACCOUNT.

Michael Scott was a great wizard, who lived long ago, and was the Laird of Balwearie, in Fife, and also of Aikwood Castle, in Ettrick. He studied the black art for seven years at Oxford, and at last became so great a proficient, that there was hardly anything which he could not do. He had always a set of brownies attending upon him, who used to torment him for work; and many are the wonderful things which these creatures did at his bidding. There is a deep road between Raith and Kirkcaldy, in Fife, which the brownies hollowed out in one night for him; and near Dolphinton, in Lanarkshire, there is a cut in a hilly ridge, through which the Edinburgh road passes, such as no mortal power could have attempted long ago, but which Michael's brownies made in the same way, carrying away the earth to a little distance, where they riddled it all most carefully into the exact shape of a sugar-loaf, not leaving a stone in it so big as a pigeon's egg.* There was one of his servants that gave him a great deal of trouble, constantly calling upon him for something to do. He first set him to build a *cauld* [dam-head] across the Tweed at Kelso, which was only work to him for one night. Michael then ordered him to cleave the Eildon Hill in three, and this was also done in a single night.† The distressed enchanter at last put him to twisting ropes out of sea-sand, which fairly settled him. The brownie is still in vain attempting to accomplish this work, as you may see at the going back of every tide.

Michael was chosen to go as ambassador to the king of

* The works here alluded to are of so extraordinary a kind, that to any one who sees them, it cannot appear wonderful that the common people should ascribe them to the agency of necromancy. The conical hill, in particular, if a primordial work of nature, is certainly one of a most uncommon character.

† This, it must be owned, is wofully at variance with history; for the triple top of this hill attracted the attention of the Romans a thousand years before the days of the wizard, and was described by them under the title of *Trimontium*. One of its tops also bears a camp of the Romans.

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France, to remonstrate against some piracies which his ships had committed upon mariners belonging to Scotland. Instead of preparing an equipage and retinue, the wise Laird of Balwearie retired to his closet, opened his book of magic, and called up a black horse, which was nothing more nor less than the Evil One himself. Having got upon his back, he set out for France, and was flying very much at his ease through the air, when the devil asked him what it was that the old women of Scotland muttered at bedtime. A less experienced wizard might have answered, that it was the Paternoster; but Michael was too cunning to do that, knowing that it would have enabled the diabolic steed to throw him from his back into the sea. So he evaded the question, and soon after arrived at the palace of the king of France, which he boldly entered, leaving his horse at the gate. When the king saw that he had no retinue, he turned away with scorn, and would not so much as hear his message. Michael, however, requested him to wait till he should see his horse stamp three times. The first stamp shook every steeple in Paris, and caused all the bells to ring; the second threw down three of the towers of the palace; and the terrible courser had lifted his hoof to give the third stamp, when the king rather chose to dismiss the ambassador with ample concessions, than stand to the probable consequences.

Michael one day became very hungry in travelling, and passing a house where he smelt newly-baken scones, he desired his man John to go and request one of them from the goodwife. She refused this small favour, on the plea that she had no more than enough to satisfy the reapers for whom she had been baking them. Michael then gave the man his bonnet, desiring him to take it into the house, and lay it down upon the floor. When this was done, the bonnet became suddenly inflated, and began to run round the fire with great speed, pursued by the goodwife, who continually cried:

'Maister Michael Scott's man
Came seeking meat, and gat nane;
So round about the fire I rin,
With mazled legs and birsled skin.'

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By and by, the goodman and his shearers came home from the field for their dinner, and becoming liable to the same enchantment, joined in the dance, and also in the cry, so that it was like a house of bedlamites. At last, when he thought he had punished the wife sufficiently for her want of hospitality, he took up his bonnet, and relieved them, but not till they were all like to drop down with fatigue.

Notwithstanding all the power which Michael enjoyed through his art, his books, and his ministering spirits, he was at last outwitted by a woman, who, having wiled him into a confession that he could defy everything except broth made from the flesh of a *breme* sow, gave him a mess of that kind, of which he died, but not before he had put to death his treacherous confidante. There are different accounts as to the place of his burial, some saying that it was at Holm Cultram, in Cumberland, and others at Melrose Abbey. There are also different accounts of the fate of his magical books, which some allege to have been interred in his grave, while others represent them as existing at no remote time, but defying all attempts to read them through. The doggrel poet, Scott of Satchells, who wrote in the seventeenth century, says that, in 1629, happening to be at Burgh, near Bowness, in Cumberland, he was shewn a volume which was said by the person possessing it to be the works of Michael Scott.

'He said the book which he gave me,
Was of Sir Michael Scott's historie;
Which historie was never yet read through,
Nor never will, for no man dare it do.
Young scholars have picked out something
From the contents, but dare not read within.
He carried me along the castle then,
And shewed his written book hanging on an iron pin.
His writing pen did seem to be
Of hardened metal, like steel, or accumie;
The volume of it did seem so large to me,
As the Book of Martyrs and Turk's Historie.
Then in the church he let me see
A stone where Mr Michael Scott did lie.
He shewed me none durst bury under that stone,
More than he had been dead a few years agone;
For Mr Michael's name does terrify each one.'

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The name of the wizard was transmitted to a progeny, who long after possessed the estate of Balwearie, and in one instance at least was supposed to retain also some portion of the magical power of their great ancestor. It is said that King James VI. once paid a visit to Sir James Scott of Balwearie, and that, after he had entered the court-yard of the castle, the jocular baron called out hastily to shut the gates, by way of giving the king a fright. James, recollecting the Raid of Ruthven and similar circumstances in his early days, did not relish such jests, and, calling out treason, ordered his host into custody. Sir James was confined in Edinburgh Castle, in anticipation of a very rigorous and probably fatal trial, when his daughter, Dame Janet, appeared in the guise of a dancing maiden before the monarch at Holyrood House, and was allowed, at her humble request, to perform a measure in his presence. She danced with such exquisite grace, that the delighted king cried out: 'A boon, a boon!' by which it was implied that she might ask anything she pleased, with the certainty of its being granted. The young gentlewoman then announced herself as Dame Janet Scott of Balwearie, and begged her father's liberty and life. This so much mortified James, that he vowed he would not accede to the request till she had gone through a dance with a full glass of wine placed on her head, of which not one drop should be spilled. To the astonishment of the court, she performed this feat; after which the king could present no further obstacle to her wish. He did not fail, however, to remember her descent from *Auld Michael*, and thus to account for the singular dexterity which she had displayed. He even seemed to retain a kind of grudge against the Dancing Dochter of Balwearie, as he designated her; and accordingly, on learning some years after that his trusty counsellor and friend, Boswell of Balmuto, was about to unite himself to her in marriage, he wrote the following highly characteristic letter:—'Ah, Johnnie, Johnnie, your weel days are dune, gif ye marry the Dancing Dochter o' Balwearie.' She proved, nevertheless, a good wife; but the country

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people have still a notion that she verified the royal prediction, by causing large portions of her husband's estate to be detached for the benefit of her younger sons, and thus impairing the consequence of the principal house.

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT.

Michael Scott was born about the year 1214. The precise locality of his birthplace is unknown, although that honour has been awarded to Balwearie, in Fife, but on insufficient authority. Neither is there anything known of his parents, nor of their rank in life; but, judging of the education he received, one of the most liberal and expensive of the times, it may be presumed that they were of some note.

Scott early betook himself to the study of the sciences; but soon exhausting all the information which his native country afforded in those unlettered times, he repaired to the university of Oxford, then enjoying a very high reputation, and devoted himself, with great eagerness and assiduity, to philosophical pursuits, particularly astronomy and chemistry; in both of which, and in the acquisition of the Latin and Arabic languages, he attained a singular proficiency. At this period astronomy, if it did not assume entirely the shape of judicial astrology, was yet largely and intimately blended with that fantastic but not unimpressive science; and chemistry was similarly affected by the not less absurd and illusive mysteries of alchemy: and hence arose the imaginary skill and real reputation of Scott as a wizard, or foreteller of events; as in proportion to his knowledge of the true sciences, was his imputed acquaintance with the false.

On completing his studies at Oxford, he repaired, agreeably to the practice of the times, to the university of Paris. Here he applied himself with such diligence and success to the study of mathematics, that he acquired the academic surname of Michael the Mathematician; but neither his attention nor reputation was confined to this science alone. He made equal progress, and attained

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equal distinction, in sacred letters and divinity; his acquirements in the latter studies being acknowledged, by his having the degree of doctor in theology conferred upon him.

While in Paris, he resumed, in the midst of his other academical avocations, the study of that science on which his popular fame now rests—namely, judicial astrology—and devoted also a further portion of his time to chemistry and medicine. Having possessed himself of all that he could acquire in his particular pursuits in the French capital, he determined to continue his travels, with the view at once of instructing and of being instructed. In the execution of this project, he visited several foreign countries and learned universities; and amongst the latter, that of the celebrated college at Padua, where he eminently distinguished himself by his essays on judicial astrology. From this period, his fame gradually spread abroad; and the reverence with which his name now began to be associated, was not a little increased by his predictions, which he, for the first time, now began to publish, and which were as firmly believed in, and contemplated with as much awe in Italy, where they were first promulgated, as they were ever at any after period in Scotland.

From Italy he proceeded to Spain, taking up his residence in Toledo, whose university was celebrated for its cultivation of the occult sciences. Here, besides taking an active part, and making a conspicuous figure in the discussions on these sciences, he began and concluded a translation from the Arabic into Latin, of Aristotle's nineteen books on the *History of Animals*. This work procured him the notice, and subsequently the patronage, of Frederick II., who invited him to his court, and bestowed on him the office of royal astrologer. While filling this situation, he translated, at the emperor's desire, the greater part of the works of Aristotle. He wrote also, at the royal request, an original work, entitled *Liber Introductorius sive Indicia Quæstionum*, for the use of young students; and a treatise on physiognomy,

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entitled *Physiognomia et de Hominis Procreatione*; besides several other works, of which one was on the *Opinions of Astrologers*.

After a residence of some years at the court of Frederick, Michael resigned his situation, and betook himself to the study of medicine as a profession, and soon acquired great reputation in this art. Before parting with the emperor, with whom he seems to have lived on a more intimate and familiar footing than the haughty and warlike disposition of that prince might have been expected to permit, he predicted to him the time, place, and manner of his death; and the prophecy is said to have been exactly fulfilled in every particular. After a residence of some years in Germany, he came over to England, with the view of returning to his native country. On his arrival in the latter kingdom, he was kindly received and patronised by Edward I.; and after being retained for some time at his court, was permitted to pass to Scotland, where he arrived shortly after the death of Alexander III. That event rendering it necessary to send ambassadors to Norway, to bring over the young queen, Margaret, or, as she is more poetically called, the Maid of Norway, grand-daughter of the deceased monarch, Michael Scott, now styled Sir Michael, although we have no account either of the time or occasion of his being elevated to this dignity, was appointed, with Sir David Weems, to proceed on this important mission—a proof that his reputation as a wizard had not affected his moral respectability. With this last circumstance, the veritable history of Sir Michael terminates; for his name does not again appear in connection with any public event, nor is there anything known of his subsequent life. He died in the year 1292, at an advanced age.

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THE MAN WHO COULD NOT SAY—NO!

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

ONE of the most striking instances of a great and virtuous mind struggling heroically with adversity, which ever came under our observation, was exemplified in the conduct of a once wealthy merchant, whose misfortunes are still held in remembrance in the south of England. Mr Jonathan Travis, to whom we here allude, had realised a competent fortune in trade in the town of Bridport, and after years of honourable exertion, he retired from the busy scenes of life to a neat and ornamental villa in one of the most pleasing parts of Hampshire. Mr Travis carried with him to this retreat a character more than ordinarily free from stain. By those who knew him, he was often styled 'Honest Jonathan Travis,' a designation which followed him to that part of the country where he took up his residence, and where he soon acquired weight and consideration among his neighbours.

Here, at Honniton Hall, in steady observance of all that society required of him, and attention to all that was due to himself, he appeared to glide amid enjoyments that he appreciated with thankfulness: above all, he was blessed with a wife whose every thought concentrated in the endeavour to render his home a scene that communicated gladness to his heart. Two children had quitted their parents' arms for the tomb, which told the sad bereavement; and though grief had passed heavily over the feelings of Mr and Mrs Travis, their equanimity was restored, and they passed their days in interchanges of kind offices with their friends, and of satisfaction with the world. Jonathan felt a pleasure in rendering services to another, and he was accustomed to say, 'that if there exist an individual who has not made another grateful, let him hasten to produce such an effect; for he may be assured of a succession of pleasing associations, heightened

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by an approving conscience, which the wisest have described as the path of peace.' But in the exercise of this benevolence, Mr Travis, most unfortunately for himself, forgot that there was a possibility of being overreached, and of having to suffer the stings of ingratitude. This he was doomed to feel in the most aggravated manner. He had already, in his course through life, occasionally suffered small losses by the facility of his disposition—by his inability to withstand those who approached him with the view of preying on his good nature. The time at length came, when, not warned by those trifling injuries, he was to deliver himself up, bound a willing sacrifice to miscalled friendship.

One day, a friend, Mr Edward Crompton, a young gentleman with whom he had been some years acquainted, called upon him to make him a confidant of a circumstance which had occurred, and to beg his assistance. Crompton was the only son of one of the earliest acquaintances of Mr Travis, now deceased, and had been brought up as a clerk in a respectable banking-house in Bristol. In this situation he had conducted himself with so much exactness, that, on the death of the cashier, he was informed by the partners of the house that he might assume that superior office, provided he, as is usual in such cases, gave security for his intromissions to the extent of L.20,000. Delighted as Crompton was with this agreeable prospect held out to him, he felt considerably at a loss with respect to the matter of the security, till he bethought himself of applying to the old friend of his father, and one by whom he was also well known, Mr Jonathan Travis. On making this state of his affairs known to the object of his visit, Mr Travis for a moment felt stunned with the proposition, but his wonted benevolence of disposition immediately rallied, and he listened with too willing an ear to the demand which was made upon him. Crompton modestly urged the length of time his family had been known to him, his character for steadiness and unimpeachable integrity, his anxiety to rise by honourable exertion in the world, and the dependence that might be placed upon

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him. The sum he represented as of no consequence, even were it trebled, since he would never hear anything of it; while by such a trifling circumstance as adding his signature to the deed, an everlasting obligation would be conferred.

It is a matter of deep regret, that at this point of the conference Mr Travis did not at once say in a polite but decided manner, that he could not think of entering into so very serious an engagement. But he was a man who could not say—No! He subscribed the document presented to him, giving it a value that equalled the extent of his fortune. Yet his visitor had no sooner departed, than he began to be alarmed at the step he had just taken. He could not banish his act of imprudence from his mind. The consciousness of having committed himself so deeply, without the concurrence of his wife, and without any security against mischance, intruded on his busy hours, and usurped those which ought to have been devoted to repose; the transaction ever presenting its most fearful consequences to his mind. These consequences were not long in being felt. It appears that young Crompton was not originally depraved in disposition. His only failing seemed to be a love of gaiety and dress, inconsistent, as one would suppose, with the monotony of his occupations. This failing, however, was hardly developed while he filled an inferior situation; it was only when he was promoted that he began to indulge in expensive amusements, and a splendid style of living, altogether unwarranted by the amount of his income or his status in society. As no fault could be found with his conduct professionally, of course the partners of the firm had nothing to say to his mode of living, which they indeed, by a somewhat culpable negligence, scarcely took the pains to inquire into. Things went on in this manner for a period of about eighteen months, when a painful catastrophe occurred. It was discovered that Mr Edward Crompton had eloped to America, after robbing his employers to a very large amount, more, it was said, than the value of his bond of security. He had foreseen that

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his peculations to support his extravagance could not be much longer concealed, and he therefore determined on making his escape with as large a sum as he could skilfully manage to secrete. Let us turn from this dreadful picture of depravity to the unfortunate man who was involved in irretrievable ruin by the villainy which had been perpetrated.

Mr Travis now saw his worst fears realised: the fitful dream of life and its wakeful vicissitudes presented a chaos of sufferings to his agitated mind. It is astonishing how easily a man may ruin himself: no earthquake or other convulsion of nature takes place when the negotiation of utter beggary is accomplished. In this well-regulated realm, the law, through the medium of a few mean officials, noiselessly and deliberately strips the victim of all he possesses. One day, he is rolling in wealth, and the world bows down before him; the next, he is penniless, and stands a bare miserable animal, almost craving a mouthful of food for his subsistence. How many unhappy individuals have brought themselves and their families into this deplorable predicament, by not having had the moral courage to say—No!

On the present occasion, the acquaintances of Mr Travis stood aloof. But what can any one do for another under such circumstances? Society is cemented on the principle, that every one must take care of himself. His friends, we say, stood aloof: the busy world looked on: all could yield commiseration, but none could afford relief; because a man who could be so totally regardless of his property should, as every one acknowledged, take the consequences, be what they may. Jonathan Travis at once bared his bosom to the storm; surrendered all to meet the heavy claims upon him; witnessed valuables pass into the possession of others by public sale; and, when denuded of all, retreated in poverty from a home he had created by his industry. The effect on the feelings and health of Mrs Travis was disastrous; no skill in medicine, nor soothings of affection, nor representation of brighter prospects, availed the least. The wound was too deep; a

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settled despondency usurped her faculties; she listened to all that sincerity could impart, or that affection could suggest; but she could not struggle with despair. She never reproached her husband, even by a look, and in the prime of life sank rapidly into the grave. This was the most wretched period of Mr Travis's existence; the firmness of his nerve seemed to give way on this greatest of all deprivations, and he tottered on the brink of that eternity to which the partner of his bosom had departed. Yet, heavily as this blow was felt, he rallied: it neither crushed his hope nor shook his rectitude. He looked sternly on the ravages of untoward events. Even in the thought of loneliness through life, he found some consolation in the idea, that Mrs Travis's tenderness could not endure severities to which her amiability would have been exposed. He looked around him in the midst of desolation, and, firm in his integrity, applied his mind to procure means of existence. Dependence on the exertions of others he spurned with indignation. He discovered how little was necessary to sustain life; why should he be miserable? He saw the sun rise gloriously as heretofore, the day pass shining on, bright as usual, and succeeded by an evening tranquil as ever; then why should he be wretched? He shrunk from the gaze of no one—he walked firmly past those who held poverty in abhorrence—in honest occupation he knew there were resources sufficient to enable him to preserve his character from reproach, and with this nobility of sentiment he sought employment.

The calmness which the intrepid Travis displayed under his accumulated misfortunes, was by some persons stigmatised as apathy, or the result of excessive pride. They accused him of vanity in exposing his property to those who courted his society in the day of prosperity, and he was now contemptuously called the Philosopher. Nevertheless, there were others who considered him to exhibit a rare example of fortitude, and a degree of heroism approaching to the sublime; yet such was the general effect of his conduct, that worldly-minded persons

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with whom he used to transact business, avoided him—those he had been accustomed to oblige, lost all remembrance of him; and by the vulgar mass he was denominated a madman, since no consideration could induce him to forego his dignity of manner, or even apparent cheerful resignation; and they expressed astonishment that he could entertain pity, or speak with tenderness of others, whose misfortunes were trifling compared with his own.

Baffled in the attempt to procure employment such as his previous course of life in some measure capacitated him to undertake, and finding on all sides that the aged veteran has little chance of an engagement when his competitors are the youthful aspirants of fortune, he addressed himself to the Next Best, without any depression of his wonted spirit, or allowing himself to sink in his own esteem. For some time he toiled as a labourer at a building erecting in an adjoining county. In this humble occupation he enjoyed his frugal fare with thankfulness. He had no lingering desire for what was now beyond his reach, nor any thought mingled with regret, save for one loss which he could not teach his bosom to forget. He welcomed the sun that taught him when to rise, and hailed the peaceful eve that hushed him to repose. He experienced that there were joys in life, whatever station a man may fill, and felt the full value of content. This course of humble toil he pursued with satisfaction to his employer, till by some neglect in the construction of a scaffold, it gave way, and by the fall poor Travis's hip-joint was dislocated, which incapacitated him for further exertion. One would think that this crushed worm would never more have looked upon the world with complacency. But the mind of the maimed and crippled Travis soared only the higher in consequence of this distressing calamity. He was recommended to retire to the alms-house, there to end his days in peace. He, however, declared that he could not think of stooping to live on public charity so long as he was able to move about, even although compelled to use a crutch to assist his steps.

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We have now to describe the means which he adopted to glean a scanty subsistence. After recovering, and becoming able to leave his bed, he directed his attention to the cutting and selling of flints. From the choicest lumps of flint—a material he had no difficulty in procuring from the chalky cliffs of that part of the country in which he moved—he hewed those pieces best suited to the gun and the tinder-box. With these slung in a basket over his arm, he hobbled over the district, often finding customers among those who recognised him, and who looked on him with mingled sentiments of awe and compassion. Nothing, we have been assured, but kindness, could move the rock of integrity on which his heart was placed. Firm as the flint he chipped, he could bear adversity unmoved; but if the touch of compassion approached him, he was instantly subdued—his big heart swelled, and the warm tear rolled down his weather-beaten cheek. For some years he continued to follow the humble but honest occupation we have mentioned; his misfortunes and his heroism in adversity becoming more and more the theme of comment the longer that he traversed the country.

Were this relation a fiction, care would be taken to record the capture of Crompton in a distant country, and his abandonment of at least a portion of that spoil of which he had inhumanly robbed his too facile victim, with the subsequent restoration of Travis to a state of prosperity and comfort. But this is not a fiction: it is the recital of a simple and melancholy truth; and however painful to our feelings, we have to relate in conclusion, that Crompton, being beyond the reach of British law, was never captured, but was, on the contrary, left in perfect enjoyment of his ill-gotten gains, and, unless lately gone to his account, still lives in affluence in one of the cities of the North American states. As for poor Travis—the once wealthy and honoured Travis—he continued till the day of his death to wander with his little basket of flints over the counties of Sussex, Hants, and Dorset, whose inhabitants have, till the

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present hour, a lively recollection of his appearance and character.

Worn out in bodily frame, though unimpaired in moral energy, he at length sank beneath the horizon of mortal existence. Early one morning in the latter end of autumn, when the chill of approaching winter had already tinted the leaves of the forest with yellow and russet brown, a band of reapers going forth to their daily labour, lighted upon the remains of the wayworn Travis. His once portly but now shrunken form lay in the sleep of death, beneath one of the stooks of the harvest-field. On one side lay his basket of flints, on the other, the crutch with which he used to support his weakened frame; the body was already stiffened by the cold humidity of the atmosphere; and the thin grisly locks, which protruded from below their decayed covering, were dripping with the clear dew of the night. Everything betokened that the soul had for some hours taken its flight. The aged head of the deceased reclined upon an outstretched arm, leaving his countenance exposed, and exhibiting in its lineaments the serenity of a being at peace with itself, and with the world which it had left.

THE BURNING OF FRENDRAUGHT.

THERE are now no remains of the ancient castle of Frendraught, in Aberdeenshire, where, upwards of two centuries ago, occurred one of the most mournful tragedies that chequer what may be called the domestic history of our country. At the time alluded to, the social condition of the lowland parts of Aberdeenshire and Moray occupied a place between the civilisation, such as it was, of the southern parts of Scotland, and the clan system of the Highlands. Remote from the seat of law, untouched by that religious spirit which for some time had been gradually working improvement in the south and west,

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and still under the full influence of feudal usages, the people of this district may be said to have borne fully as great an affinity to their Celtic neighbours as to the other inhabitants of Scotland. Each proprietor of note occupied his castle, and occasionally led out his retainers upon military expeditions offensive or defensive. A large proportion of this class were Gordons, who looked up to the Marquis of Huntly as their chief, and were easily united for the service of that grandee, in his political contests, or for any quarrel affecting their general or particular interests. Whatever gentleman of any name did not please to attach himself to the fortunes of the marquis, had no alternative but to pút himself under the auspices of the Earl of Moray, the rival kinglet of the province, who prevailed upon Charles I. in 1630, to deprive Huntly of the heritable sheriffships of the counties of Aberdeen and Inverness, on the plea that he 'was so great a man, of such friendship and power, that none could live beside him, except these offices were taken from him and his posterity.' Living upon a stripe of level country bordering on the Highlands, they had necessarily much intercourse with the chieftains of that wild region. Predatory descents by the Highlanders upon their lands were frequent; and alliances with the clans, for common purposes of revenge or spoil, were not less so. So lately as 1593, a band of 'caterans,' as they were named, threatened the powerful city of Aberdeen with pillage. Even in the early part of the reign of Charles I., it was seldom that many months passed without some man of distinction being slain by his own personal enemies, or the enemies of his name; deeds which the law was too feeble to avenge, and which therefore never failed to lead to further bloodshed. Altogether, these northern counties present an astonishingly recent example of an agricultural portion of the British population acting under the influence of habits and systems proper to the middle ages.

The transaction alluded to in the title of this paper, though partly shrouded in mystery, was in many circum-

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stances highly characteristic of both the time and the place. The personage chiefly concerned was James Crichton of Frendraught, lineally descended from the celebrated Chancellor Crichton, but whose family had long since lost, by attainder, the peerage conferred on that statesman. At a meeting between this gentleman and William Gordon of Rothiemay, on the 1st of January 1630, when several friends of both parties were present, a dispute arose, which ended in the death of Rothiemay. No person seems to have been brought to trial for this murder, and the friends of the deceased baron, taking redress in their own hands, began to plunder the lands of Frendraught. On this, the Privy-Council issued a commission; and the feud was stanched by their ordaining Frendraught to pay to Rothiemay's widow the sum of 50,000 merks, as a composition or assythment. At a meeting in the ensuing September, between Frendraught and James Lesly, younger, of Pitcaple, a friend of the former shot Lesly in the arm; and although Frendraught endeavoured to shew how contrary this act was to his own will, by discharging the transgressor from his company, the elder Pitcaple vowed to be revenged upon him for the injury. In the course of the ensuing week, Frendraught paid a visit to the Marquis of Huntly, at his seat in the Bog of Gicht—now called Gordon Castle—probably for the purpose of representing his innocence in the latter quarrel, and to request his good offices in procuring a reconciliation. While he was at the Bog, Pitcaple came up with thirty armed followers, and informed the marquis of his resolution to avenge his son's hurt. The marquis, who had previously sent Frendraught out of the way, endeavoured to convince his new visitor of the innocence of the gentleman whom he accused, but without pacifying the incensed baron, who went away breathing vengeance, and in no good humour with Huntly. His lordship then informed Frendraught of the designs of Pitcaple against his life, and, when he took his departure next day, put him under the conduct of his second son, Viscount Melgum, with an escort sufficient

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to overawe the forces of his enemy. This afforded to John Gordon of Rothiemay, who was then at the Bog, an opportunity for displaying one of those traits of generosity, which streak with light the darkest pages of our domestic history. Overlooking the recent murder of his father, and thinking only of the danger in which Frendraught was now placed in consequence of a deed of which he was innocent, this amiable young man offered to join the convoy. Having brought the Laird of Frendraught to his own house without interruption, the young lord and Rothiemay proposed immediately to return, but, after many pressing entreaties from the laird and his lady, they were prevailed upon to stay for the night. They were entertained hospitably, the utmost cheerfulness prevailed in the party, and at a late hour the guests were conducted to their chambers. Frendraught Castle appears to have then consisted, like many similar edifices still existing, of one tall narrow tower, or *donjon*, of antique construction, containing a room on each storey, and of a more modern building running out from it, and containing the principal apartments. In the first chamber of the tower, Viscount Melgum and two of his servants were accommodated, his bed being situated immediately above a round hole communicating with the dungeon or vault. In the second chamber lay Rothiemay, attended also by his servants; and in a third room, at the top of the tower, were placed George Chalmers of Noth, with a friend of Frendraught, named Captain Rollock, and another servant of Melgum.

About midnight, the tower took fire in a sudden manner —'yea, in ane clap,' says a local chronicler of the time'* —and involved the whole of the inmates in destruction, except Chalmers, Rollock, and a servant who slept beside Lord Melgum. The suddenness of the conflagration, and the rapidity of its progress, are facts particularly pointed to in every account of this calamity. Spalding would seem to insinuate, that the flames originated in the vault

* Spalding, the worthy commissary-clerk of the diocese of Aberdeen, whose history of this period is full of curious domestic incident.

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below Melgum's bed; and he mentions that this young nobleman might have saved his life, 'if he would have gone out of doors, which he would not do, but suddenly ran up stairs to Rothiemay's chamber, and wakened him to rise; and as he is wakening him, the timber passage and lofting of the chamber hastily takes fire, so that none of them could win [get] down stairs again; so they turned to a window looking to the close [court,] where they piteously cried, many time: "Help! help! for God's cause!" The laird and the lady, with their servants, all seeing and hearing the woful crying, made no help nor manner of helping, which they perceiving, cried oftentimes mercy at God's hands for their sins, syne clasped in others' arms, and cheerfully suffered their martyrdom.'

A rude ballad of the period, and which is still very popular in the north of Scotland, describes this tragical scene with greater minuteness, and with considerable feeling. It relates that, while the unfortunate gentlemen were endeavouring to escape by the window, one of the spectators called to them to leap from it; to which the answer was, in the words of the song:—

'How can I leap, how can I win [get,]
How can I come to thee?
My head's fast in the wire-window [stanchions,]
My feet burning from me!'

He 's ta'en the ringes from aff his hands,
And thrown them o'er the wall,
Saying: 'Give them to my lady fair,
Where she sits in my hall.'

Then out he took his little psalm-book,
And verses sang he three;
And at the end of every verse,
'God help our misery.'

'Thus,' continues Spalding, 'died this noble viscount, of singular expectation; Rothiemay, a brave youth; and the rest, by this doleful fire, never enough to be deplored, to the great grief of their kin, parents, and haill common people, especially to the noble marquis, who for his

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good-will got this reward. No man can express the dolour of him and his lady, nor yet the grief of the viscount's own dear lady, which she kept to her dying day, disdaining after the company of men in her lifetime, following the love of the turtle-dove.

'How soon the marquis gets word, he directs some friends to take up their ashes and burnt bones, which they could get, and as they could be kent [distinguished,] to put ilk one's ashes and bones into ane chest, being six chests in the haill, which, with great sorrow and care, was had to the kirk of Garntullie, and there buried. It is reported that upon the morn after this woful fire, the Lady Frendraught, daughter to the Earl of Sutherland, and near cousin to the marquis,* busked in a white plaid, and riding on a small nag, having a boy leading her horse, without any more in her company, in this pitiful manner she came weeping and mourning to the Bog, desiring entry to speak with my lord; but this was refused; so she returned back to her own house the same gate she came, comfortless.'

The heads of the Gordon family soon after held a meeting, at which they concluded that the fire must have been wilful on the part of Frendraught and his lady, or some dependent of theirs, though to presume that the laird could be instrumental in destroying two individuals who had come within his power from the most generous of motives, was to suppose a degree of wickedness of which the human heart appears scarcely capable. It must further be remarked, that, though

* Lady Frendraught, as she was called by the courtesy of the time, was daughter to the eleventh Earl of Sutherland, whose mother was Lady Jean Gordon, aunt of the then living Marquis of Huntly. This Lady Jean Gordon is conspicuous in Scottish history, on account of her having been divorced from her first husband, the Earl of Bothwell, in order to make way for the marriage of that infamous nobleman to Queen Mary. She married, secondly, the Earl of Sutherland; thirdly, Alexander Ogilvie of Boyne; and died a widow in 1629, at the age of eighty-four, after surviving for nearly two ages, in virtue and honour, the unhappy individuals with whose fate she had been connected in her youth, and whose lives terminated under such strikingly different circumstances.

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bloody broils were of frequent occurrence in those days, there is hardly a trace of such cool and treacherous atrocity as is here presumed of Frendraught; while the lady had an additional reason, in her near relation to one of the parties, for recoiling from such a crime. That any measures were taken to prevent the escape of Melgum and Rothiemay from the flames, there seems every reason for discrediting, since not only a servant escaped from the apartment of Melgum, but two gentlemen sleeping in the room above Rothiemay, and who were of course at a greater distance from the outlet at the bottom of the tower, were also able to save their lives. Finally, the whole of Frendraught's family papers, with much gold and silver, both in money and plate, were consumed in the fire. Upon a candid consideration of these circumstances, it is almost impossible to come to any other conclusion, than that the fire was accidental, and that the astonishing rapidity of its progress, upon which so much stress was laid, was simply owing to the construction of the tower, which being tall and narrow, would cause the flames to rage with all the fierceness of a furnace.

While the popular voice was undivided in assigning a wilful origin to the fire, the suspicions of some fell upon a gentleman named Meldrum, who had once served the Laird of Frendraught, but withdrawn in discontent, and who had afterwards married a daughter of that Laird of Pitcaple, whose wrath was the indirect cause of the catastrophe. He and a servant of Frendraught named Tosh, with a young woman named Wood, were apprehended on suspicion of being 'airt and part or on the counsel of this fire,' and despatched to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. The girl Wood was tortured for the purpose of forcing a confession, but without effect. Meldrum was tried three years afterwards and executed, for his alleged concern in the fire. It was proved before the Privy-Council, that he and the brother of the Laird of Pitcaple were so incensed against Frendraught for the wound which he had inflicted on James Lesly, as already mentioned,

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'that they gave out openly that they would burn his castle, and had dealt to this effect with the rebel James Grant, who was cousin-german to Pitcaple.' Tosh and Wood, after enduring torture without confession, were set at liberty.

In March 1631, the Marquis of Huntly having resolved 'not to revenge himself by way of deed,' as his panegyrist Spalding does not fail to mention, proceeded to Edinburgh, in order to lay his wrongs before the Privy-Council. Four commissioners appointed by this body proceeded soon after to Frendraught, which they examined with great care, in company with several noblemen and gentlemen of the district; and the conclusion at which they arrived was, that the fire must have been *raised of set purpose by men's hands, within the vaults or chambers of the tower.* Though the suspicions of the marquis and of the people at large were thus fixed more firmly than ever upon Frendraught, no legal proceeding was ever instituted against that gentleman; feudal vengeance was left to take its own course.

While the Gordons were still in expectation of obtaining legal redress, there occurred an incident, in itself of little importance, but which marks the spirit of the time. The young Earl of Sutherland, brother of Lady Frendraught, and whose father was cousin-german to Huntly, in the course of a journey to Edinburgh, in January 1632, resolved to spend a night with the marquis, and for that purpose sent forward, his baggage from Elgin. When he arrived in the evening at Bog of Gicht, the marquis gave him a very cold reception, and informed him that he must either break with his brother-in-law Frendraught, or with himself, as he could no longer be the friend of both. The earl answered, that he would prefer the marquis to Frendraught, but that he could not with honour throw off his sister's husband, as long as he was 'law-free.' Huntly immediately answered: 'Then God be with you, my lord,' and turned away from the earl, who, with a similar expression, left the castle, notwithstanding the entreaties of the marchioness and her

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daughters that he would remain for the night. His lordship spent the night in the neighbouring inn, and in the morning pursued his way to the south. The singularity of such a proceeding, in an age when it was held disrespectful to pass the house of a kinsman without accepting his hospitality, seems to have made a great impression.

At length, in the beginning of the year 1634, the vengeance of the Gordons took a definite shape. Instigated and sanctioned by them, the lawless clan Macgregor, and other broken men of the Highlands, commenced a series of depredations upon the lands of the Laird of Frendraught, taking away hundreds of sheep and scores of cattle at each attack. On one occasion, 600 Highlanders came down upon his grounds, and, expecting no adequate resistance, were lying scattered in parties about the country, when the laird suddenly raised 200 men on foot, and 140 horse, and, falling upon them by surprise, put them to flight. He was ultimately obliged, however, to leave his property at the mercy of his enemies, and put himself under the protection of the laws at Edinburgh. No sooner had he gone, than a great number of the heads of the clan Gordon united openly to avenge the alleged murder of Rothiemay, plundered the lands of Frendraught, and even proceeded so far as to hang a retainer of his, whom they suspected of being a spy. Finding that the Marquis of Huntly would not join with them, they drove thirteen score of nolt and eight score of sheep to Strathbogie—now Huntly—where they broke open the castle gate, and left their spoil in the court-yard, as if to implicate his lordship in their lawless proceedings. A herald was despatched from Edinburgh, to summon the guilty parties at the market-crosses of Aberdeen, Banff, Elgin, and Inverness; and it was considered a somewhat wonderful triumph of the law, that he was permitted to execute these duties, and return with his life. Altogether contemptuous of this ceremony, the vengeful Gordons went to Rothiemay, gently removed the widowed lady and her daughters to one of the outhouses, and 'having

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manned the strong house, took it up royally, causing to kill altogether threescore marts and an hundred wedders; some they salted, some they roasted, and some they ate fresh: they boasted [threatened] and compelled the tenants of Frendraught to bring in meal, malt, cocks, customs, and poultry, and to produce their last acquittances, and pay them bygones; syne gave their acquittances for such as they got, saying their acquittances were as good as the laird's. The sheriff of Aberdeen proceeded with a band of 200 men against these outlaws, who left their stronghold two hours before his arrival, and when he had retired, came back again, and resumed their outrages. Finding it impossible to subdue the actual criminals, the law-officers imprisoned the Marquis of Huntly in Edinburgh Castle, and only granted him liberty on his becoming bound, under penalty of L.100,000, to protect the Laird of Frendraught and his lands. The Lady Rothiemay, though personally as innocent as the marquis, and, notwithstanding the still greater injuries she conceived herself to have suffered at the hands of Frendraught, was in like manner imprisoned in Edinburgh on account of the outrages committed by her friends.

The feud ultimately expired amidst the more agitated divisions of the civil war. In that contest, the son of Frendraught acted so vigorously on the royal side, that he was created a peer, in his father's lifetime, under the title of Viscount of Frendraught. Having joined Montrose in his last fatal expedition, this young cavalier performed an act of generosity, which might in some measure be said to have redeemed the alleged guilt of his parents. At the battle of Invercharron, overpowered by the Parliamentary troops, Montrose was on the point of being taken prisoner, when Frendraught, by surrendering his own horse to his unfortunate leader, enabled him to make a temporary escape. Being himself taken prisoner, and threatened with a judicial death, Viscount Frendraught put an end to his existence; and the family sank under attainder at the Revolution.

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No portion of the castle which was the scene of the fatal tragedy here narrated now exists. It seems never to have been repaired after the calamitous fire. Nearly on the same site, towards the end of the century, a new mansion was erected, and even this is now hastening to decay. It is a plain building, and would attract little interest but for the associations connected with its name. It stands in a deep and narrow glen, amid old and gloomy trees; and its melancholy situation, the ruined gardens, avenues, and walls which surround it, strongly impress on it the character of a 'doomed spot.'

LITTLE ANTOINE AND THE REDBREASTS.

[From the French.]

It was autumn: nature verged towards her decline; but she was still brilliant—still beautiful. Great numbers of cows, with their large bells, fed in the meadows; sheep wandered in flocks on the hills, the heaths, and stubble-fields; the trees dropped around them their withered leaves; but those they still retained, variegated with the most beautiful colours from bright yellow to deep purple, gave a degree of brilliancy to the country which a more uniform verdure would have failed to impart. In the orchards, the trees bent beneath the weight of their beautiful fruits, with which the ground was strewed; the robust peasant, climbing up the boughs, his double sack upon his back, sang gaily as he filled it and the apron of his companion, who held it extended at the foot of the tree, and threw the fruit into the baskets. Rural and joyous sounds, bursts of laughter repeated from tree to tree, were heard on all sides, and announced the approach of the vintage. The hedges were full of birds, which skipped from branch to branch, gathering their little harvest, and singing the last pleasures of the year.

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It was these charming birds that drew the pretty little Antoine into a path which led into the copse; he had set there the preceding evening a line of little nets of horse-hair with running knots, and his heart palpitated with emotion as he went to see if, for the first time in his life, he had succeeded in entrapping a redbreast. Antoine was ten years old, and he was the handsomest of the children of misery; he was an only son, but he was not the richer for that. His mother, a poor, infirm widow, had much difficulty in gaining their subsistence with her spinning-wheel. When she was well, she could, by labouring incessantly, manage this; but her miserable habitation, covered with straw, and scarcely protecting her from the weather, was damp; and the poor Jeanne, though still young, had a general rheumatism, which often hindered her from raising her foot to turn her wheel. It was then that the little Antoine, seating himself on the ground, turned the wheel while his mother spun, till, fearing for his health, she ordered him to go and run and jump on the outside of the hut. Whilst the wheel turned, his mother taught him all she knew of prayers, psalms, and even songs, which he sang with a melodious voice. During the summer, Jeanne was in excellent health, and all was then pleasure and happiness. Antoine found a thousand ways to gain a little money, and he was quite overjoyed when he brought a sou to his mother. She had forbidden him to beg, and he obeyed her; he loved better to gather the lily of the valley, strawberries and mulberries, and to run and sell them in the town. When these failed him, there yet remained another resource, and this was his handsome figure and his beautiful voice; every peasant who met him gave him a kiss or a pat on his rosy cheek, and some fruit or vegetables, saying to him: 'God bless thee, my child!' Certainly the little Antoine was charming in his patched clothes, through which, in spite of the cares of his mother, his beautiful white skin was seen; while from under his little hat, once black, and which scarcely covered his head, his fair curls escaped and hung round his face. As

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to shoes and stockings, he did not know there were such things in the world; but he was not the less happy for that: his blue eyes sparkled not the less with pleasure and gaiety, and his red lips were not the less ready to laugh and sing. He trod, then, gaily and full of hope the path in the wood, trilling a new song which his mother had taught him, consisting of five verses, and in which he described himself as more gay and happy than the thoughtless bird springing in the morning from its nest.

'Antoine!' called an old woman who was gathering apples in the orchard.

'What do you want with me, Dame Marguerite?'

'Come and sing me your song, and I will give you an apple.'

'Willingly,' said Antoine, lightly leaping the hedge; and running up to her, he immediately began his song.

'That will do for the present,' said Marguerite at the third verse; 'I am very busy just now, but you shall sing me the rest some other day.' Whilst she spoke, he lifted the apples and put them into her basket. 'Well,' said she, 'you shall have three in place of one, for your good help and your three couplets'—and she selected three of the largest.

Antoine skipped for joy, for he had not breakfasted. With Marguerite's assistance, he crammed into the pockets of his vest the two largest, which gave a most grotesque appearance to his figure; and biting the third with his beautiful teeth, and thanking Dame Marguerite, he sprang over the hedge, and took the way to the little wood.

'What a happy meeting!' said he, striking his two apples. 'The morning has begun well; I have it in my mind that I will be happy the whole day. If I find a bird, I shall carry to my mother two apples and something besides.'

He entered the wood, and saw near his nets two beautiful redbreasts, which did not fly away. He approached softly: the redbreasts were taken by their little feet, and every effort they made to fly only served

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to tighten the knot. The mind of Antoine was divided between joy at the success of his attempt, and pity for his little prisoners.

'Two beautiful redbreasts!' said he at first with pride. 'Poor dear little ones!' added he compassionately, 'if you have broken your legs, how sorry I shall be! Wait, darling little creatures; I will disengage you without hurting you: and then—and then—I will caress you so much. You will be so happy, that you will never regret your liberty. Yes, you will both be happy, I promise you.'

He cut the horsehair with his teeth, disengaged them carefully, covering one with his hat while he loosened the other. He saw with great pleasure that they were not hurt: he breathed on their little legs, rubbed them, kissed them; then holding a bird in each hand, he carried them in triumph, and took the road to the city, with as much delight and pride as a soldier who has taken two enemies captive.

'How happy I am!' said he to himself, as he looked through his fingers at the two birds; 'and how pretty you are, little ones, with your gray and green back, and your breast like the yolk of an egg, and your little sparkling black eyes!' He raised one to his lips and kissed it. 'You are the handsomest,' said he softly; 'you shall belong to young Master Wilhelm, the counsellor's son, who has always so much money in his pocket, and who will buy you plenty of charming seeds. He is so rich, he has promised me six sous for a redbreast—six sous, little one; see what you are worth! And how happy my mother will be! She will be able to remain a whole day without spinning. Poor mother!—there was much need that you came to be caught. "Antoine," said she, weeping to me this morning, "I have nothing to give thee for breakfast." Ah, well, the good Marguerite has provided that with her large apple; and now it is you, little one, who will give her a dinner. Ah, how happy she will be, and I also, when I shall carry her six beautiful sous in one hand, and in the other a pretty redbreast! for I wish to keep you, my little friend,' said he to the

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second; 'you will amuse me all the winter. I will save all the crumbs of my bread for you; I will go to the hedges to seek the berries you love. Come, you will want for nothing; we will be good companions. What a pleasure to see you jump about me, to hear you sing, to warm you in my hand! My mother, also, will be amused; she will love you dearly. Ah, if you knew how good she is—how happy we three will be together!' And he kissed it with more tenderness than the other, for it was his own property. In his joy, he went very fast, and sang his song from beginning to end. He had scarcely finished, when, turning a hedge, he found himself in front of a group of gentlemen in green hunting-dresses, covered with lace and gold. At the head of the cavalcade was the prince of the country, whom he recognised by his embroidered star and his beautiful hat, rather than by his features, for he had never seen him but at a distance.

The poor little Antoine remained stupified. He would have been still more confounded, if he had known that it was he who had drawn the prince to that side of the wood. After having been at the chase for some time, he was returning to his palace, when he was struck with Antoine's beautiful voice, which made the wood resound. The prince stopped. 'What a charming voice!' said he to the noblemen who accompanied him.

'It is a young girl,' replied the chamberlain, deceived by the silvery tones.

'I believe, your highness, it is a little boy,' said one of the huntsmen.

The prince wished to know the truth; he rode towards the place from which the sound proceeded, and soon saw Antoine, whose cheeks became as red as the two apples which peeped out of his pockets when the prince himself addressed him. 'Was it you who sung, little one?' asked he.

When a prince speaks, one may be permitted to forget a redbreast. Antoine thought no more of his than if they were still in the woods, and he hastened to

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take off his hat before answering. Whirr!—away flew one of the birds. He saw it; and giving a loud cry, extended his hands to catch it, when, whirr! away flew the other after its companion. Antoine looked up, and saw them flying away; large tears filled his eyes, and he cried with all his might: 'O my redbreasts! my redbreasts—my poor mother!' and his tears flowed.

Everything has its turn in this world. A moment before, the prince had made the redbreasts be forgotten; and now the redbreasts obliterated all remembrance of the prince. Antoine thought no more of him than if he had been in his court, and his lamentations followed their flight, when a burst of laughter from the prince and his attendants reminded him that he was not alone, and recalled the cause of his misfortune; and as he thought he was much to be pitied, he was very indignant at their mirth. 'Yes, yes,' said he, looking at the prince, and shaking his head, 'it is well for you to laugh, when you are the cause of my birds flying away.'

'Little clown,' said one of the huntsmen, giving him a stroke with the handle of his whip, 'is that a way to speak to the prince?'

Antoine already felt that he had committed a fault, and with downcast eyes and clasped hands he fell on his knees, and stammered out: 'Pardon, pardon, my lord prince. Do not kill the little Antoine!'

'Rise,' said he gently. 'I pardon you; but it is on condition that you sing me immediately the song which you sang in the wood.'

Antoine, too happy to get off so easily, wished to obey. He rose, rubbed his eyes with his sleeve, sighed profoundly, and tried to begin, but could not bring out a single note; his voice seemed to have flown away with his redbreasts; it shook, and in spite of all his efforts, he could not articulate a single word. He was seized with terror; he believed himself lost, and, bathed in tears, he fell on his knees, crying: 'Pardon, my lord prince; I cannot sing. Do not kill me, I beseech you.'

The prince was affected; he put his hand under

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Antoine's chin, and made him look up. 'You are a fool, my little friend,' said he to him. 'Come, take courage; I don't wish to hurt you. I have caused you much grief—I am sorry for it; you seem a good child. I ask you in return to do me a pleasure: your song has appeared to me so pretty, I wish to hear it again. Recover yourself, and endeavour to sing it from beginning to end.'

While he spoke with so much kindness, the countenance of Antoine brightened, smiles reappeared on his lips, and gaiety in his eyes. 'I ask nothing better than to do you a pleasure, monseigneur. I would as willingly sing my song to you as to old Marguerite, who has given me these apples; but then—but at present'——

'At present! What do you mean to say, my little dear? What hinders you at present? You are not afraid of me, I hope?'

'O no, not at all; but see, how can I sing that I am a little boy very gay and very happy, when I have lost my two birds? This would be a lie, and my mother has forbidden me to tell lies.'

'Good little child, sing it for all that, and perhaps happiness will return while singing.'

Antoine had too much sense not to seize the meaning of this phrase. 'Surely,' thought he, 'this prince, who is so rich, wishes to give me as many sous as my song has verses, and that will be the reason he has bidden me sing the whole of it. Then I wish there had been six; they would have been worth as much as my redbreasts: however, five are a good many.'

This idea restored his voice and his courage. He began again, and sang his five little couplets with so much grace and sweetness, that the prince was enchanted.

'Very well, my little dear,' said he to him: 'I thank you; you sing charmingly, and your song is very pretty. Who taught it to you?'

'My mother, my lord prince.'

'Your mother!—have you a father also?'

'No; I have not had a father a long time. My mother

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says he is dead, and that since then she is a widow, and I am an orphan, and this is very sad.'

'Poor child!—and what is your mother's name?'

'The good Jeanne, my lord prince; every one knows her; she spins for all the neighbours, and I often turn round the wheel for her.'

'And what is your name?'

'The little Antoine, at your service.'

'Where is your house?—it is near this, I suppose?' said the prince looking round.

'Our house!' said Antoine smiling: 'we have no house.'

'Where, then, do you live?'

'Down there, my lord prince, under that straw roof which you see at the end of the field. It is not a house, it is a hut; but we would be as happy there as my lord in his castle, if the rain did not come in as much as if we were in the street, and if this did not make my mother ill.'

Whilst he was saying these words, the prince had remounted his horse, without appearing to pay any attention to them.

'Adieu, my little Antoine!' said he; 'I thank you for your song; and when you catch redbreasts again, if you meet me, I will dispense with your saluting me.'

'Adieu, little Antoine!' said the noblemen of his suite.

'Adieu, little Antoine!' said the huntsmen; and the whole party set off at full gallop.

The little Antoine remained petrified. All these adieus were not sous; they would not give a dinner to his mother: his hopes had fled as well as his redbreasts.

'Adieu, little Antoine,' repeated he; 'truly I have got charmingly on! It is lucky that old Marguerite was more generous than the prince, and that my two apples have not wings like my redbreasts. I have at least something to carry to my mother; but I expected to have had so much more when I sang there so courageously, in spite of my grief. Ah, if I had been the prince, I would have given ten beautiful sous to the little Antoine,

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for his redbreasts and his song. Yes, ten sous, neither more nor less; and how happy Antoine would have been! But, fool that I am, if I were a prince, I would do like other princes; I would gallop away on my beautiful horse, without ever thinking of the little Antoine. But patience,' said he, taking the way to the hut: 'there are still redbreasts and horsehair in the world, and this evening I will spread my nets, and who knows but the very same may come again—I shewed them so much friendship, and gave them so many sweet words. They are not princes: they know how to be grateful for the pleasures one does them. Oh, if I catch them again, fifty princes might pass before me without my pulling off my hat: he has permitted this, and that is so much gained; and then, if I have not money to carry to my mother, I have a fine story to tell her. Ah, she will scold me well for having spoken as I did! but when one saw the two redbreasts in the air, could one know what he was saying?'

While thus reflecting on the great events of the day, he approached the hut; and to his surprise, he saw before it the huntsmen with the horses, and out of the hut came the prince and his chamberlain; his mother followed them, making many reverences; and in another moment, all these grand people galloped away towards the city. 'What has he been doing there?' thought the little Antoine. 'Did he go to tell my mother of my rudeness? If she had heard it from myself, she would have pardoned me; but from the prince himself, she will be very angry. Ah! why did I meet him? I hope, at least, he has told her I sang at last as much as he wished.'

He went on, and his mother limped forward to meet him. 'Antoine, dear Antoine,' cried she as soon as he was near enough to hear her; 'come quick, my child—see what monseigneur has given me on your account!' and she shewed him a large purse.

When he had joined her, they seated themselves on the ground, and she emptied the purse into her apron, and counted fifty gold ducats.

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Antoine, amazed to see so many pieces at once, asked if they were worth as many sous. 'They are much more beautiful,' said he, 'but not so large.'

'You do not know all yet,' said she to him; 'he has given us this treasure to procure us a better dwelling, and also clothes; and he has promised me a louis every month till I am cured.'

'I hope he will not need to give you many of these coins, good mother: health is more valuable than riches, you always tell me; and now that you have no longer any cares, you will be quite well.'

'In good time, my child—but you do not know yet the best of all. If you continue to be good and amiable, monseigneur wishes to educate you, and to take you for his lackey.'

'For his lackey!' said Antoine: 'what is that, good mother?'

'It is he who waits on him, who goes behind him, behind his chair, behind his carriage, behind'——

'Ah, well,' said the little boy, 'but I do not like to be behind—that would hinder me from running. I don't want to be a lackey; I wish to be your son—the little Antoine.'

'The one would not hinder the other, little fool.'

'How! not hinder it? When I shall be behind the prince, good mother, can I be at your side to help you to walk? When I must wait on him, how can I wait on you? Who will turn your wheel when I am planted behind his chair with my arms crossed? No, truly, I do not wish to be his lackey, nor even his huntsman—they are too rude to poor little boys: "little clown!" said he to me, striking me with his whip. As to the prince, he is good and civil; he spoke gently to me—and then all these beautiful gold sous which he has given you! I love him: I will take him redbreasts, and I will sing my song as often as he likes. I will gather violets and strawberries to him in his castle, but I do not wish to stay there and be a lackey, though he would give me every day a purse like yours.'

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He wept, and so did his mother, who embraced him. 'Console yourself, dear Antoine,' said she to him. 'It would be very sad to me to separate myself from my son; but we will speak to the prince to get you taught a trade; and since you do not wish to quit me, you shall work near me.'

'With all my heart!' said he, leaping for joy.

He then presented his shoulder to his mother, to support her; and as they went, he told her the whole story, of which she had not heard the particulars. The prince had entered the hut, and had found her spinning. He had only said, that he had met Antoine, and on account of his engaging appearance, he made this present to his mother. He learned that her husband had been a soldier, and that he had died in battle; his liberality then appeared to him a duty, and he promised a small pension to the widow, which was regularly paid. Antoine ever after loved redbreasts, and often said that to them he owed his happiness.

RISE OF THE ROTHESCHILDES.

THE following little sketch, detailing the rise of the family of Rotheschilde from a comparatively obscure to a distinguished and affluent condition, has been frequently laid before the public, and is given on undoubted authority:—

On the approach of the republican army to the territories of the Prince of Hessen Cassel, in the early part of the French revolutionary wars, his serene highness, like many other petty princes of Germany, was compelled to flee. In his passage through the imperial city of Frankfort-on-the-Main, he paid a hasty visit to one Moses Rotheschilde, a Jewish banker of limited means, but of good repute both for integrity and ability in the management of his business. The prince's purpose in visiting

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Moses was to request him to take charge of a sum in money and jewels, amounting in value to several millions of *thalers*, a coin equal to our late three-shilling pieces. The Jew at first point-blank refused so dangerous a charge; but upon being earnestly pressed to take it, at the prince's own sole risk—nay, that even a receipt should not be required—he at length consented.

The money and jewels were speedily, but privately, conveyed from the prince's treasury to the Jew's residence; and just as the advanced corps of the French army had entered through the gates of Frankfort, Moses had succeeded in burying it in a corner of his garden. He of course received a visit from the republicans; but, true to his trust, he hit upon the following means of saving the treasure of the fugitive prince, who had placed such implicit confidence in his honour. He did not attempt to conceal any of his own property (the whole of his cash and stock consisting of only *forty-two thousand thalers*, or L.6000 sterling); but after the necessary remonstrances and grumblings with his unwelcome visitors, and a threat or two that he should report them to the general-in-chief, from whom he had no doubt of obtaining redress, he suffered them to carry it all off.

As soon as the republicans had evacuated the city, Moses Rotheschilde resumed his business as a banker and money-changer; at first, indeed, in a humble way, but daily increasing and extending it by the aid of the Prince of Hessen Cassel's money. In the course of a comparatively short space of time, he was considered the most stable and opulent banker in all Germany.

In the year 1802, the prince, returning to his dominions, visited Frankfort in his route. He was almost afraid to call on his Jewish banker; apprehending that, if the French had left anything, the honesty of Moses had not been proof against so strong a temptation as he had been compelled from dire necessity to put in his way. On being introduced into Rotheschilde's *sanctum*, he, in a tone of despairing carelessness, said: 'I have called on you,

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Moses, as a matter of course; but I fear the result. Did the rascals take all?'

'Not a thaler,' replied the Jew gravely.

'What say you?' returned his highness. 'Not a thaler! Why, I was informed that the *Sans-culottes* had emptied all your coffers, and made you a beggar; I even read so in the Gazettes.'

'Why, so they did, may it please your serene highness,' replied Moses; 'but I was too cunning for them. By letting them take my own little stock, I saved your great one. I knew that, as I was reputed wealthy—although by no means so—if I should remove any of my own gold and silver from their appropriate bags and coffers, the robbers would be sure to search for it, and in doing so, would not forget to dig in the garden. It is wonderful what a keen scent these fellows have got! They actually poured buckets of water over some of my neighbours' kitchen and cellar floors, in order to discover, by the rapid sinking of the fluid, whether the tiles and earth had been recently dug up! Well, as I was saying, I buried your treasure in the garden, and it remained untouched until the robbers left Frankfort, to go in search of plunder elsewhere. Now, then, to the point:—As the Sans-culottes left me not a *kreutzer* to carry on my business, as several good opportunities offered of making a very handsome profit, and as I thought it a pity that so much good money should be idle, whilst the merchants were both ready and willing to give large interest, the temptation of converting your highness's florins to present use haunted my thoughts by day and my dreams by night. Not to detain your highness with a long story, I dug up the treasure, and deposited your jewels in this strong box, from which they have never since been moved. I employed your gold and silver in my business; my speculations were profitable, and I am now able to restore your deposit, with five per cent. interest since the day on which you left it under my care.'

'I thank you heartily, my good friend,' said his highness, 'for the great care you have taken, and the sacrifices

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you have made. As to the interest of five per cent., let that replace the sum which the French took from you; I beg you will add to it whatever other profits you may have made. As a reward for your singular honesty, I shall still leave my cash in your hands for twenty years longer, at the low rate of two per cent. interest per annum, the same being more as an acknowledgment of the deposit, in case of the death of either of us, than with a view of making a profit by you. I trust that this will enable you to use my florins with advantage in any way which may appear most beneficial to your own interest.'

The prince and his banker parted, well satisfied with each other. Nor did the gratitude and good-will of his serene highness stop there: on every occasion in which he could serve his interests, he did so, by procuring for him, from the princes of Germany, many facilities both for international and foreign negotiation. At the congress of sovereigns which met at Vienna in 1814, he did not fail to represent the fidelity of Moses Rotheschilde, and procured for him thereby, from the emperors of Russia, Austria, and other European potentates, as well as from the French, English, and other ministers, promises that in case of loans being required by the respective governments, the 'honest Jew of Frankfort' should have the preference in their negotiation.

Nor were these promises 'more honoured in the breach than in the observance,' as those of princes and courtiers are proverbially said to be. A loan of 200,000,000 francs being required by the French government to pay the allied powers for the expenses they had been put to in the restoration of the Bourbons, one of old Rotheschilde's sons, then residing at Paris, was intrusted with its management. The same was accordingly taken at 67 per cent., and sold to the public in a very few days at 93! thereby yielding an immense profit to the contractor. Other loans followed with various powers, all of which turned out equal to the most sanguine expectations of this lucky family.

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Our English Fortunatus, whose reputation for wealth and sagacity is such, that, by a discreet use of his *wishing-cap*, he can at will change the destinies of the nations of Europe, or play at battle-door and shuttle-cock with their crowns and sceptres, was, during the war with France, a small cotton manufacturer in Manchester. Leaving that town for the capital, and assisted by his father and brothers, Solomon Moses Rotheschilde commenced business as an English and foreign bill-and-stock broker. By his immense resources and connections, he was soon enabled to carry all before him; but the bargains which he was enabled to make by his early information of the escape of the Emperor Napoleon from the island of Elba —that is, twenty-four hours before the British ministry had received intelligence of the event—placed him at once at the top of the tree as a negotiant and loan-contractor.

Mr Rotheschilde's manners and character have often been described: he is immensely rich, and is well entitled to the appellation of millionaire, being reputed to be in the absolute personal and undivided possession of seven or eight millions sterling! His brothers, likewise—namely Baron Andreas Rotheschilde, the present great banker of Frankfort, and Baron Rotheschilde of Paris—are in the possession of immense wealth; so that it is no wonder that kings and their ministers are proud of their acquaintance, seeing that, independently of occasional loans and accommodations, they are well aware that no throne nor government can stand long which has the misfortune to have the wealth and influence of the three Rotheschildes arrayed against it.

Since the above was written, there have been some changes in the Rotheschilde family, of whom Baron Rotheschilde of London is now probably the most important member. The venerable mother of the family died at a great age a few years ago in Frankfort.

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MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

THE circumstances detailed in the following narrative are altogether of so singular and romantic a character, that, but for the undeniable authenticity of every particular, the whole might be considered as the production of the ingenious brain of a Defoe. Some of the incidents, indeed, surpass in impressive interest anything to be met with in the fictitious history of Alexander Selkirk's solitary existence and adventures.

In December 1787, the *Bounty* sailed from Spithead for Otaheite, under the command of Lieutenant Bligh, who had previously accompanied Captain Cook in his exploratory voyages in the Pacific Ocean. The object of the present expedition was to convey from Otaheite to our West India colonies the plants of the breadfruit-tree, which Dampier, Cook, and other voyagers, had observed to grow with the most prolific luxuriance in the South Sea islands, and which furnished the natives with a perpetual and wholesome subsistence, without even the trouble of cultivation. The crew of the *Bounty* consisted of forty-four individuals, including the commander and two skilful gardeners to take charge of the plants, for the removing of which every accommodation had been provided on board, under the superintendence of Sir Joseph Banks, who had personally visited Otaheite with Captain Wallis. After a most distressing voyage, in which, after reaching Cape Horn, they were compelled to put the helm aweather, and take the route by Van Diemen's Land, the voyagers anchored in Matavai Bay, Otaheite, on the 26th October 1788, having run over by the log, since leaving England, a space of 27,086 miles, or an average of 108 miles in twenty-four hours.

The simple natives, who had experienced much kindness from Captain Cook, testified great joy at the arrival of the strangers, and loaded them with presents of provisions

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of every sort. The character, condition, and habits of the islanders, as described to us even by their earliest visitors, present a most extraordinary contrast to the usual features of savage life. They were a kind, mild-tempered, social, and affectionate race, living in the utmost harmony amongst themselves, and their whole lives being one unvaried round of cheerful contentment, luxurious ease, and healthful exercise and amusements.

Bligh appears to have been tempted to remain at this luxurious spot much longer than was either proper or necessary, as the breadfruit-plants, and provisions of hogs, fowls, fish, and vegetables of every description, were amply supplied him by the kind natives. The liberty which he gave his crew to go on shore, and enjoy all the indulgences which the place afforded, was extremely imprudent; and this, together with the capricious harshness and unjustifiable insult with which he occasionally treated every one on board—officers as well as men—appears to have been the sole cause of the unfortunate occurrence that afterwards took place. The *Bounty*, which, as we have mentioned, arrived October 26, 1788, did not sail till the 4th April 1789, when she departed, loaded with presents, and amid the tears and regrets of the natives. They continued till the 27th amongst the islands of that archipelago, touching at many of them, bartering and interchanging presents with the natives, many of whom remembered Bligh when he accompanied Cook in the *Resolution*.

It was on the night of April 27th that the mutiny broke out. The affair, as far as can ever be learned by the strictest investigation, was entirely unpremeditated, and resulted chiefly from the commander's giving way to one of those furious and ungovernable fits of passion which he from time to time exhibited. On the day previous—the 26th—Bligh, having missed some of the cocoa-nuts that were piled up on deck, ordered a search to be made; but none being discovered, he burst into a paroxysm of passion, calling them all scoundrels and thieves alike, swearing he would make the half of them

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jump overboard before they got through Endeavour Straits, and ordering the clerk to 'stop the villains' (officers') grog, and give them half a pound of yams for dinner.' The officer of the watch, a young man of respectable family, named Fletcher Christian, who was master's mate, and had been two or three voyages with Bligh, incurred the greatest share of abuse, the latter cursing him for a 'hound,' and accusing him of having stolen the cocoa-nuts for his own use. Christian, who was a fiery-spirited young man, appears to have become exasperated at this ignominious treatment, to much of the same kind of which he had been subjected for some time previous: so much so, indeed, that he declared to some of his messmates that he had been 'in hell for the last fortnight,' on account of Bligh's usage of him, and expressed his determination to leave the ship in a raft on the first opportunity, and commit himself to the waves, rather than remain on board. During the night of the 28th, he accordingly began to prepare his raft; and while so employed, one of the crew unfortunately suggested that it 'would be better for him to seize the ship at once.' The idea, which Christian does not seem to have thought of till that moment, was instantly caught at, and a few whispers amongst the crew shewed that the majority were quite ready for the scheme, which was forthwith put in execution. About sunrise on Tuesday, April 28, Christian, with three of the crew, entered Bligh's cabin, and secured him in bed, tied his hands behind his back, and hurried him on deck. Their companions had in the meanwhile secured those who were suspected to be disinclined to the mutiny; amongst whom was Mr Peter Heywood—afterwards so much distinguished in the royal navy service—and other two midshipmen, who were detained—contrary to their expressed wishes—to assist the mutineers in managing the vessel. Several others of the crew, likewise, who disclaimed all share in the mutiny, were thus forcibly detained. A boat was then hoisted out alongside, and Bligh, with eighteen unfortunate companions, were forced into it. Some provisions,

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clothes, and four cutlasses, were given them, and they were then cast adrift in the open ocean. Twenty-five remained on board, the ablest of the ship's company. As the boat put off, 'Huzza for Otaheite!' was shouted by the mutineers, thus indicating the destination of their further proceedings.

Being near the island of Tofoa, the castaways rowed towards it, for the purpose of obtaining some breadfruit and water, with which the natives at first seemed very willing to supply them, until Bligh imprudently advised his men to say, in answer to the queries put them about the ship, that it had overset and sunk. The consequence was, that the natives attacked them, stoned one man to death, and it was with difficulty that the remainder escaped. Bligh's companions then entreated him to steer for home at all risks and hazards; and on being told that no hope of relief could be entertained till they reached Timor, off the coast of New Holland, a distance of fully 1200 leagues, they readily agreed to be content with an allowance which, on calculation, was found would not exceed an ounce of bread and quarter of a pint of water per day for each man. After taking them bound by a solemn promise to this effect, these unfortunate men boldly bore away, on 2d May, across a sea where the navigation was little known, in an open boat twenty-three feet long, and deeply laden with eighteen men. It is not our purpose here to detail the particulars of this adventurous voyage. Suffice it to say, that, after enduring the most horrible distresses from cold, thirst, famine, and fatigue, and running a distance, by the log, of more than 3600 miles, the whole reached the island of Timor alive on the 14th June, but so much spent as more to resemble spectres than men. They were treated with the greatest kindness by the inhabitants, but, notwithstanding every attention, four or five of them here died; the rest proceeded to Batavia, whence they obtained passages to England, where Bligh arrived in March 1790.

The intelligence of the mutiny, and the sufferings of

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Bligh and his companions, naturally excited a great sensation in England. Bligh was immediately promoted to the rank of commander, and Captain Edwards was despatched to Otaheite, in the *Pandora* frigate, with instructions to search for the *Bounty* and her mutinous crew, and bring them to England. The *Pandora* reached Matavai Bay on the 23d March 1791; and even before she had come to anchor, Joseph Coleman, formerly armourer of the *Bounty*, pushed off from shore in a canoe, and came on board. He frankly told who he was, and professed his readiness to give every information that might be required of him. Scarcely had the ship anchored, when Messrs Heywood and Stewart, late midshipmen of the *Bounty*, also came on board; and in the course of two days afterwards, the whole of the remainder of the *Bounty's* crew—in number sixteen—then on the island, surrendered themselves, with the exception of two, who fled to the mountains, where, as it afterwards appeared, they were murdered by the natives.

From his prisoners, and the journals kept by one or two of them, Captain Edwards learned the proceedings of Christian and his associates after turning Bligh and his companions adrift in the boat. It appears that they steered in the first instance to the island of Toobouai, where they intended to form a settlement; but the opposition of the natives, and want of many necessary materials, determined them to return in the meantime to Otaheite, where they arrived on the 25th May 1789. In answer to the inquiries of Tinah, the king, about Bligh and the rest of the crew, the mutineers stated that they had fallen in with Captain Cook, who was forming a settlement in a neighbouring island, and had retained Bligh and the others to assist him, while they themselves had been despatched to Otaheite for an additional supply of hogs, goats, fowls, breadfruit, and various other articles. Overjoyed at hearing their old friend Cook was alive, and about to settle so near them, the humane and unsuspicious islanders set about so actively to procure the supplies wanted, that in a few days the *Bounty*

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received on board 312 hogs, thirty-eight goats, eight dozen of fowls, a bull and a cow, and a large quantity of breadfruit, plantains, bananas, and other fruits. The mutineers also took with them eight men, nine women, and seven boys, with all of whom they arrived a second time at Toobouai, on the 26th June, where they warped the ship up the harbour, landed the live-stock, and set about building a fort of fifty yards square. Quarrels and disagreements, however, soon broke out amongst them. The poor natives were treated like slaves, and upon attempting to retaliate, were mercilessly put to death. Christian, finding his authority almost entirely disregarded, called a consultation as to what steps were next to be taken, when it was agreed that Toobouai should be abandoned; that the ship should once more be taken to Otaheite, where those who might choose it would be put ashore, while the rest who preferred remaining in the vessel might proceed wherever they had a mind. This was accordingly done. Sixteen of the crew went ashore at Matavai—fourteen of whom, as already stated, were received on board the *Pandora*, and two were murdered—while Christian, with his eight comrades, and taking with them seven Otaheitan men and twelve women, finally sailed from Matavai on the 21st September 1789, from which time they had never been more heard of.

Captain Edwards instituted a strict search after the fugitives amongst the various groups of islands in the Pacific, but finding no trace of them, he set sail, after three months' investigation, for the east coast of New Holland. Here, by some mismanagement, the *Pandora* struck upon the singular coral reef that runs along that coast, called the 'Barrier Reef,' and filled so fast, that scarcely were the boats got out, when she foundered and went down, thirty-four of the crew and four of the prisoners perishing in her. It is painful to record anything to the discredit of that service which has proved the pride and safeguard of Great Britain, and made her the acknowledged sovereign of the sea. But the

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concurring testimony of the unfortunate prisoners exhibits the conduct of Captain Edwards towards them in colours which are shocking to contemplate. They were confined in a small round house, built on the after-deck on purpose, which could only be entered by a scuttle in the top, about eighteen inches square. From this narrow prison they were never allowed to stir, being even obliged to relieve the calls of nature within it; and they were, over and above, heavily loaded with irons both at the wrists and ankles. When the *Pandora* went down, no attempt was made to save them, and the ten survivors escaped almost in a state of complete nudity. After reaching a low, sandy, desert island, or rather *key*, as such are nautically termed, Captain Edwards caused his men to form tents out of the sails they had saved, under which he and his men reposed in comparative comfort; but he refused the same indulgence to his miserable captives, whose only refuge, therefore, from the scorching rays of the sun, was by burying themselves up to the neck amongst the burning sand, so that their bodies were blistered as if they had been scalded with boiling water. But we refrain from dwelling on facts so disreputable to the character of a British sailor. The *Pandora's* survivors reached Batavia in their boats, whence they obtained passages to England in Dutch vessels. A court-martial was soon after held—September 1792—when six of the ten mutineers were found guilty and condemned to death—the other four were acquitted. Only three of the six, however, were executed. Mr Heywood, who was amongst the condemned—chiefly by the perverted and prejudiced evidence of Captain Bligh and a fellow-midshipman—was afterwards pardoned upon the strong recommendation of the court, who, notwithstanding the vindictive evidence against him, were perfectly convinced of his innocence. His subsequent honourable career has proved him fully deserving the favourable opinion of his judges, as well as of the promotion he obtained.

Nearly twenty years elapsed after the period of the above occurrences, and all recollection of the *Bounty* and

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her wretched crew had passed away, when an accidental discovery, as interesting as unexpected, once more recalled public attention to that event. The captain of an American schooner having, in 1808, accidentally touched at an island, up to that time supposed to be uninhabited, called Pitcairn's Island, found a community speaking English, who represented themselves as the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, of whom there was still one man of the name of Alexander Smith alive amongst them. Intelligence of this singular circumstance was sent by the American captain—Folger—to Sir Sydney Smith at Valparaiso, and by him transmitted to the Lords of the Admiralty. But the government was at that time perhaps too much engaged in the events of the continental war to attend to the information, nor was anything further heard of this interesting little society until 1814. In that year, two British men-of-war cruising in the Pacific, made an island which they could not at first believe to be Pitcairn's Island, as it was more than three degrees out of the longitude assigned it by Captain Carteret, who first discovered it in 1767. They were confirmed in this opinion by observing symptoms of cultivation, and, on nearing the shore, saw plantations regularly and orderly laid out. Soon afterwards, they observed a few natives coming down a steep descent with their canoes on their shoulders, and in a few minutes perceived one of these little vessels darting through a heavy surf, and paddling off towards the ships. But their astonishment may be imagined, when, on coming alongside, they were hailed in good English with 'Wont you heave us a rope now?' This being done, a young man sprang up the side with extraordinary activity, and stood on the deck before them. In answer to the question 'Who are you?' he replied that his name was Thursday October Christian, son of the late Fletcher Christian, by an Otaheitan mother; that he was the first born on the island, and was so named because he was born on a Thursday in October. All this sounded singular and miraculous in the ears of the British captains, Sir

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Thomas Staines and Mr Pipon, but they were soon satisfied of its truth. Young Christian was at this time about twenty-four years old, a tall handsome youth, fully six feet high, with black hair, and an open interesting English countenance. As he wore no clothes except a piece of cloth round his loins, and a straw-hat ornamented with black cock's feathers, his fine figure and well-shaped muscular limbs were displayed to great advantage, and attracted general admiration. His body was much tanned by exposure to the weather; but although his complexion was somewhat brown, it wanted that tinge of red peculiar to the natives of the Pacific. He spoke English correctly, both in grammar and pronunciation; and his frank and ingenuous deportment excited in every one the liveliest feelings of compassion and interest. His companion was a fine handsome youth of seventeen or eighteen years of age, named George Young, son of one of the *Bounty's* midshipmen.

The youths expressed great surprise at everything they saw, especially a cow, which they supposed to be either a huge goat or a horned sow, having never seen any other quadrupeds. When questioned concerning the *Bounty*, they referred the captains to an old man on shore, the only surviving Englishman, whose name, they said, was John Adams, but who proved to be the identical Alexander Smith before mentioned, having changed his name from some caprice or other. The officers went ashore with the youths, and were received by old Adams—as we shall now call him—who conducted them to his house, and treated them to an elegant repast of eggs, fowl, yams, plantains, breadfruit, &c. They now learned from him an account of the fate of his companions, who, with himself, preferred accompanying Christian in the *Bounty* to remaining at Otaheite—which account agreed with that he afterwards gave at greater length to Captain Beechey in 1828. Our limits will not permit us to detail all the interesting particulars at length, as we could have wished, but they are in substance as follow :—

It was Christian's object, in order to avoid the vengeance

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of the British law, to proceed to some unknown and uninhabited island, and the Marquesas islands were first fixed upon. But Christian, on reading Captain Cartaret's account of Pitcairn's Island, thought it better adapted for the purpose, and shaped his course thither. Having landed and traversed it, they found it every way suitable to their wishes—possessing water, wood, a good soil, and some fruits. The anchorage in the offing was extremely dangerous for ships, and it was scarcely possible for boats to get through the surf that broke on the shore. The mountains were so difficult of access, and the passes so narrow, that they might be maintained by a few persons against an army; and there were several caves, to which, in case of necessity, they could retreat, and where, as long as their provisions lasted, they might bid defiance to all pursuit. Having ascertained all this, they returned on board, and having landed their hogs, goats, and poultry, and gutted the ship of everything that could be useful to them, they set fire to her, and destroyed every vestige that might lead to the discovery of their retreat. This was on the 23d of January 1790. The island was then divided into nine equal portions amongst them, a suitable spot of neutral ground being reserved for a village. The poor Otaheitans now found themselves reduced to the condition of mere slaves; but they patiently submitted, and everything went on peaceably for two years. About that time, Williams, one of the seamen, having the misfortune to lose his wife, forcibly took the wife of one of the Otaheitans, which, together with their continued ill-usage, so exasperated the latter, that they formed a plan for murdering the whole of their oppressors. The plot, however, was discovered, and revealed by the Englishmen's wives, and two of the Otaheitans were put to death. But the surviving natives soon afterwards matured a more successful conspiracy, and in one day murdered five of the Englishmen, including Christian. Adams and Young were spared at the intercession of their wives, and the remaining two, M'Koy and Quintal —two desperate ruffians—escaped to the mountains,

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whence, however, they soon rejoined their companions. But the further career of these two villains was short. M'Koy having been bred up in a Scottish distillery, succeeded in extracting a bottle of ardent spirits from the *tee root;* from which time, he and Quintal were never sober, until the former became delirious, and committed suicide by jumping over a cliff. Quintal being likewise almost insane with drinking, made repeated attempts to murder Adams and Young, until they were absolutely compelled, for their own safety, to put him to death, which they did by felling him with a hatchet.

Adams and Young were at length the only surviving males who had landed on the island, and being both of a serious turn of mind, and having time for reflection and repentance, they became extremely devout. Having saved a Bible and prayer-book from the *Bounty*, they now performed family worship morning and evening, and addressed themselves to training up their own children, and those of their unfortunate companions, in piety and virtue. Young, however, was soon carried off by an asthmatic complaint, and Adams was thus left to continue his pious labours alone. At the time Captains Staines and Pipon visited the island, this interesting little colony consisted of about forty-six persons, mostly grown-up young people, all living in harmony and happiness together; and not only professing, but fully understanding and practising, the precepts and principles of the Christian religion. Adams had instituted the ceremony of marriage, and he assured his visitors that not one instance of debauchery and immoral conduct had occurred amongst them.

The visitors having supplied these interesting people with some tools, kettles, and other articles, took their leave. The account which they transmitted home of this newly-discovered colony, was, strange to say, as little attended to by government as that of Captain Folger, and nothing more was heard of Adams and his family for nearly twelve years, when, in 1825, Captain Beechey, in the *Blossom*, bound on a voyage of discovery to Behring's

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Strait, touched at Pitcairn's Island. On the approach of the *Blossom*, a boat came off under all sail towards the ship, containing old Adams and ten of the young men of the island. After requesting and obtaining leave to come on board, the young men sprang up the side, and shook every officer cordially by the hand. Adams, who was grown very corpulent, followed more leisurely. He was dressed in a sailor's shirt and trousers, with a low-crowned hat, which he held in his hand in sailor fashion, while he smoothed down his bald forehead when addressed by the officers of the *Blossom*. It was the first time he had been on board a British vessel since the destruction of the *Bounty*, now thirty-five years ago; and it was evident his mind recurred to the events of that period. Captain Beechey procured from Adams a detailed narrative of the whole transaction of the mutiny and subsequent events, which has since been published by that gentleman, and of which we have already given an abstract. The little colony had now increased to about sixty-six, including an English sailor of the name of John Buffet, who, at his own earnest desire, had been left by a whaler. In this man, the society luckily found an able and willing schoolmaster. He instructed the children in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and devoutly co-operated with old Adams in affording religious instruction to the community. The officers of the *Blossom* went ashore, and were entertained with a sumptuous repast at young Christian's, the table being spread with plates, knives, and forks. Buffet said grace in an emphatic manner, and so strict were they in this respect, that it was not deemed proper to touch a morsel of bread without saying grace both before and after it. The officers slept in the house all night, their bedclothing and sheets consisting of the native cloth made of the native mulberry-tree. The only interruption to their repose was the melody of the evening-hymn, which was chanted together by the whole family after the lights were put out; and they were awakened at early dawn by the same devotional ceremony. On Sabbath, the utmost decorum was attended

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to, and the day was passed in regular religious observances. 'All that remains to be said of these excellent people,' concludes Beechey, 'is, that they appear to live together in perfect harmony and contentment; to be virtuous, religious, cheerful, and hospitable beyond the limits of prudence; to be patterns of conjugal and parental affection, and to have very few vices. We remained with them many days, and their unreserved manners gave us the fullest opportunity of becoming acquainted with any faults they might have possessed.'

In consequence of a representation made by Captain Beechey, the British government sent out Captain Waldegrave in 1830, in the *Seringapatam*, with a supply of sailors' blue jackets and trousers, flannels, stockings and shoes, women's dresses, spades, mattocks, shovels, pick-axes, trowels, rakes, &c. He found their community increased to about seventy-nine, all exhibiting the same unsophisticated and amiable characteristics as we have before described. Other two Englishmen had settled amongst them; one of them, Mr Nobbs, came to England in 1852, and entered holy orders, with the view of returning to the island, and filling the office of clergyman and schoolmaster. The patriarch Adams died in March 1829, aged sixty-five. While on his death-bed, he called the heads of families together, and urged them to elect a chief. The election now takes place once a year, and the greatest harmony continues to prevail amongst the inhabitants. Captain Waldegrave thought that the island, which is about four miles square, might be able to support a thousand persons, upon reaching which number they would naturally emigrate to other islands. In fact, this crisis has arrived, and it will behove a portion of the population to remove to a locality where their industry will find a market.

Such is the account of this most singular colony, originating in crime and bloodshed. Of all the repentant criminals on record, the most interesting perhaps is John Adams; nor do we know where to find a more beautiful example of the value of early instruction than in the history of this man, who, having run the full career of

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most kinds of vice, was checked by an interval of leisurely reflection, and the sense of new duties awakened by the power of natural affections.

LADY GRIZEL BAILLIE.

But she of gentler nature, softer, dearer,
Of daily life the active, kindly cheerer;
With generous bosom, age or childhood shielding,
And in the storms of life, though moved, unyielding;
Strength in her gentleness, hope in her sorrow,
Whose darkest hours some ray of brightness borrow
From better days to come, whose meek devotion
Calms every wayward passion's wild commotion;
In want and suffering, soothing, useful, sprightly,
Bearing the press of evil hap so lightly,
Till evil's self seems its stronghold betraying
To the sweet witchery of such winsome playing;
Bold from affection, if from nature fearful,
With varying brow, sad, tender, anxious, cheerful—
This is meet partner for the loftiest mind,
With crown or helmet graced; yea, this is womankind!

Miss Baillie's Metrical Legends.

GRIZEL HUME—for such was the maiden name of the subject of this memoir—was born, December 25, 1665, at Redbraes Castle, in Berwickshire—a house long since demolished, in order to make room for the more lordly mansion called Marchmont House. She was the eldest daughter of Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, who subsequently became the first Earl of Marchmont. Her mother was Grizel Ker, daughter to Sir Thomas Ker of Cavers—a woman, according to her husband's description, of 'a composed, steady, and mild spirit; of a most firm and equal mind, never elevated by prosperity, nor debased nor daunted by adversity,' and whose 'piety, probity, virtue, and prudence, were without blot or stain, and beyond reproach.' Both parents were zealously attached to the Presbyterian forms of worship and church-government, in which they educated all their children.

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At an early period in the reign of Charles II., Sir Patrick Hume distinguished himself as one of a small but faithful band of patriots, who, under the Duke of Hamilton, offered a mild and constitutional resistance to the tyrannical measures of the court. An arbitrary imprisonment of two years, so far from repressing, only seems to have lent new ardour to his spirit, and he became a participator in those secret councils by which Russell, Sydney, and other gentlemen of both countries, endeavoured to devise means for excluding the Duke of York from the succession, for which they conceived him to be disqualified by his professing the Catholic faith. In the summer of 1684, Sir Patrick was warned, by the fate of several of his associates, that he could no longer safely appear in public; and he accordingly left his house of Redbraes, and, while most of the family supposed him to have gone upon a distant journey, took up his residence in the sepulchral vault of his family, underneath the neighbouring parish church of Polwarth. His wife, his eldest daughter, and one James Winter, a carpenter, alone knew of his retreat, to which the last-mentioned individual was employed to convey, by night, a bed and bed-clothes; while Grizel, now in her nineteenth year, undertook the duty of supplying him every night with food and other necessaries. The only light which he enjoyed in this dismal abode was by a slit in the wall, through which no one could see anything within. Grizel, though at first full of those fears for the places and objects of mortality which are usually inspired into children, soon so far mastered her ordinary sensations, as to be able to stumble through the church-yard at darkest midnight, afraid of nothing but the possibility of leading to the discovery of her father. The minister's house was as usual near the church: at her first visit, his dogs kept up such a barking, as put her in the utmost fear of a discovery. This difficulty was immediately set aside by the ingenuity of Lady Hume, who, under the pretence of a rabid animal having been seen in the neighbourhood, prevailed on the minister next day

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to hang every dog he had. There was another difficulty in secreting victuals without exciting suspicions among the domestics and younger children. The unfortunate gentleman was fond of sheep's head, and Grizel one day took an opportunity, without being observed by her brothers and sisters, to turn one nearly entire into her lap, with the design of carrying it that night to her father. When her brother Sandy—afterwards second Earl of Marchmont—again looked on the dish, and saw that it was empty, he exclaimed: 'Mother, will ye look at Grizel? While we have been supping our broth, she has eaten up the whole sheep's head!' The incident only served that night as an amusing story for Sir Patrick, who good-naturedly requested that Sandy might have a share of the dish on the next occasion. It was Grizel's custom every night to remain as long with her father as she supposed to be prudent, in order to enliven him by her company; and it would appear that more cheerfulness generally prevailed at these meetings than is sometimes to be found in scenes of the greatest security and comfort. During the day, his chief amusement consisted in reading Buchanan's version of the psalms, which he thus impressed so thoroughly on his memory, that, forty years after, when considerably above eighty years of age, he could repeat any one at bidding, without omitting a word.

During the time he spent in the vault, Lady Hume and Jamie Winter had been contriving a more agreeable place of concealment in his own house. In one of the rooms on the ground-floor, underneath a place usually occupied by a bed, Grizel and Winter dug a hole in the earth, using their fingers alone, to prevent noise, and carrying out the earth in sheets to the garden. The severity of this task may be judged of from the fact, that, at its conclusion, the young lady had not a nail upon her fingers. In the hole thus excavated, Winter placed a box large enough to contain a bed, boring the boards above it with holes for the admission of air. Sir Patrick seems to have occupied the room, of which his daughter

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kept the key, the box being esteemed as a place to which he could resort in the event of any government party coming to search the house.

Another of the heroic services of Grizel Hume, at this period of her life, was the carrying of a letter from her father to his friend Robert Baillie of Jerviswood, then imprisoned on a charge of treason in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. Baillie had been an associate of Sir Patrick in the designs which terminated so unfortunately for the Whig party, and it was of the utmost importance to both that an interchange of intelligence should take place between them. The heroic girl readily undertook this difficult and dangerous business, and managed it with great dexterity and perfect success. The son of Mr Baillie, a youth about her own age, had been recalled from his education in Holland to attend his father's trial. In the gloom of a jail, these two young persons met, and formed an attachment destined to lead to a happy union. But all contemplation of such an event was for the present clouded. On the 24th of December, in the year just mentioned, Baillie suffered the award of an unrighteous sentence upon the scaffold; and Sir Patrick Hume, too much alarmed to remain any longer in Scotland, proceeded in disguise to London, and finally, by France, into Holland, where a number of other patriots had found refuge. In the ensuing year, he acted as one of the two seconds in command in the unfortunate expedition of the Earl of Argyle,* and once more with great difficulty made an escape to Holland, while his property was forfeited by the government. He now established himself at Utrecht, with his family, and commenced a life of penury forming a remarkable contrast to his former circumstances. One child, named Juliana, had been left in Scotland on account of bad health. Some months after settling in Holland, it was thought necessary that this

* The other second in command was Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, who, by a remarkable coincidence, also had a daughter named Grizel, to whose heroism and self-devotion he was indebted for his life.

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girl should be sent for, and Grizel was commissioned to return in order to bring her away. She was intrusted, at the same time, with the management of some business of her father's, and directed to collect what she could of the money that was due to them. All this she performed with her usual discretion and success, though not without encountering adventures that would have completely overwhelmed the greater part of her sex. After enduring a storm at sea, the terrors of which were aggravated by the barbarity of a brutal shipmaster, the two girls were landed at Brill; and from thence they set out the same night for Rotterdam, in company with a Scotch gentleman whom they accidentally met with. It was a cold, wet night; and Juliana Hume, who was hardly able to walk, soon lost her shoes in the mud. Grizel then took the ailing child on her back, and carried her all the way to Rotterdam; while the gentleman, a sympathising fellow-exile, bore their small baggage. All these distresses were forgotten when she once more found herself in the bosom of her family.

Sir Patrick spent three years and a half in Holland. His income was small and precarious, and a fourth part of it was required for the house-rent. As he was unable to keep any servant, besides a girl to wash clothes, his heroic daughter performed the greater part of the domestic drudgery, for which purpose she often was up for two nights in the week. According to the simple and affecting narrative of her daughter, Lady Murray of Stanhope, 'she went to the market, went to the mill to have their corn ground—which, it seems, is the way with good managers there—dressed the linen, cleaned the house, made ready dinner, mended the children's stockings and other clothes, made what she could for them, and, in short, did everything. Her sister Christian, who was a year or two younger, diverted her father and mother and the rest, who were fond of music: out of their small income they bought a harpsichord for little money. My aunt played and sung well, and had a great deal of life and humour, but no turn for business.

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Though my mother had the same qualifications, and liked it as well as she did, she was forced to drudge; and many jokes used to pass between the sisters about their different occupations. Every morning before six, my mother lighted her father's fire in his study, then waked him, and got what he usually took as soon as he got up—warm small-beer, with a spoonful of bitters in it; then took up the children, and brought them all to his room, where he taught them everything that was fit for their age; some Latin, others French, Dutch, geography, writing, reading, English, &c.; and my grandmother taught them what was necessary on her part. Thus he employed and diverted himself all the time he was there, not being able to afford putting them to school; and my mother, when she had a moment, took a lesson with the rest in French and Dutch, and also diverted herself with music. I have now a book of songs, of her writing when she was there; many of them interrupted, half-writ, some broke off in the middle of a sentence. She had no less a turn for mirth and society than any of the family, when she could come at it without neglecting what she thought more necessary.'

Her eldest brother Patrick, and her lover Mr Baillie, who suffered under the consequences of his father's attainder, went together into the guards of the Prince of Orange, till such time as they could be better provided for in the army. 'Her constant attention,' continues Lady Murray, 'was to have her brother appear right in his linen and dress: they wore little point cravats and cuffs, which many a night she sat up to have in as good order for him as any in the place; and one of their greatest expenses was in dressing him as he ought to be. As their house was always full of the unfortunate banished people like themselves, they seldom went to dinner without three, or four, or five of them to share with them;' and it used to excite their surprise that, notwithstanding this hospitality, their limited resources were sufficient, except on rare occasions, to supply their wants.

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When subsequently invested with title, and the wife of a wealthy gentleman, the subject of our memoir used to declare, that these years of privation and drudgery had been the most delightful of her whole life; a circumstance not surprising, when we consider the gratification which high moral feelings like hers could not fail to derive from exercise of so peculiar a nature. Some of the distresses of the exiled family only served to supply them with amusement. Andrew, a boy, afterwards a judge of the Court of Session, was one day sent down to the cellar for a glass of alabast beer, the only liquor with which Sir Patrick could entertain his friends. On his returning with the beer, Sir Patrick said: 'Andrew, what is that in your other hand?' It was the spigot, which the youth had forgotten to replace, and the want of which had already lost them the whole of their stock of alabast. This occasioned them much mirth, though they perhaps did not know where to get more. It was the custom at Utrecht to gather money for the poor, by going from house to house with a hand-bell. One night the bell came, and there was nothing in the house but a single orkey, the smallest coin then used in Holland. They were so much ashamed of their poverty, that no one would go out with the money, till Sir Patrick himself at last undertook this troublesome little duty, observing philosophically: 'We can give no more than all we have.' Their want of money often obliged them to pawn the small quantity of plate which they had brought from Scotland; but they were ultimately able to take it all back with them, leaving no debt in the country of their exile.

When the Prince of Orange formed the resolution of invading England, Sir Patrick Hume entered warmly into his views, and, by a letter which he addressed to the Scottish Presbyterians, in which he passed a warm encomium on the personal character of the prince, was in no small degree instrumental in gaining for him the friendship of that party. He accompanied the expedition, shared in its difficulties, and never left the prince's side

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till he was established in London. High honours, proportioned to his services and venerated character, now opened upon Sir Patrick. His attainder was reversed, his lands restored, and himself soon after created a peer by the title of Lord Polwarth, and invested with the chief state office of his native country—that of lord chancellor. When the new system of things was settled, the younger part of the family were sent home under the care of a friend, and Lady Hume and Grizel came over with the Princess of Orange. The princess, now to become queen, wished to retain Grizel near her person, as one of her maids of honour; but though well qualified for that envied situation, this simple-hearted girl had the magnanimity to decline the appointment, and preferred returning with her friends to Scotland—to the scenes and innocent affections of her childhood. Ever since her meeting with Mr Baillie in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, she had cherished an affection for him, which was warmly returned by him, though, in the days of their exile, it had been concealed from her parents. It was now declared, and Mr Baillie having also regained his estate, there was no longer any obstacle to their union. They were married about two years after the Revolution, and their felicity during forty-eight years of wedded life seems to have been not disproportioned to their uncommon virtues and endowments. Lady Grizel—for to this designation she became entitled on the elevation of her father, in 1697, to the rank of Earl of Marchmont—amidst all the glare and grandeur of high life, retained the same disinterested singleness of heart, and simplicity of manners, which in youth had gained her universal regard, and graced her in every station. Her husband seems to have been worthy of her and of his name. He filled with great honour several important offices under government, and was not more distinguished for his eminent abilities than for his high-toned integrity. They had two children—Grizel, married to Sir Alexander Murray of Stanhope, and the author of the narrative to which we are indebted for the materials of this memoir;

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and Rachel, the common ancestress of the present Earl of Haddington, and the present Mr Baillie of Jerviswood. Lady Grizel is thus described by her daughter: 'Her actions shew what her mind was, and her outward appearance was no less singular. She was middle-sized, clever in her person, very handsome, with a life and sweetness in her eyes very uncommon, and great delicacy in all her features; her hair was chestnut, and to her last she had the finest complexion, with the clearest red in her cheeks and lips that could be seen in one of fifteen, which, added to her natural constitution, might be owing to the great moderation she observed in her diet throughout her whole life. Porridge and milk was her greatest feast, and she by choice preferred them to everything, though nothing came wrong to her that others could eat: water she preferred to any liquor: though often obliged to take a glass of wine, she always did it unwillingly, thinking it hurt her, and did not like it.' This admirable woman died on the 6th of December 1746, in the eighty-first year of her age, having survived her husband about eight years.

If any further exemplification of the simple, lively, and tender character of Lady Grizel Baillie were wanting, it would be found in a beautiful pastoral song of her composition, which has long been in print—

'There ance was a May, and she lo'ed na men,
She biggit her bonnie bower down in yon glen;
But now she cries dool and a-well-a-day!
Come down the green gate, and come here away.
But now she cries, &c.

When bonnie young Johnnie came over the sea,
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;
He hecht me baith rings and mony braw things;
And were na my heart licht, I wad die.

He had a wee titty* that lo'ed na me,
Because I was twice as bonnie as she;
She raised such a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
That were na my heart licht, I wad die.

* Sister.

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The day it was set, and the bridal to be,
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die;
She mained and she graned out of dolour and pain,
That he vowed he never wad see me again.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, what had he to do wi' the likes of me?
Albeit I was bonnie, I was na for Johnnie;
And were na my heart licht, I wad die.

His titty she was baith wylie and slie,
She spied me as I came o'er the lea;
And then she ran in and made a loud din;
Believe your ain een an ye trow na me.

His bonnet stood aye fu' round on his brow,
His auld ane looks aye as weel as some's new;
But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing,
And casts himsel dowie upon the corn-bing.

And now he gaes daundering about the dikes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes;
The live-lang night he ne'er steeks his ee;
And were na my heart licht, I wad die.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
We should hae been galloping doun on yon green,
And linking it blithe on the lily-white lea;
And wow gin I were but young for thee!'

A GLANCE AT THE NEW FOREST.

—— Be my retreat
Between the groaning forest and the shore,
A rural, sheltered, solitary scene.—THOMSON.

IN that pleasant, sunny district of 'merry England' which lies on the borders of the British Channel, opposite the Isle of Wight, and within the boundaries of Hampshire, lies the New Forest, or rather the scattered remains of that once famous hunting-ground. What an antiquity does this tract of woodland boast, though still receiving the appellation of New! It was originally made a forest by William the Conqueror in the year 1079, about thirteen years after the battle of Hastings; and it took the

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designation of New, from its being an addition to the many forests which the crown already possessed. According to the chroniclers of the period, William laid waste at least thirty miles of cultivated lands, and committed great devastations on the property of the inhabitants, in dedicating the place as a hunting-ground, and partially covering it with trees.*

In those days, however, it was a matter of little ceremony either to make or enlarge a forest. The king was invested with the privilege of having his place of recreation and pleasure wherever he might appoint. Agreeably to this arrangement, the royal forests were regulated; each had its government and laws, which were sufficiently annoying; and in this manner the right of hunting or taking game became a peculiar privilege of the monarch and those who enjoyed his favour. The idea of forest-law and forest-rights obtained early—indeed in Saxon times. But the Saxon princes were in general a mild race, and there were some traces of liberal sentiment in their institutions. The Norman princes were a different race. They increased the rigour of the forest-laws, and to such an extent was the rigour carried, that, till the reign of one of the Edwards, it was death to be guilty of killing a hawk. Forest-law is now abolished, but the officials who are intrusted with the care of the New Forest, still in some measure continue to exercise their functions. The principal functionary is the lord-warden, who is appointed by the crown, and beneath whom there are rangers and other officials, for preservation of the game and timber. We believe that some of the ancient offices are now disused, especially that of bow-bearer. It was the duty of this personage to attend the king with a bow and arrows whilst in the Forest. His salary was forty shillings per annum, with a fee of a buck and doe yearly.

The keepers and under-keepers form the principal

* The greater part of what follows is a condensation from *Gilpin's Forest Scenery*, as edited and considerably extended by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. 2 vols. Fraser & Co., Edinburgh; and Smith, Elder, & Co., London. 1834.

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executive in this ancient domain. According to Gilpin, the under-keeper feeds the deer in winter, browses them in summer, knows where to find a fat buck, executes the king's warrants for venison, presents offences in the Forest courts, and prevents the destruction of game. In this last article his virtue is chiefly shewn, and to this purpose the memory of every sound keeper should be furnished with this cabalistic verse—

Stable stand,
Dog draw,
Back bear, and
Bloody hand.

It implies the several circumstances in which offenders may be taken with the manner, as it is phrased. If a man be found armed, and stationed in some suspicious part of the Forest—or if he be found with a dog pursuing a stricken deer—or if he be found carrying a dead deer on his back—or, lastly, if he be found bloody in the Forest—he is, in all these cases, seizable, though the fact of killing a deer cannot be proved upon him.

With regard to the woods of the Forest, which were originally considered only as they respected game, the first officer under the lord-warden is the wood-ward. It is his business, as his title denotes, to inspect the woods. He prevents waste, he sees that young trees are properly fenced, and he assigns timber for the payment of Forest-officers. This timber is sold by auction at the court at Lyndhurst, and annually amounts to about L.700, which is the sum required. Besides the wood-ward, there is an officer with the title of purveyor, whose duty it is to assign timber from the Forest for the use of the navy.

One of the most noted officers of the Forest in bygone times was Henry Hastings, second son of the Earl of Huntingdon, and who exercised the vocation of keeper in the reigns of James and Charles I. Hastings was not less celebrated as a sportsman than noted for his eccentricity of manners, which partook largely of the humours of the old English squire. He was a man of low stature, but very strong and very active, of a ruddy complexion,

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with flaxen hair; and his clothes were always of green cloth—a colour dedicated from time immemorial to the dress of English foresters and hunters. His house was of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park, well stocked with deer, rabbits, and fishponds. He had a long, narrow bowling-green in it, and used to play with round sand-bowls. Here, too, he had a banqueting-room built like a stand in a large tree. He kept all sorts of hounds, that ran buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger; and had hawks of all kinds, both long and short winged. His great hall was commonly strewed with marrow-bones, and full of hawk-perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers. The upper end of it was hung with fox-skins of this and the last year's killing. Here and there a polecat was intermixed, and hunters' poles in great abundance. The parlour was a large room, completely furnished in the same style. On a broad hearth, paved with brick, lay some of the choicest terriers, hounds, and spaniels. One or two of the great chairs had litters of cats in them, which were not to be disturbed. Of these, three or four always attended him at dinner; and a little white wand lay by his trencher, to defend it if they were too troublesome. In the windows, which were very large, lay his arrows, cross-bows, and other accoutrements. The corners of the room were filled with his best hunting and hawking poles. His oyster-table stood at the lower end of the room, which was in constant use twice a day all the year round; for he never failed to eat oysters both at dinner and supper, with which the neighbouring town of Pool supplied him. At the upper end of the room stood a small table with a double desk; one side of which held a church Bible, the other, the Book of Martyrs. On different tables in the room lay hawks' hoods, bells, old hats with their crowns thrust in, full of pheasant eggs, tables, dice, cards, and store of tobacco-pipes. At one end of this room was a door, which opened into a closet, where stood bottles of strong beer and wine, which never came out but in single glasses, which was the rule of the house, for he never exceeded himself, nor permitted others to

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exceed. Answering to this closet, was a door into an old chapel, which had been long disused for devotion; but in the pulpit, as the safest place, was always to be found a cold chine of beef, a venison pasty, a gammon of bacon, or a great apple-pie, with thick crust, well baked. His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at. His sports supplied all but beef and mutton; except on Fridays, when he had the best of fish. He never wanted a London pudding; and he always sang it in with: 'My part lies therein-a.' He drank a glass or two of wine at meals, put sirup of gillyflowers into his sack, and had always a tun-glass of small beer standing by him, which he often stirred about with rosemary. This remarkable individual lived to be a hundred years of age, and never lost his eyesight, nor used spectacles. He got on horseback without help, and rode to the death of the stag till he was past fourscore.

It is well known, from the history of England, that the death of William Rufus—the son and successor of the Conqueror, and who had been instrumental in planting and extending the Forest—took place within the bounds of the New Forest, being shot by an arrow from the bow of Sir Walter Tyrrel, who had aimed at a stag as it passed along through the glade. The spot on which this transaction occurred was, it seems, marked by an oak, which survived until some time during last century. Before the stump was removed, a stone was erected at the place by the late Lord Delaware, on which there is an appropriate inscription commemorative of the event, and of the tree which had formerly stood on the spot.

After having been a royal hunting-ground for centuries, the New Forest declined into the character of a district of crown-lands, from which a small revenue is still derived. Notwithstanding the once rigorous forest-laws, and the continuance of an establishment of rangers and keepers, the New Forest has been prodigiously impaired in respect of its wood, and encroached upon by settlers. It would appear to have been a sort of No-man's-land, where every audacious intruder might take his prey, not

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only of venison and timber, but squat himself down with his hut, and there make good his territorial right. In the present day, the Forest exhibits long open walks and spacious glades; here a beautiful secluded park, surrounded by tufted gnarled oaks; there a heathy spot, enjoying the beams of the sun, and shewing the ground covered with wild and delicious strawberries, and other small, lowly fruits, most refreshing to the traveller. In some places there have been enclosures for cultivation; and throughout the domain there are now several excellent highways, leading to and from the different towns and villages in the vicinity. The Forest still possesses many noble deer, notwithstanding the excess of poaching which has prevailed. The account given by Gilpin and his illustrator of the system of encroaching and poaching, presents a curious view of the state of affairs in the Forest. 'There are multitudes of trespassers on every side, who build their little huts, and enclose their little gardens and patches of ground, without leave or ceremony of any kind. The under-keepers, who have constant orders to destroy all these enclosures, now and then assert the rights of the Forest by throwing down a fence; but it requires a legal process to throw down a house of which possession has been taken. The trespasser, therefore, here, as on other wastes, is careful to rear his cottage and get into it as quickly as possible. I have known all the materials of one of these habitations brought together—the house built—covered in—the goods removed—a fire kindled—and the family in possession, during the course of a moonlight night. Sometimes, indeed, where the trespass is inconsiderable, the possessor has been allowed to pay a fine for his land in the court of Lyndhurst. But these trespasses are generally in the outskirts of the Forest, or in the neighbourhood of some little hamlet. They are never suffered in the interior parts, where no lands are alienated from the crown, except in regular grants.

'We have been informed, that instances have occurred of small wooden houses having been secretly constructed

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in Southampton, and then actually transported upon wheels during the night to some spot in the New Forest, where they were set down, occupied, and afterwards added to by degrees, the ground around them being taken in from time to time as opportunity offered; nay, we have even been assured, that some of the most splendid residences in the Forest have had no other origin.

'The many advantages which the borderers on forests enjoy—such as rearing cattle and hogs, obtaining fuel at an easy rate, and procuring little patches of land for the trouble of enclosing it—would add much, one should imagine, to the comfort of their lives. But, in fact, it is otherwise. These advantages procure them not half the enjoyments of common day-labourers. In general, they are an indolent race, poor and wretched in the extreme. Instead of having the regular returns of a week's labour to subsist on, too many of them depend on the precarious supply of Forest pilfer. Their ostensible business is commonly to cut furze, and carry it to the neighbouring brick-kilns; for which purpose they keep a team of two or three Forest horses; while their collateral support is deer-stealing, poaching, or purloining timber. In this last occupation they are said to have been so expert, that in a night's time they would have cut down, carried off, and lodged safely in the hands of some receiver, one of the largest oaks of the Forest. But the depredations which have been made in timber along all the skirts of the Forest, have rendered this species of theft at present but an unprofitable employment. In poaching and deer-stealing, they often find their best account, in all the arts of which many of them are well practised. From their earliest youth, they learn to set the trap and the gin for hares and pheasants; to ensnare deer by hanging hooks, baited with apples, from the boughs of trees; and, as they become bolder proficients, to watch the herd with fire-arms, and single out a fat buck as he passes the place of their concealment.'

The whole of the roads through the New Forest are

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delightful, and the rides and drives they yield are all sufficiently charming in themselves. But if one would

> 'Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything,'

he must abjure the common everyday path, and drive into the depths of the Forest. The lover of beautiful woodland scenery will be delighted with that division of the Forest which is confined by the Beaulieu River and the Bay of Southampton. 'It is now many years since we first visited it,' says Sir Thomas; 'but we have still a fresh recollection of the delights of that day, when, having left Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight early in the morning, we were landed somewhere near the mouth of the Lymington River, whence, without a guide or companion of any kind, we set out to find our way instinctively, as it were, through the labyrinths of the Forest towards Beaulieu and the Southampton River. Limbs which had been trained upon the Scottish mountains gave but little consideration to the fatigue occasioned by those continued deviations from the direct line which fancy prompted, or ignorance of the localities betrayed us into; our route, therefore, was of the most careless description, and we gave ourselves entirely up to the luxurious enjoyment of these solitudes amongst which we wandered. Sometimes we seated ourselves under the shade of a wide-spreading oak, to listen in vain for sounds indicating life, and pondering on the huge stems which everywhere upreared themselves around us, and on the many and the mighty events which had followed one another in succession since they had first developed themselves from the tiny acorns whence they had sprung; and whilst thus indolently disposed, some of the leather-coated citizens of these wilds, full of the pasture, would sweep past us, scarcely deigning to throw a look of inquiry towards us. Again we would arise to wander whither fancy led us, striving to penetrate amid the mysteries of the Forest, and becoming more and more perplexed at every step by the depth of its shades; and

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anon, an increase of light before us would gradually disclose an embayed portion of the sea, surrounded by magnificent oaks in all their splendour of head, and animated by the cheering operations of ship-building. In short, the variety and beauty of these Forest scenes were so fascinating, that we forgot time, space, and position, and were nearly paying the forfeit of our pleasure by spending the night beneath the shelter of some of the tangled thickets of these sylvan wildernesses.'

THE GREAT PLAGUE AT ATHENS.

THE first known instance of the appearance of the plague in Europe, was at Athens, the capital of Attica, in Greece, 430 years before the Christian era. The city was at this time enclosed within vast massive fortifications, extending in circumference to about twenty miles; long walls also connected it with three ports, of which the most capacious and best was the Pirœus, where the disease first made its appearance. The inhabitants were enduring all the miseries of war when they were overtaken by the calamity; for it fell upon them early in the second year of the famous Peloponnesian war, which had been promoted by Pericles, and which was afterwards carried on for twenty-seven years between the Athenians and the Spartans, or Lacedæmonians, in the Grecian Peloponnesus, with the respective allies of the two rival nations. At the commencement of hostilities, the eloquence of Pericles had been employed in exhorting his countrymen not to expose the safety of the state to the hazard of a battle, but, trusting to their fleet for ravaging the coasts of the enemy, to secure and protect themselves and their property in the city: following his advice, they had brought within its walls from the surrounding country their families and furniture. Even during the first year of the war, this policy of Pericles had been the cause of

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great distress, large numbers having fallen from competence to poverty. But in the ensuing spring, it tended greatly to aggravate the miseries of the pestilence, which, on suddenly seizing upon them, soon proved a far more formidable enemy than the Peloponnesians.

Athens contained more than 10,000 houses, and more than 150,000 inhabitants: but one of the consequences of the war and the policy of Pericles was, that, at the time when the disorder began its ravages, the city and ports, with an area not exceeding three square miles, were sheltering within their walls from the enemy then devastating the neighbourhood by fire and sword, not only the usual number of citizens, but all the people of the country of Attica, which had a surface of about 700 square miles, and about 500,000 inhabitants. Hence, the city was crammed to suffocation with a far greater multitude of human beings than the houses could possibly contain. They were penned up like cattle in a fold, and Pericles acted with great rigour in suffering none to leave the town for the purpose of escaping from the infection. The consequences were natural. The country people had been brought from their healthful labours to live in sloth; they had before been accustomed in the fields to free space and pure air, but were then, during a season of extreme heat, compelled to lodge, thronged promiscuously together, in stifling booths newly erected in open spaces of the city and the Piræus, which, although a harbour, was indeed a separate town, with magnificent structures. Part of the dense population was sheltered in the temples, and part in the numerous towers on the walls, which were converted into dwellings. Athens was at all times a suffocating place, notwithstanding all its elegant temples and porticoes, its groves and gardens; besides, it had no public drains under the streets; and the rural population, thus crowded together with their cattle and movables, suffered so much from want of air and cleanliness, that the mortality by the plague was enormous. The enemy, also, encamped around the walls, were then constantly keeping the citizens in a state of

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distraction and terror, and united with the pestilence in driving them to utter despair.

The disease was said to have had its origin in that part of Africa which is situated considerably beyond Egypt, and called Upper Ethiopia. From that country, which has been stigmatised in all ages as the source of the disorder, it passed into Egypt and Libya, and, after spreading over a considerable part of the king of Persia's dominions, it came at length to Greece, and broke out in Athens. It was, however, reported to have previously ravaged several of the Greek islands, and particularly Lemnos. Some supposed that the pestilence which raged among the Athenians originated nearer to their own homes than Africa; and it was attributed by them to the very heavy rains—which stagnating, formed noxious marshes—the great heat of the weather, and the bad quality of the crops. So ignorant were the Athenians themselves of the origin of the plague, when, at a season remarkably free from all other diseases, it suddenly made its appearance in the Piræus, that there was a report among them of the Peloponnesians, their enemies, having thrown poison into the wells—a very common supposition among ignorant people. On the malady extending from the Piræus to the town itself, where the houses were more closely built, a more sweeping mortality of the human race ensued than had ever before been known in any other part of the world. So swiftly did it spread from person to person, from house to house, from street to street, that the afflicted city in its consternation dreaded the utter extinction of life within the walls. Difference of constitution in point of strength or weakness, seemed of no consequence as to security from its attacks; it hurried off all alike, even those who were attended to with the most careful management. The skill of physicians could administer no relief, as they were utterly ignorant of the nature of the disease; and, besides, by their attendance on the sick, they became its earliest victims.

The symptoms of the disease in every case were

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different, so that the remedies which benefited one were prejudicial to another. In general, however, during the enjoyment of high health, and without any apparent cause, the complaint suddenly began with great heat in the head, causing inflammation and redness in the eyes, tongue, and throat. The breath was soon tainted, and the skin became marked with black, livid spots. Fits of violent sneezing occasioned great uneasiness; and on the malady descending to the breast, there were also fits of coughing, with great pain. When it fixed itself in the stomach, other symptoms still more distressing appeared, as vomiting and spasms, or convulsions. The afflicted generally died on the seventh or ninth day, by which time the fever had spent its force; or if they escaped the crisis on these days, they were very soon afterwards carried off, either by internal ulceration, with other shocking concomitants, or by mere weakness. The disorder having, in the less malignant cases, passed from the head through the whole body, all along occasioning excruciating torments, finally seated itself in the extremities. And it always left upon them marks of its ravages, so that some who had supported all the vehemence of the attack upon the vital parts, survived with the loss of their fingers or toes. Some, again, were totally deprived of their sight; others lost their memory, at least for a time; and on their recovery, they did not remember their nearest relations, nor know even themselves. So burned up were the internal parts of the body with fever, that the sufferers could not bear the lightest clothing, or any covering whatever, as sheets, to be put upon them; and restlessness, want of sleep, and thirst, gave them exceedingly oppressive feelings. They were also in general seized with a vehement desire of plunging for relief into cold water. This longing, and the desire for water to drink, were so intense, that many of the poorer classes of the people ran off, who were not attended to closely by relations or friends, and, on a momentary impulse for agreeable alleviation of pain, precipitated themselves into wells, or indulged to a fatal

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extreme the immediate calls of insatiable thirst. Corpses but half-dead were likewise seen tumbling over each other in great heaps, not only in the temples and in the streets, but about every fountain, whither their eagerness for water had hurried them.

The most grievous and dreadful symptom of the disease was the extreme dejection of mind which, at its very commencement, overwhelmed all who felt themselves seized with it. The contagious nature of the disorder deterred people through fear and cruel prudence from visiting the sick, and consequently they died neglected and forlorn. They dropped like diseased sheep, infecting one another. Houses were emptied of all their inmates, and whole families became utterly extinct, leaving great riches and large possessions without an heir to inherit them. It was especially the case, that all those fell sacrifices to the disorder who, from exalted virtue, were ashamed of selfish caution, and who unsparingly exposed their lives in attending on their friends, when these were deserted by relations and servants. So unusual and virulent beyond description was the disorder, that, although there were lying scattered about in all directions numerous unburied corpses, in such positions as death had left them, yet the beasts and birds of prey did not venture to approach them. Birds of prey—such as the sluggish and voracious vulture—totally disappeared from Athens, being destroyed by having touched the corpses, or being guided, in avoiding the place altogether, by that peculiar sagacity which distinguishes the brute creation. This mortal effect of the disease upon animals was observed most clearly among the dogs, as their domestic and familiar habits and faithful attachment to their masters afforded opportunities for observing them.

While the dreadful mortality was such as to excite the dread that the living might not be sufficient to bury the dead, the only alleviation of the general misery was, that they who had once recovered were not liable to a second attack of the disease; and their most happy case was wistfully looked to by all, as warranting the cheerful

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hope that their city would not be entirely dispeopled. From knowing by experience what the malady was, they were the more compassionate and useful to the afflicted. The safety in which they considered themselves, gave them courage in their attendance on those who needed it, and seemed to have such an exhilarating effect on their spirits, as to excite inward fancies and expectations that they would never die of any violent disorder, but that life would wear away by a gentle decay.

As the supplications of the Athenians in their temples, their consultations of oracles, their sacrifices and incantations seemed useless, they at last, overcome by the rigours of the misfortune, abandoned themselves to despair; and violated all the long-established customs and rites respecting sepulture. So numerous were the deaths, and so great the want of necessaries for funerals, that when one family had prepared a pile, according to the usual practice of burning the dead, another family, despising all order and decorum, threw upon it their dead, and immediately set fire to it. Calamities of this distressing nature gave rise to unbridled licentiousness among the Athenians. So many changes did they witness among the rich and poor, that no labour was bestowed on any honourable object, as they might be snatched away before it could be obtained. Neglecting all religious observances, and spurning every law, divine and human, they regarded their lives and possessions as held by the tenure only of a day, and recklessly gave themselves up to the pursuit of pleasure. The maxim in their hearts was, let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die. They scrupled not to be guilty of any excesses, and to perpetrate any crimes, which could give them the means of a fleeting enjoyment; for they calculated that they could not be condemned in the regular course of law, it seeming against probability that the various persons necessary for their conviction and punishment would survive.

The Athenians believed that the disorder was stayed by some religious ceremonies of the philosopher

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Epimenides, who was, agreeably to an oracle of Pythia, the priestess of Apollo, brought from the island of Crete for the purpose. In conformity with the superstitions of the Greeks, he performed an expiation by sacrificing white and black sheep to the gods. After raging for two years unabated, the plague slackened for awhile; but, renewing its fury the fourth winter of the disease, and the fifth of the war, it continued for another twelvemonth. In its whole course, it cost Athens no less than 4400 heavy-armed soldiers, and 300 horsemen; and 'of the remaining multitude, a number which could not be reckoned.' It stopped at Athens without spreading further.

During the horrors of this pestilence in Athens, Socrates, the greatest philosopher of antiquity, preserved his life by his temperance. The illustrious Pericles, chief of the Athenian republic, fell a victim to its ravages, not, however, before he saw himself left childless, and, as it were, alone in the world, by its having swept away all his numerous and prosperous family, and most of his kindred and friends.

THE PARISIAN MONEY-LENDER:

A TALE.

It would be difficult for one accustomed to see the open unwalled towns of this peaceful country, to have a correct idea of Custrin and its warlike environs. Custrin is acknowledged to be one of the strongest fortifications in Europe. Entirely surrounded by water, it is approached only by a succession of long, narrow, wooden bridges, which extend nearly round the town, and, after numerous windings, at length land you within the massy gates. Its interest is chiefly derived from its historical recollections. It is the state-prison of Prussia, and has had within its dungeons many an unhappy victim. I had an opportunity of inspecting those dismal receptacles, being accompanied

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in my inspection by a physician of the town, to whom I had a letter of introduction. He pointed out to me the room in which Frederick the Great was incarcerated two years by his father, and the courtyard in which his friend was hanged, whose execution he was forced, by the express orders of his barbaric parent, to witness, until he swooned away in the excess of his agony.

After going through the various chambers of the castle, my friend the physician led me to his own house, situated without the principal gate, and forming one of a straggling row of mansions of transparent whiteness, and surrounded by pleasant shrubberies. He insisted upon my staying to dine with him, which I the more readily agreed to do, since I discovered in him a tinge of that intellectual melancholy which is so frequent in Germany, but which often breaks out in a brilliant burst of the imagination, the more delightful since it is so unexpected. His tone of voice, his manners, were those of a man of deep feeling and of great sensibility. After we had partaken of dinner, and whilst we sat enjoying the evening breeze in an arbour of honeysuckle, where we were served with coffee, he said to me: 'I regret my wife is not at home; I should have wished to have introduced you to her. She is a native of France, and our first acquaintance sprang from a strange circumstance. You may think it odd, that a young Parisian beauty should have followed me so far and to so secluded a habitation. It is a thing to wonder at!' continued he, musing.

Having my curiosity excited by these remarks, I entreated him to relate the event he alluded to, and after some delay, seeming to spring into animation, he thus proceeded:—In my youth, I studied medicine at Paris for some years, and as my finances were low, I led a very secluded life. The only friend I had in that modern Babylon was a personage of whom it will be difficult for you to form an idea: he was a money-lender. Can you picture such a character to yourself? He was of a complexion pale and leaden, or, if it may be allowed me to say so, of a saffron silver. His hair was straight,

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and of an ashy gray; his countenance as indefinable as that of a diplomatist; his features seemed as if cut in bronze. His eye, yellow as the ferret's, had no lashes; his nose was peaked, and his lips contracted. He was a man who spoke low in a small voice, and allowed of no excitement. He assisted his sunken eyes with a pair of old green spectacles. His dress black; his age a mystery. The apartment of this strange being was chilly and disconsolate. In winter, I never saw his grate filled; the fire emitted smoke, but no flame, since it was smothered beneath a load of cinders.

This man moved through life as noiseless and silent as the sand of an ancient horologe. His actions were all regular; his hour of rising was not more fixed than that at which his fit of coughing came on. After the fashion of Fontenelle, he sought to economise the vital action, and concentrate all feelings and sentiments in self. Sometimes his victims protested and exclaimed against him; but he was unprovoked, and beheld such excitement in calm indifference.

Up till seven o'clock in the evening he was grave, but towards eight, the man of bills was changed into an ordinary being: it was the mystery of the transmutation of metals exemplified in the human heart. It was then he rubbed his hands, and indulged in a species of gaiety, extending even to a thin and withering smile; but in his greatest joy, his conversation seldom mounted above the monosyllabic. Such was the neighbour whom chance afforded me in the Rue des Grès. It was a dreary and damp house, which, having no court, was supplied with light only from the narrow street. The division of the building into chambers of an equal size, with a single opening leading into a long corridor, where the sun never penetrated, shewed sufficiently that it had formerly been part of a convent. The appearance was sad and gloomy enough to chill the heart of an aspirant for discounts, even before he entered the apartment of the usurer himself. There he sat, dark and inexorable. The only being with whom he held any intercourse, socially speaking, was

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myself. He came to seek fire from me; he borrowed a book, a newspaper; and in return for these small courtesies, in the evening I was the only one whom he permitted to enter his place of abode, and to whom he talked of his own accord: these proofs of confidence were the result of a five years' neighbourhood. Had he relations, friends? I knew not. I have never seen him with a penny. All his money was in the cellars of the bank. He carried none upon his person. In the morning, he prepared his own coffee, in an old utensil which never stirred from the corner of his chimney. His dinner was brought him from an eating-house. An old woman ascended at an hour fixed to arrange his apartment. In fine, the name of this individual was Gosbeck.

One evening I entered the chamber of this man, whose being was gold. I found him seated in his chair, motionless as a statue, his eyes fixed upon the chimney-piece, where he seemed to read the rates of discount. A small smoky lamp, the body of which had once been green, cast a glare upon his deathlike face. He raised his eyes as I advanced, but he said nothing; my chair was placed near him, prepared for me, for I was expected. 'Does this being think?' said I to myself. 'Does he know if there be a God? Has he feelings, hope? Can he taste happiness? Is he dead to sentiment, to passion?' I pitied him as I would a person in illness, though I was perfectly aware he had millions at the bank, and that his imagination grasped the possession of the wealth of worlds.

'Good evening, Father Gosbeck,' said I to him. He turned his head towards me, and his shaggy eyebrows were slightly moved. This characteristic motion was equal to the gayest smile of a son of the gay south. I continued: 'You are as gloomy as the day when the failure of the great publisher was announced to you. Have you sustained some losses to-day?' This was the first time I had spoken to him of money-matters.

He looked at me, and with a half-sneering, half-chuckling voice, said: 'I am amusing myself.'

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'You amuse yourself, then, sometimes?'

He shrugged his shoulders, regarding me with a look of pity. 'Do you believe there are no poets but those who publish verses?' said he. 'Poetry in that head!' thought I. 'There is no life more brilliant than mine,' continued he. His eye grew animated. 'Listen to me. By the recital of the events of the morning, you shall understand my pleasures.' He arose, and bolting the door, drew close a curtain of old tapestry, and returned to his seat.

'This morning,' resumed he, 'I had only two drafts to receive, for all the others had been given the evening before as cash to my bankers. I had received the first bill from a young man, handsome, and in the first ranks of fashion. He came here in a tilbury. The paper, signed by one of the most beautiful women in Paris, the wife of a rich landowner, had been obtained, I know not how or wherefore, although it was in all likelihood for a gambling debt, and was for the sum of a thousand francs. The other bill, for the same amount, was to be also paid by a female, for it was signed "Fanny Malvert." It had been passed to me by a linendraper. The countess resided in the Rue du Helder, and Fanny in the Rue Montmartre. If you could know the romantic conjectures which I formed in going out this morning! What joy I felt in reflecting, that if these two fair dames were not in funds, I should be received with more respect and attention than their own father! How many things would not the countess do for a thousand francs! She would assume an air of affection; would address me in that sweet tone which she reserves for her most particular friends; would actually supplicate me; and I'——

Here the old man knit his brows, and continued with a demoniac chuckle: 'And I—I am the avenger; I bring remorse. But let us quit conjecture. I arrive. "The countess has not yet risen," lisped a *femme-de-chambre*. "When can she be seen?" "At twelve." "The countess is ill?" "No, sir, but she did not return before three from a ball." "My name is Gosbeck. Tell her my name.

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I shall be here at twelve." I proceeded to the Rue Montmartre, to a house of modest appearance. I pushed open an old door, and saw one of those obscure courts where the sun never penetrates. I found the porter in his lodge. "Mademoiselle Fanny Malvert, is she at home?" "She is gone out; but if it be for a bill, the money is here." "I will return," said I; for the moment that I heard the sum was ready, I felt inclined to know the fair debtor. I passed the morning on the Boulevards, and as mid-day sounded, I was traversing the saloon which adjoined the chamber of the countess. "Madam has this moment rung her bell," said the *femme-de-chambre;* "I do not believe she can be seen yet." "I will wait;" and I seated myself upon an embroidered ottoman. In a few minutes the *femme-de-chambre* approached, and said: "Please to enter, sir."

'By the polite tone in which she addressed to me these words, I was sure her mistress was not prepared. But what a beautiful woman I saw! She had hastily thrown over her shoulders a Cashmere shawl. Her black hair escaped in dishevelled ringlets from beneath a beautiful cap, perched capriciously, or at random, on her head. Upon a large bear-skin, stretched at the feet of lions chiselled in the mahogany of the bed, lay two shoes of white satin, thrown there with all the carelessness which the lassitude of a ball produces. Upon a chair lay a rumpled dress, the sleeves of which trailed upon the floor. Stockings, which a Zephyr might have worn, lay at the foot of a couch. Flowers, diamonds, gloves, a bouquet of flowers, a sash, were thrown in confusion around. I felt a vague odour of perfumes. A rich fan, half spread out, was on the chimney-piece. The drawers of her wardrobe were open. All was luxury and disorder, beauty without harmony, richness and misery. The jaded figure of the countess suited well with a chamber covered with the wrecks of a fête. I viewed these scattered ornaments with scorn; the night before they had, on the person of the countess, drawn homage and admiration. Here was the life of dissipation, of luxury, of disquiet:

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the idle efforts to seize phantom pleasures! A slight blush upon her cheeks attested the fineness of the skin of the countess, yet the brown circle beneath her eyes was more distinctly marked than usual. But nature had sufficient energy to prevent these marks of exhaustion trenching much upon her appearance, and her eyes had not yet lost their brilliancy.

'"Sir," said she, presenting me a chair, "pray have the goodness to wait a little." "Until to-morrow at noon, madam," answered I, folding up the bill which I had shewn to her; "I have no right to protest before that hour." But I said within myself: "Pay for thy luxury, pay for thy folly, pay for the monopoly which thou enjoyest. There are tribunals, judges, and scaffolds for wretches without dread of consequences. But for you, who sleep on silk and tread on satin, there is remorse, and the anguish which tears the heart!" "A protest! What are you thinking of?" exclaimed she. "You would not surely have so little regard for me?" "If the king owed me money, madam, and did not pay me, I would not delay—no, not an instant."

'At this moment a gentle rap was heard at the door of the chamber. "I am not here!" exclaimed the young countess in an imperious tone. "Louisa, I wish much to see you," answered the voice. "Not at this moment, my dear," answered she, in a tone less severe, but far from sweet. "You joke, for you are speaking to some one." So saying, a gentleman, who could be none other than the count, the husband of the lady, entered the room. The countess looked at me. I understood her; she was become my slave. "What is your business?" said the count, addressing me. I saw the wife tremble. The pure whiteness of her neck grew freckled. I—I laughed without moving a muscle. "Oh, he is one of my tradesmen," said she. The count turned his back, but did not retire, and I drew the bill half out of my pocket. At this inexorable movement, she came to me and presented a diamond. "Take it," said she, "and leave us."

'We exchanged the two securities; I retired. The

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diamond was worth twelve hundred francs. I observed in the court two sumptuous equipages, valets brushing their liveries, and others cleaning boots. "There," said I to myself, "that's what brings these people to me!" But precisely at this moment the great gate was thrown open, and gave entrance to the elegant tilbury of the young man who had passed me the bill of exchange. "Sir," said I, as he descended, "here are two hundred francs, which I beg the favour of your restoring to the countess; and you will also inform her, that I shall hold at her disposal, for eight days, the pledge which she placed with me this morning." He took the two hundred francs, with a smile of irony, as if he would have said: "Ah, ha!—she has paid it!—so much the better."

'I now proceeded to the Rue Montmartre, to the house of Fanny Malvert. I ascended a small rude staircase, and on the fourth floor I was introduced into an apartment where everything was simple and clean. I did not perceive the least trace of dust upon the unpretending furniture. Fanny was a young Parisian girl, of elegant and fresh appearance, a bewitching air, with her hair collected in two bows upon her temples, which gave an arch expression to her blue eyes, pure as crystal. She was dressed with great simplicity. The sun, passing through the blinds, cast a gentle light upon her beautiful features. Pieces of linen around her announced to me her habitual occupation. She offered to me the image of laborious solitude. When I presented her with the bill of exchange, I said that I had not succeeded in finding her at home in the morning, and that it appeared she went early out. "Oh, I am very seldom from home," said she; "but when one works all night, it is necessary sometimes to take a bath." I scrutinised her, and in a moment comprehended her history. She was the daughter of a family formerly rich, whom misfortune had condemned to labour. I cannot describe the air of virtue and modesty joined to a native nobleness, which I remarked in her. All around her was in unison with her manners. It appeared to me that I was in an atmosphere of sincerity

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and candour. I breathed at my ease. I perceived a simple bed of painted wood, with a crucifix on the top of it. I was touched. I felt disposed to leave her not only the money which was due to me, but also the diamond of the countess; but I thought that such a present might be fatal to her, and upon further reflection I retained both, especially as the diamond would readily sell for fifteen hundred francs to an actress or to a newly-married lady. And then, thought I, she has perhaps some admirer who would make a breastpin of my diamond, and would soon devour the thousand francs. As you entered this evening, I was thinking what an excellent wife this Fanny Malvert would make. I shall not easily forget the impression made upon me by the comparison between her pure and solitary life, and the career of the countess, who has already made a plunge towards vice.

'Well,' he resumed, after a pause of profound silence, during which I sat in mute astonishment, 'do you think it nothing thus to penetrate into the most secret workings of the human heart, to lay bare the life of others, to have all opened to you? I have perpetually varying scenes; I look upon hideous misery, upon cankering cares, upon woes that are solaced in the waters of the Seine, upon the follies of youth which lead to crime. I behold the scenes of suffering virtue, and I hear the laugh of despair. Yesterday, a tragedy: a father who destroyed himself because he could no longer support his family—in extravagance; to-morrow, a comedy: a youth, inured to sumptuousness, sups his barley-broth in the alms-house. The eloquence of Mirabeau has been lauded; I have often heard him; he never moved me. But often a young unsophisticated girl, an old merchant on the eve of bankruptcy, a mother who would conceal the faults of a favourite son, a beggar without bread, a noble without honour, have made me feel the power of words! Sublime actors! but they have never deceived me. Pleasure! where have I a want? I possess everything. We who have the key of wealth are lords of all. Those who sneer at avarice, and pretend to describe its folly, do not

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comprehend us. It is not the mere coin which we love, but the power which it confers. We can move the passions of a world. We buy ministers and consciences, and therein lies our power. Kings reign only by our permission. Their ambition and their folly make them our slaves. We are, in short, the unseen monarchs of life; for money is life. Here,' continued he, shewing me his cold and naked room—'here, the most passionate lover, who takes fire at a word, and draws his sword for a look, prays with clasped hands; here, beseeches the proudest merchant; here, the most vain and beautiful of women entreat; here, the proud and fiery soldier humbles himself; here, stand the artist and the author whose names are promised to posterity, but whose bodies in the meantime are craving for food! Do you *now* believe that there is no enjoyment beneath the mask, the inflexibility of which has so often surprised you?' said he, stretching towards me a visage wherein a love of money—nought but money—was the only expression.

I returned to my own room stupified. This cold-blooded old man had become a new being. I viewed him as a fantastic image: I saw in him the monster GOLD personified! Life, mankind, horrified me! 'Thus everything is resolved into money!' said I to myself. It was long before I could sleep. I saw heaps of gold around me. The figure of the beautiful countess haunted me, and I confess with shame that she eclipsed entirely the sweet and charming creature consigned to labour and obscurity.

But the following morning, through the clouds of my reveries, the pure and homely Fanny appeared to me in all her beauty, and I thought of nothing but her. Gosbeck's words haunted me: 'I was thinking what an excellent wife she would make.' It is needless for me to tell you how I sought and won her. But our fortunes were narrow, and my prospects held out little. I announced to Gosbeck my intended marriage. 'You are a prudent young man,' said he. 'Fanny Malvert is my ward; I have taken a deep interest in her fate, and her fortune shall be twenty

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thousand francs, to be paid on your marriage-day.' It was thus that this singular being helped my fortunes. Fanny is now my wife, and I have found in her a treasure. Gosbeck yet lives and corresponds with me. He announces to me in his last letter that the countess has ruined her husband, who has died insolvent, and that the wretch who helped to plunder her has sunk into the misery and degradation which sooner or later attend a departure from virtue and honourable principle.

The physician finished his recital, and my chief regret at leaving Custrin arose from my not being permitted to kiss the hand of his interesting wife.

THE THUGS.

THE disposition to destroy life is well known to be one which not only acts independently in the human character, but is liable to be awakened and called into activity by a great number of other sentiments; such as the extreme thirst for gain, offended self-love, panic terror, and even a strong sense of justice, philanthropy, and other of the superior sentiments of our nature. We are now about to introduce to the notice of our readers a remarkable tribe, who, from generation to generation, carry on murder as a regular trade, partly under the influence of the love of gold, but chiefly in obedience to sentiments of a higher, though equally abused character.

The Thugs are a Hindoo race who infest the roads in India, for the purpose of robbing travellers. The states of Bhopaul, Oude, Gwalior, and Bundelcund, and the Company's possessions in the Doab, are their chief residence; and the thoroughfares which they chiefly haunt, are those of the Deccan, Scindias, and Holkar's country, down to the sea and the Delhi country. Ostensibly, they are simple cultivators of the ground; but for

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eight months of the year, they move in gangs along the roads, under various disguises and pretexts, murdering and robbing every party whom they think they can overpower without danger to themselves. They must have practised this trade at least since the days of Akbar the Great, in the sixteenth century, as that sovereign on one occasion executed 500 of them in one province. Indeed, the profession has not only become hereditary, and of old standing, but is invested with all those inveterate characteristics which attend what is called *caste* in India. The young are regularly brought up to it, and, though some are of course better qualified by their natural character than others, none are known to shew so much repugnance to it, as to abandon it for any more legitimate means of living.

Though the Thugs are indifferently of the Mohammedan and Hindoo religions, they unite in the grand superstitions which chiefly prompt and support their minds in their abominable courses. They put an implicit confidence in omens. The partridge, the shama, the deer, the jackal, and other animals, are supposed by them to foretell good or bad luck, according as they appear or are heard on the right or left hand. Leaving their homes in bands at the end of the rainy season, they direct their steps to their high-priest or *goroo*, generally an old Thug—no matter whether Hindoo or Mussulman—who has retired from the trade, and lives upon the contributions of his descendants or disciples, who look up to him with great reverence for advice and instruction, and bend to his decision in all cases of doubt or dispute. On this old man they confer presents. He then consecrates a *kodalee* or pickaxe, which they carry with them on all occasions, and to which they ascribe many virtues, one of which is, that it can prevent the spirits of the murdered from rising from their graves which are dug with it. On this occasion, young Thugs who have passed through a kind of novitiate, and acquired the necessary ardour and hardness of heart, are presented by the priest with the *romal* or handkerchief—the instrument employed in strangling their victims—

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which, establishing them in the highest grade of the profession, and insuring a larger proportion of the booty, is regarded as an object of the highest ambition. The priest then tells the young Thug how many of his family have signalised themselves by the use of the *romal*, how much his friends expect from his courage and conduct, and implores the goddess Bowanee—whom the Thugs of all religions regard as the arbitress of their destinies—to vouchsafe her support to his laudable ambition and endeavours to distinguish himself in her service. When we reflect on the base character of the Hindoo priesthood, among which it is a maxim that untruth and false-swearing are virtuous and meritorious deeds when they tend to their own advantage, we shall not wonder that any should be found to employ their influence, and that of their religion, in urging human beings to signalise themselves by acts of murder.

Having performed their various superstitious rites, the Thugs proceed to rendezvous at some place previously appointed, where the gangs make their final arrangements for the season, one of the most important of which is to fix on their private signals. They then break into parties of from twenty to 150, and begin to patrol the roads, usually appearing as a collection of travellers, who have combined for mutual protection against marauders. One of their customs is, never to shave or eat *pawn* till they have killed their first traveller. There is seldom any display of courage among the Thugs. All their murders are effected in a cunning and insidious manner, so as to avoid danger. Some of the younger members, who are not considered as having sufficient *hard-breastedness*, as they call it, even to witness a murder, are employed as scouts, to ascertain the approach of travellers, their strength, their weapons, the direction in which they are going, and the valuables which they carry. If they conceive themselves to be a match for the party, one or two of the most smooth-spoken among them are sent to join it, and make way, perhaps, for a junction between it and the larger body of Thugs. If they succeed in lulling the

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suspicions of the party, they will proceed in company for a considerable way, till, coming to a convenient place, they propose a grand repast, the expense of which they are ready to bear. After dinner, two or three will play the guitar, while the rest sit round, smoking and talking. At length, the private signal is given; each traveller is caught round the neck by a handkerchief, which the wretch who threw it twists as hard as he can, while two of his companions hold the hands of the victim. If any struggle takes place, a kick throws the unhappy traveller on the ground, where the work of death is completed. They then select the most secret place in the neighbourhood for the interment of the bodies; sometimes a thick mango grove, and not unfrequently the beds of rivulets. Parties of two, four, and nearly as high as twenty, are thus disposed of. As treasure is often carried from place to place in India, the Thugs sometimes secure an immense booty. An instance of their obtaining L.7000, in gold and jewels, occurred a few years ago. They display the greatest cautiousness in the selection of their victims, and in every circumstance of their atrocious trade. The government runners are seldom attacked by them, because their fate could not fail to become a subject of inquiry. For the same reason, and from a dread of resistance, they rarely make up to Europeans. In 1823, a formidable gang deliberated about attacking two British officers, who were passing by dawk, and finally negatived the proposal, for these reasons: 1*st*, Because such gentlemen seldom carry valuables with them in dawk trips; 2*d*, Because they always carry pistols; 3*d*, Because their destruction would become matter of publicity. The leading maxim of the Thugs is, that dead men tell no tales, and for this reason murder invariably precedes robbery. On one occasion, a risaldar, a woman, and fourteen other persons, were murdered by a party, at Chapara, on their way from Hyderabad: before the murder was completed, four poor travellers came up, and these, though presenting no temptation in the way of booty, were strangled also, in order to prevent discovery. Two

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of the poor men were going one way, and two another, and the two couples did not reach the spot at the same time. 'When the first two came up,' said an informer in evidence, 'we made them sit down: when we had murdered the risaldar and his companions, and when the second two came to the top of the pass, at the foot of which we were, our people persuaded them we had had a dispute, and induced them to descend, which at first they were very unwilling to do. When the leaders came up from the work they were engaged in, they insisted on strangling these four poor men, who submitted in silence to their doom.'

At the end of the season, or upon having acquired a considerable booty, the Thug goes home to his wife and family, to enjoy his ill-gotten gains. He is careful to take a portion of his wealth to the temple of Bowanee, whose priests, in return, promise him immunity and success in his trade, and, if he should fall in the exercise of his vocation, all the delights of paradise. These priests are said not only to connive at the horrible trade of the Thugs, but on many occasions to give them information respecting travellers, and to suggest particular lines of road as most favourable for their purpose.

Within the last few years, since the conclusion of the Mahratta war in India, the attention of the supreme government has been directed to the practices of the Thugs, many of whom have consequently been apprehended and executed. One named Dirgpaul, who, from his great daring and success, acquired among his companions the title of *Subahdar*, was seized in 1832, and an account of him is thus given by a gentleman who was present at his execution:—'His ancestors have been Thugs for many generations, and his brother, Luchman, is still one of their leaders. Of a great variety of murders detailed in evidence, I select a few as specimens. The first affair at which Dirgpaul figures, is in the year 1817, at the murder of a pundit at Selodha, a village one march north-west of Saugur. The body of the pundit, with those of some others, in the same grave, was disinterred

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by Captain Sleeman. He was next concerned in the murder of fourteen shopkeepers at Seronge, and got 2000 rupees, equivalent to about L.180 sterling. The day after, seventeen Rohillas, marching through this part of the country, fell in with the gang, and were likewise strangled by Dirgpaul and his party. In 1821, he was concerned in the murder of four police guards, at a place called Bhanpore; the bodies were buried in a rivulet. The following day, a native officer of Holkar's army, with four troopers, came up, and they also were strangled, and the bodies buried under mango trees. Four days subsequent to these murders, they fell in with a Nawaub, whose name was Amber Khan, and his wife, and ten soldiers, all of whom were murdered by this gang. Just as they had completed their work, eleven *cowhattees*, or carriers of Ganges water, came up, who suspecting what they had been about, let out a hint of the kind. The consequence was, that the gang of Thugs fell on them also, and the whole party were strangled. Their bodies were buried in some empty houses close by; and the bones of these twenty-three unfortunate victims have lately been dug up by Captain Sleeman's people, and an inquest held on them by the native local authorities. In 1823, he was a principal in the murder of eleven men, one woman, and one girl, in all thirteen, on their way from Poonah towards Indore. The gang of Thugs amounted to 150. Dirgpaul was the man who cajoled the party, and persuaded them to march in company with them. The booty on this occasion was 1000 rupees. After halting a day at this place of murder, they were joined by more treasure-bearers, travelling with four ponies. In a sequestered spot, at mid-day, the whole were murdered, and the bodies thrown into the jungle. The treasure found on them amounted to 25,000 rupees (L.2400). The last act recorded of Dirgpaul was the murder of a native officer of rank, in the service of the queen of Odeypoor, called Loll Singh, of his wife, a female servant, and six men followers. The Thugs mustered 250 strong, fifty of whom were under the command of Dirgpaul, who was the principal man in

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concerting the murders, with another notorious leader. The subahdar Loll Singh rode a mare, and his wife was nursing an infant boy. The Thugs kept in company with the travellers for some days, and, by one of the leaders riding a horse whose tail was docked, they persuaded the subahdar that they were sepoys, and that the rider got the horse from his European officer. Having intoxicated him with opium and stramonium, the Thugs fell on him and his companions a little after dusk, and the whole were killed, with the exception of the infant, whom Dirgpaul kept and adopted. This child was brought in with the prisoner, and is now educating at the Saugur Government School, at the expense of government. This man had a singular leer on his countenance: when he was under trial for his life, and, subsequently, when sentence of death was being passed on him, it did not forsake him; and, with his little wooden spindle twisting cotton, he affected a carelessness at once unnatural and indecent. He was executed, with twenty-nine others, on the morning of the 30th June 1832; and although his *courage* was great, his *caution* was also conspicuous. Six carts conveyed them to the place of execution, which was outside the town of Saugur, about a mile and a half from the jail. The gibbets were erected temporarily, and formed three sides of a square. The posts supporting the cross-poles were fixed into stone-walls, about five feet high, and, from the edge of one stone-wall to the other, a beam was placed for the wretched men to stand on after ascending the ladders. The nooses were all ready, hanging from the crossbeams, and each man as he landed on the platform selected his rope. Considering it an everlasting disgrace to their names to die by the hands of the common hangman, the condemned Thugs no sooner take hold of the halter, than they push their heads into the noose, and with loud shouts and cheers, adjust the knot behind the ear, jump off, and launch themselves into eternity! The beam against which the ladders are resting, is the platform on which they stand, and which is withdrawn; but the men are all off swinging before this can be done.

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Dirgpaul waited to see nearly all his companions off, and I well remember the last look he took of them before he swung himself from the fatal beam.'

The character of this extraordinary race is full of what our habits of thinking would incline us to consider as inconsistencies. With all their superstitious veneration for the priesthood, and though some of them are themselves Brahmins, they make no scruple to kill persons of that sacred order. Though so remorseless in general that they will destroy even those who have preserved them from prison and death, they are capable of manifesting some of the most amiable feelings. They will, as in the case of Dirgpaul, preserve and cherish a helpless child; they will lament the death of a friend or relation with the bitterest grief, and do anything, even to the surrender of themselves to justice, to extricate their wives and children from imprisonment. Feringia, the Jemadar of the Thugs, when in confinement, avowed that he would have 'surrendered himself after the Bilsa affair, if he had met the party of Nujeebs who had charge of his family; and he more than once burst into a flood of tears, on an allusion being made to his relations who were condemned in the Bilsa trial, and hanged at Jabbalpoor.' If we reflect, however, upon the circumstances under which this trade is carried on, and the motives which animate its professors, we shall be less surprised at these exemplifications of human kindness. The following of this mode of life is evidently not the result of an original disposition to murder: the Thugs are no collection of lovers of blood from all India, but a localised race, each of whom, whatever be his original tendencies, is forced by a kind of destiny of blood to adopt the business of slaughter. Superstition has evidently supplied the pristine impulse to the awful trade, and still helps greatly to maintain it in vigour. Taught by all that he holds sacred to regard murder and robbery as honourable and advantageous in this world, and still more so with a view to the next, the Thug must proceed to his dreadful work with a mind quite at peace with itself. When, in addition

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to the sanction obtained from the objects of worship, the young Thug has the authority and recommendation of his parents for the trade he is destined to, he can hardly fail to engage in it with heartiness, or at least without compunction. Man is also, as we may remark in various spheres of life, capable of assuming a professional character, considerably different and apart from his domestic one. Regarding murder as his profession, the Thug practises it as a matter of course, all the time retaining his better feelings for display in the appropriate situations and circumstances. It is at least certain, that all those who have inquired into this species of crime, speak of a peculiar callosity being manifested by its votaries when upon the road, and which they do not display either in the bosoms of their families, or when they fall into the hands of justice. The young are said to have this callosity in a comparatively slight degree. They require to be brought on from the performance of menial offices about the camp, to aiding in the dispatch of victims—next to practising on the old and feeble—till finally, by the joint operation of superstitious zeal, and the glory which man will derive from the basest of accomplishments, they are able to attack individuals in the full vigour of health. It is evident from all these facts, that the Thugs practise murder without that sense of evildoing which, by hardening the heart, makes it the more ripe for evildoing—that, on the contrary, it is practised as a kind of virtue, and accordingly in full compatibility with the best of the human sentiments, so far as that race of people are endowed with them.

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CHARMING AWAY DISEASES.

THE London newspapers lately amused their readers with the account of an Irishman, somewhere in the metropolis, who tried to charm away the hooping-cough from his child, by passing it to his wife below the belly of a donkey. Whether this be an established usage in the practice of domestic medicine among the Irish, we are not aware, but we know full well that in Scotland it has long been a practice, in the case of any apparently unaccountable illness in children, for the father of the young invalid to pass it to the mother through the smoke of a fire, receiving a small coin in exchange. Although this very ancient custom of 'selling through the reek,' as it is called, lingers, like other superstitious practices, only among the most ignorant of the community, it is painful to reflect that instances of such gross delusion should still be found to exist among any class of people, in any part of the country, and the circumstance is, of itself, sufficient to justify the establishment of schools of general instruction on a scale far more extensive than has hitherto been attempted—for it is only by the proper education of the young, that we are to hope for the complete eradication of superstition in all its dark and humiliating details.

The practice of charming for the cure of diseases is of great antiquity, and is thus described at length by a writer in the *Monthly Review*. 'In the beginning, medicine was of necessity a superstitious and an empirical, that is to say, an experimental art, while nature pursued her course with uniform regularity; and while her operations were uninterrupted by any obstacle, men enjoyed the benefits which she bestowed, without any desire to ascertain their cause and origin; but any deviation from this course, no matter how trifling it might be, was calculated to excite their curiosity and astonish their minds. These changes being to them incomprehensible, were readily

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referred to the agency of some supernatural power; and the infliction of disease was attributed to the wrathful power of an offended deity, from whom both the cure and prevention were alone to be obtained. This was the true and simple notion of the case; and it was abundantly fostered by two principles, which operate powerfully upon all rude natures—a fond desire to pry into futurity, and an eager anxiety to avert impending evils. The cunning among the people imputed the origin of diseases to supernatural influence, and prescribed or performed a variety of mysterious rites, which they declared to be of power sufficient to remove them. Credulity and reverence favoured the deception, so that, among savages, their first physicians were a species of conjurors or wizards, who boasted of their knowledge of the past, and who predicted the events of the future. Incantations, sorcery, and mummeries of divers kinds, were the means which they employed to expel or counteract the causes of imaginary malignancy, upon the assumed efficacy of which they predicted with confidence the fate of their deluded patients.

'Among the superstitious rites which were thus practised by the northern nations in particular, none was so horrid as that of offering up living victims as sacrifices to the demons who were worshipped. Of these sanguinary sacrifices, none were deemed so auspicious and efficacious as that of a prince. When the lot fell upon the king to die, the annunciation was received with loud and universal acclamations, and with every vehement demonstration of joy. In Denmark, it happened, during a famine, that lots were cast for a victim to be offered up, as a propitiatory sacrifice for its prevention. The lot fell upon Prince Domelder, who was accordingly sacrificed, to the manifest delight of his loving subjects. Olaus Tretelger, another mighty potentate, was burnt alive, as an offering to appease the wrath of an infuriated war-god. In this and similar sects originated a vast quantity of delusion and jugglery. The *charming* away of diseases by certain cabalistical words or sentences, became a favourite mode with many,

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and possessed of very particular efficacy. Sometimes a single word was used, sometimes a rhyme, at others, a moral apophthegm. These charms were often written upon papyrus, wood, or some other substance, and suspended as an amulet round the neck, or applied to other parts of the patient's body. The remedy mentioned by Serenus Samonicus, for the cure of fever, consisted in writing upon paper the word Abracadabra in a particular manner, and suspending it round the neck by a silken thread.

'The Jews attributed a similar virtue to the word Abracalan, used in the same manner; and the Turks inscribed words and sentences from the Koran. The Greeks, with their accustomed ingenuity, improved upon this method of charming, by employing mechanical means in conjunction with their incantations. Thus Homer, speaking of Ulysses, when wounded on Parnassus by a wild boar, tells us—

> "With bandage firm Ulysses' knee they bound,
> Then, *chanting mystic lays*, the closing wound
> Of sacred melody confessed the force—
> The tides of life regained their azure course."

This binding of the knee, by the way, was not bad surgery, as it was amply sufficient to restrain the bleeding, and close the wound; but this alone would have been too simple a plan for the imaginative Greeks, in whose estimation the "mystic lays" were no doubt supremely restorative.

'In process of time, a further improvement was effected upon the mode of charming away diseases, by adding to it the use of certain herbs and plants, in the collecting and administering of which, however, a great deal of mummery was employed. Thus the Druids, in gathering the plant solago, or black hellebore, would not use any sharp or cutting instrument; it was to be plucked with the right hand, which was carefully covered with a part of their robe, and then conveyed secretly into the left; and, lastly, it was considered indispensably necessary that the Druid who was delegated to this important office should be clothed in white, be barefooted, and previously offer a sacrifice of bread and wine. Of course the plant

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thus elaborately and mystically gathered was an undisputed catholicon. Vervain, a plant much used in magical operations, and even now occasionally employed as an amulet, was obtained with equal solemnity. It was to be gathered at the rising of the dog-star, or at the break of day, before the sun was above the horizon; an expiatory sacrifice of fruit and honey having been previously offered up. Persons rubbed with vervain thus sanctified, were considered invulnerable to the attacks of fever, and, indeed, to those of any other malady; it possessed also the miraculous power of reconciling the hearts of such as were at enmity—no matter from what source this enmity might have arisen. Pity it is that such a useful intercessor should be unknown in its effects to us, in these times of virulence and animosity!

'Few of us are unacquainted with the solemnity of the ceremonies which the early priests and physicians of our own island employed in gathering the misletoe, which was esteemed of such blessed value, that they believed the gods expressly sent it down from heaven for the advantage and felicity of man. It was considered as a specific for epilepsy, apoplexy, and vertigo: and a water was distilled from it, which was deemed, like Solomon's Balm of Gilead, and some other nostrums that we could mention, a remedy for all maladies. Virgil has commemorated the gathering of the misletoe, and the reader will find a fuller description of it in Pliny. The ceremony must, in truth, have been sufficiently imposing. First went the soothsayers, singing hymns in honour of the deity; next came a herald, with a rod in his hand, and he was followed by three Druids bearing the sacrificial apparatus. Last of all appeared the arch-Druid, clothed in a white robe, and followed by the people. Having arrived at the appointed place, the arch-Druid ascended the oak, and cut the misletoe with a golden sickle. The attendant Druids received it with great reverence into the *Sagum*, or white cassock. Then followed the sacrifice of two white bulls, to which succeeded a feast, and prayers were offered up to the deity to endue the plant with

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its godlike qualities. Thus ended the ceremony, and the plant became the means of communicating benefits to all who were permitted to partake of it.

'Numerous examples might be adduced of the prevalence and peculiarity of these medicinal charms in the rude and early ages of the world. Even now their existence is very common among the Indian nations yet uncivilised. In most parts of Africa, the priests or marabouts carry on a considerable traffic in vending charms, which are called *Grigris*, and which are made after the most approved priestly fashion, to answer every contingency. They afford protection from thunderbolts as easily as safety from sickness; they procure a multitude of wives, and insure the success of their accouchements; they prevent shipwreck and slavery, and are sure to be attended by victory in battle. There were two or three of these Grigris in the Leverian Museum; they contain generally a prayer to Mohammed, rolled up in linen, and were probably made in imitation of the phylacteries of the Jews, which were rolls or slips of parchment inscribed with sentences of Scripture, in obedience to the command—"to bind them for a sign upon their heads, and to be as frontlets between their eyes." But it is not only among the rude savages of India and the Eastern World, that the virtue of medicinal charms is implicitly credited. The illiterate and simple natives of this enlightened kingdom, especially those in its remotest districts, repose all necessary faith in the same fascinating delusions; and there is not a "goody" in any of our remote villages, who has not a specific charm for hooping-cough, ague, teething, convulsions, epilepsy, and every other ordinary disease. Every one is acquainted with the assumed efficacy of the "royal touch" in cases of king's evil, or scrofula; and scarcely a week passes by that we do not see in the newspapers an advertisement for the disposal of a "*child's caul*," which has the miraculous power of preserving sailors from the perils of the deep, and from the affliction of faithless love—and which may be occasionally procured for the trifling sum of fourteen or fifteen guineas!

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'To many of our readers, the majority of charms in vogue among the vulgar must be well known; but as our object is to display at one view the delusions of medicine, we shall not scruple to transcribe the most remarkable. One method of obtaining a cure for the hooping-cough, is to inquire of the first person who is met riding upon a piebald horse, what is good for that malady. A friend of Dr Lettsom, who once went a journey on a horse of this description, was so frequently interrupted by questions about this disease, that it was with some difficulty he effected his progress through the villages in his route. He frequently silenced the importunities of his interrogators by recommending a toast in brandy. No disease has given rise to a more curious catalogue of charms than the ague. A common practice in some parts of the country, is for the patient to run *nine* times through a circle formed by a brier that grows naturally in that direction. The process is to be repeated *nine* successive days. A spider given, *unknown*, to the patient, is miraculously efficacious in preventing a paroxysm; and we have heard, on unquestionable authority, of the decided effect of the snuff of a candle. These, however, can scarcely be termed charms, for the beneficial result is entirely dependent upon the ammoniacal salt, or some other property in the substance administered, aided probably by some mental operation.

'The perils of infantile dentition afford ample scope for the use of charms. These are chiefly in the form of beads or bands; and who is unacquainted with the "anodyne necklace" of the celebrated Dr Gardener? which was thus touchingly recommended by its immortal inventor: "What mother," he asks, "can forgive herself, who suffers her child to die without an anodyne necklace?" Many charms are also employed for the cure of the toothache; and among others, that of extracting a *worm* from the diseased tusk is a profitable source of deception. An ingenious female quack realised in London, not many years ago, a very handsome income, by imposing upon the credulity of the public in the pretended extraction of this worm. This she effected in the following

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manner:—She contrived to introduce into the patient's mouth the grub of a silk-worm, which, after certain manual operations, she pretended to extract, exhibiting the parasitical tormentor to the perfect admiration and conviction of the dupe. That she sometimes achieved a cure, we do not doubt; for the influence of the imagination on the toothache, and on many other nervous affections, is too well known to need support or illustration. For the cure of epilepsy, or the falling-sickness, numerous have been the charms which have been invented, and marvellously mystical withal. A common remedy among the lower orders about London, and especially in Essex, is to cut the top of a black cat's tail, in order to procure *three* drops of blood, which are to be taken in a spoonful of milk, drawn from the female breast; and this is to be repeated *three* successive days. If the patient be a male, the woman from whom the milk is to be taken must have lain in of a girl; and of a boy if the patient be a female; but if the patient be apprised of the period when this precious potion was compounded, it will assuredly lose its efficacy. Dr Lettsom met with three instances within a fortnight, where this plan had been strongly recommended. For a similar effect the patient is to creep, head-foremost, down *three* pair of stairs, *three* times a day, for *three* successive days. Let us remember that *three* is the root of the mystic number *nine*, and that it is still depended upon by freemasons.

'Such were the delusive and barbarous absurdities which characterised the practice of the art of medicine, long after civilisation had shed its softening influence over Europe. Who were the master-spirits to whom the medical art is indebted for its present proud perfection, founded, as this perfection is, not upon servile adherence to pre-existing dogmata, nor upon custom and precedent, but upon the safe, and substantial, and certain principles of nature, deduced from a close observance of her operations, and a more perfect knowledge of her mysteries? Who, we ask, have been the philosophers who have wrought this salutary reformation? The catalogue is not

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cumbersome. We have Cheyn, that blunt but honest man; and Cheselden and Pote, the first great improvers of modern surgery; and Heberden, the classical and learned Heberden; the Fordyces and Pitcairn; the two Hunters and Baillie. Others there were, perhaps, who might contribute their quota towards the improvement of medical science; but those we have named are the leading reformers, and their efforts have been improved upon and expanded by their illustrious successors, till the art, in all its branches, has reached its present pre-eminence. Never, perhaps, was there an age in which Europe, and even England, could boast of so powerful a phalanx of professional talent as they now possess. It is supremely pleasing to see men, with an ardour at once untiring and extraordinary, toiling away with unceasing industry in the fertile but choked-up fields of science, clearing away the weeds and the rubbish, and planting such good and sound seed as shall grow up and multiply a hundredfold. Medicine had been too long clogged with the empiricism of custom, which was fostered in every conceivable manner by indolence on the one hand, and by bigoted pride on the other. Until John Hunter, than whom no man was more honest and independent, effected those beneficial discoveries which have laid the foundation of all subsequent success and excellence, the practice of surgery, as well as that of medicine, was exceedingly uncertain and fluctuating in its principles. Indeed, with a very few exceptions, and we have mentioned the majority, there were, in strict truth, no principles of practice at all; certain diseases occurred, and were valorously met with and combated by such specifics as the idleness or knavery of preceding practitioners had invented; as to the *rationale* of the disease, or the mode of operation of the medicine, these were refinements infinitely too sublime for the comprehension of our practitioners. Nothing, indeed, was so bad, nothing so abominably disgraceful as the practice of physic, even in an age comparatively modern. The majority of our living professional luminaries can,

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however, accomplish all that is necessary, and *have* done much by their upright and gentlemanly conduct, to purify the practice from the stains which blotted it.'

SCATTERED OBSERVATIONS ABOUT WORDS.

In the United States, the question 'How do you do?' is usually answered by 'Quite smart.' A clever man means there an amiable man; and when a supposition is expressed, the phrase 'I expect' is substituted for the British 'I suppose.' If anything breaks off suddenly from another, and vanishes from sight, it is said to go 'right slick away;' if it makes a simple advance from one point to another, it is said 'to progress.' A province is mentioned in which a man was 'raised,' instead of the old English 'bred and born.' These, and other American corruptions of the English language, have excited much mirth in Britain; and they certainly are odd enough. But while we laugh at the errors of our transatlantic brethren, we forget that the corresponding grades of society in our own country use many words in senses as violently and ludicrously different from those which they properly convey. People fully on a level in general condition with the bulk of the Americans, are here daily heard using such expressions as: 'I am terribly hot'— 'It was awfully absurd'— 'He was everlastingly going out and in,' not to speak of the celebrated term 'devilish,' which has been employed to exaggerate every idea, perhaps, that ever was expressed in our language. By the same persons, a disagreeable man is spoken of as an 'atrocious monster;' a song as 'beautiful;' a fine afternoon as 'glorious.' If a thing is fit, it is said to answer 'delightfully;' if it is not fit, it is denounced as 'pernicious.' If one be simply in low spirits, he is said to be 'horribly' dull, or 'horribly' hipped, or 'horribly' something or other. A system of exaggeration

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prevails in all circles, except, perhaps, the highest, where a quiet demeanour and style of speech have been found the most conducive to happiness. The most of us are 'delighted,' 'charmed,' 'enchanted' with everything, even to a neat shoe-tie.

Some words, much used in the literature of the last century, are rarely or never seen in modern publications. In the works of Smollett, for instance, 'the spleen' is frequently spoken of. This was even the subject of a poem, and a very clever one too, written in the reign of George II., by Matthew Green. Is it conceivable that the spleen was a peculiar mood of the mental and bodily frame of our grandfathers, from which we are exempt? 'Coquetry' is another word much used among the Addisons, the Hawkesworths, and the Mackenzies, and now obsolete. It is described by those authors as a vice affecting the female character; but they speak of it in such vague terms, apparently on account of it being very familiar to their readers, that we cannot now easily catch up its precise characteristics. Granting that the idea which we have formed of it be tolerably correct, we should say that it is an extinct peculiarity of human nature, for the ladies of our days betray not the least symptom of any such vice. The word has, in this case, evidently declined and perished along with the thing which it described. Besides the coquettes, who, a hundred years ago, seem to have formed a distinct and conspicuous class of our fair countrywomen, there were the 'prudes,' whose characteristic was called 'prudery,' implying an uncommon and unpopular degree of circumspection in manners. This also is an obsolete vice. Ladies are now neither 'coquettes' nor 'prudes'—nor yet are they 'reps,' which was formerly a third and worse class; they are simply LADIES—a section of society characterised in different provinces and countries by, perhaps, slightly different degrees of refinement and accomplishment, but not liable to be classified with a regard to any peculiarities such as distinguished their predecessors. You may now be thrown into the midst

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of twenty young ladies at an evening-party, without being able, at the end of four hours, to detect any difference among them, except as consists in greater or lesser personal elegance, or greater or lesser musical and conversational powers. You may visit at hundreds of houses, and in the married gentlewomen who conduct them, you will perceive no difference, except in greater or lesser taste in housekeeping, or greater or lesser pleasantness of speech. 'Coquetry' and 'prudery' are things which never cross anybody's mind now-a-days, except when he chances to take up a volume of the *British Essayists*.

It is curious to observe how spelling and pronouncing sometimes act and react upon each other. There are several words which have lately begun to be pronounced somewhat differently, in consequence of peculiarities in the spelling, which were originally erroneous. The letter 'y' was written in the sixteenth century in a manner so closely resembling the letter 'z,' that when the writings of that time, after some interval, began to be put in print, the letter last mentioned was substituted, so that the word 'young' seemed to be 'zoung,' 'menyie' [retinue] became 'menzie,' and so on. The name Mackenyie, which was borne by a large Highland clan, being spelled as Mackenzie, and placed in that form before the rest of the community, was naturally pronounced as Mackenzie both by the Lowland Scotch and the English, who, being the majority, set a fashion in the matter, which in time the Mackenyies themselves were obliged to follow. The word is now as regularly Mackenzie in Ross-shire, as in Middlesex, except that, when Gaelic is spoken, the old pronunciation is still given. The names Menyies and Dalyell were in like manner spelled as Menzies and Dalzell; though, probably through the influence of local circumstances, the pronunciation has hitherto remained unaltered, except among a few persons, who, conceiving the 'y' to be a corruption of the 'z,' which is the very reverse of the truth, have of late endeavoured to refine accordingly.

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KING ROBERT'S BOWL:

A FAMILY TRADITION.

About the year 1309, when Robert Bruce, though invested three years before with the diadem of sovereignty, was only able to maintain a kind of outlaw's independence against the officers of the English king, he frequently roamed, with a small band of attendants, through the wilds of Kirkcudbright. My ancestor, Mark Sprotte, then lived in the place where I now live, upon the banks of the Urr—a shepherd and a husbandman, occasionally also a warrior; and it was his good-fortune to be united to a woman possessing an affectionate character, and no small share of good sense and activity. It chanced one morning that Bruce was attacked, near my father's house, by Sir Walter Selby. The contest was fierce and dubious; the followers on each side were diminished to three, and these three were sorely wounded. Many a battle has been begun by a woman—this was ended by one. The clashing of swords, a sound not unusual in those unsettled times, reached the ear of the wife of my ancestor, as, busied at the hearth fire, she prepared her husband's breakfast. She ran down to the banks of the Urr, and there saw several warriors lying wounded and bleeding on the grass, and two knights, with their visors closed, and with swords in their hands, contending for death or life. They were both bold and stalwart men; but she in vain sought for a mark by which she might know the kindly Scot from the Southron. The fire sparked from their shields and helmets, and the grass was dropped here and there with blood. At length one received a stroke upon the helmet, which made him stagger. Uttering a deep imprecation, he sprang upon his equally powerful and more deliberate adversary, and the combat grew fiercer than ever. 'Ah, thou false swearing Southron!' exclaimed the wife of Mark Sprotte,

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'I know ye now—I know ye now;' and seizing Sir Walter Selby by a single lock of his hair which escaped from his helmet, she pulled him backwards to the ground, when he had no alternative but to yield himself a prisoner.

The two knights washed their hands in the Urr—and bloody hands they were—uttered short soldierlike acknowledgments to their saints for having protected them, and, entering the cottage, seated themselves by the side of their humble hostess.

'Food,' said the Scottish knight, 'have I not tasted for two days, else Sir Walter Selby, renowned in arms as he is, had not resisted Robert de Bruce so long.'

'And have I then had the glory,' said the Englishman, 'of exchanging blows with the noble leader of the men of Scotland?'

'Leader of the men of Scotland!' exclaimed Dame Sprotte: 'he shall ne'er be less than king in this house; and king, too, shall ye call him, sir, or else I will cast this boiling beverage, called brose, in your English face, weel-favoured though it be.'

King Robert smiled, and said: 'My kind and loyal dame, waste not thy valuable food on our sworn enemy, but allow the poor king of unhappy Scotland to taste of thy good cheer. And Sir Walter Selby, too, would gladly, I see, do honour to the humility of a Scottish breakfast-table. So spoons to each, my heroine. I have still a golden Robertus in my pocket for such a ready and effectual ally as thou art. And thou shalt also take thy seat beside me: this is not the first time I have had the helping-hand of a kindly Sprotte.'

The dame refused to be seated; said, 'It was bad manners to sit beside a king, and such a king too—bless his merciful and noble face! Soon may he enjoy his rightful inheritance, and long may he bruik it!'

So saying, she placed a small oaken table before him, filled a large wooden bowl, which is yet preserved by the family, with the favourite breakfast of Caledonia, rich, hot, and savoury; then laying a silver spoon beside it, she

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retired to such a distance from the king as awe and admiration might be supposed to measure to a peasant.

'But, my fair and kind subject,' said the king, 'let this gentle knight partake with me.'

'I should be no true subject,' answered she, 'if I feasted our mortal foe. Were I a man, hemp to his hands, the keep of the Thrieve for his mansion, and bread and water for his food, should be his instant doom; as a woman, I can only say I have vowed a vow, that no Southron shall feast within my door in my presence; and shall I be hospitable to the man who lately laid his steel sword with such right good-will to my king's helmet!'

'I commend thy loyalty,' said De Bruce, 'and thus shall I reward it. This land, thou knowest, is mine; the hill behind thy house is green and fair; the vale before thy house is green and fertile; I make thee lady of as much as thou canst run round while I take my breakfast. The food is hot, the vessel large, so kilt thy coats and fly.'

With right good-will she abbreviated her skirts, as desired, bound up her hair, and stood ready for flight on the threshold of her door. She looked back upon her guests with a comic expression, returned, and locked fast all spoons save the one for the king, muttering: 'I can trust a smith's finger as soon as a monarch's word,' and then resumed her station at the door.

'Now,' said Robert, 'a woman's speed of foot against a king's hunger. Away!' And as he raised the spoon to his lips, she vanished from the door. The King's Mount, so green and beautiful now, was then rough with wild juniper and briers, and the path round the base was interrupted by shivered stones and thorn bushes. But the wife of Mark Sprotte loved her husband, and wished to become lady of the land. She had already compassed one-third of the hill, when she saw a fox running along with a goose she had fattened. 'May the huntsman find ye yet, for coming across me at this unsonsie time!' said the dame; 'but a rood of land is better than a fat goose,' and she augmented her speed till she approached the mill. The miller, wearied with grinding all night, lay

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sleeping on the Sheeling Hill, while the fire that dried his oats, seized the ribs of the kiln, ran up the roof, and flashed red from between the rafters. 'Burn away!' said she; 'if I awake thee, thou wilt demand help, and a minute's work or explanation will scoup the green holm of Urr out of the inheritance which I hope to encompass before our king gains the bottom of the bowl.' So the flame increased, the miller slept, and she reached the place where the hill sloped into the vale. A small wicket in the gable of her house had a board suspended by a leather hinge; she flew for a moment to this rude casement, lifted it warily up, and there she beheld the monarch and his enemy seated side by side, their helmets on the floor, their swords laid aside, and with one spoon between them, smiling in each other's faces as they took alternate spoonfuls of the hot and homely fare. She cried: 'Fair play, my liege, fair play,' and recommenced her race with renewed agility.

'I like the fare not amiss,' said Selby; 'and still better the hale and hearty dame who prepared it. I shall never forget with what right good-will she twisted her hand into my hair, and pulled me to the ground. I'll tell thee what, De Bruce: if half the men in Scotland had hearts as heroic as hers, we might turn our bridles southward.'

'I am losing my land, listening to thy eulogium,' said the king with a smile. 'See—the brook beside the willows, where we fought so long, and where so many of thy comrades and mine lie stark and bloody, she has passed it at one bound. The helmet of Lord Howard, whom with my own hand I slew there, is ornamented with silver and gold; she sees it glittering on the ground, but stoops not to unlace it. She knows she can strip the slain at her leisure, when she cannot win land. Seven English horses graze masterless among her corn; she stays not to touch their bridles, though they have silver housings, and belts of silver and gold, and though she never mounted a fairer steed than an untrained Galloway. By the soul of Bruce, this is a prudent woman.'

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She had now nearly run round the hill, nearly encompassed the holm; and when she approached her own threshold, it was thus the king and Selby heard her commune with her own spirit, as she ran: 'I shall be called the lady of the Mount, and my husband shall be called the lord on't. We shall, nae doubt, be called the Sprottes of the Mount of Urr, while Dalbeattie Wood grows, and while Urr runs. Our sons and our daughters will be given in marriage to the mighty ones of the land, and to wed one of the Sprottes of Urr may be the toast of barons. We shall grow honoured and great, and the tenure by which our heritage shall be held, will be the presenting of butter brose in a lordly dish to the kings of Scotland when they happen to pass the Urr.'

'On thy own terms,' said King Robert, 'so loyally and characteristically spoken, my heroic dame of Galloway, shall the Sprottes of Urr hold this heritage. This mount shall be called the King's Mount; and when the kings of Scotland pass the Urr, they shall partake of brose from King Robert Bruce's Bowl, and from no other—presented by the fair and loyal hands of a Sprotte. Be wise, be valiant, be loyal and faithful, and possess this land free of paying plack or penny till the name of Bruce perish in tale, in song, and in history: and so I render it to thee.'

And thus, in one short morning, did my ancestress win the lands which have given sustenance and dignity to her descendants for more than five hundred years.

THE PRUSSIAN POLICE.

PEOPLE who have not proceeded beyond the limits of Great Britain into any of the continental countries of Europe, cannot have the most remote idea of the trouble which is incurred by travellers in the matter of passports and police supervision. Such is the personal freedom enjoyed in our own tranquil and happy country, that one

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may go here, there, anywhere, stay where he pleases, depart from a place, by sea or by land, be it during night or day, when he pleases, and, in fact, do what he pleases —so long, by the way, as he does no wrong, and is able to pay his way—and nobody will trouble themselves about him. He needs no passport, he is never challenged by a police-officer, he is not stopped or bothered with questions, the sacredness of his dwelling is in no respect violated. How delightful all this is!—yet the very exemption from such annoyances is apt to make us forget to be thankful for it—thankful that we are not tyrannised over, or watched in all our outgoings and incomings by a crew of fellows in cocked-hats, such as are to be seen on every road, in every town, in almost every street in continental Europe.

The exemption from fiscal harassment which is enjoyed in Great Britain, combined with the extent of private wealth, has had the effect of rendering the Englishman exceedingly restive under the embarrassing police arrangements of the continent. He does not understand what the people mean by troubling him. He is only travelling about for his pleasure, or his health, or perhaps to do a little in the way of business. He is not thinking about kings or dynasties. He is, thank God, not a thief, to require to be looked after wherever he goes. He can pay his way, and, what is more, spare the few dirty guilders, florins, or francs, in the shape of fees to commissaries, which are never forgotten, under any circumstances, to be taken from him. They are a poor, shabby set, that is the truth on't. And with this consolatory grumble, John Bull pursues his lagging way, until he thinks fit to return to his own island home, where, luckily, visions of cocked-hats and passports neither disturb his dreams nor molest him in his waking moments.

France is pretty well in the way of passportism; but, on the whole, the system amounts to little else than a levy of three-franc-pieces—the police-office almost always freeing strangers from personal attendance, on their quietly sending that moderate sum. It is not so, however,

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in Russia, Austria, the Low Countries, Prussia, and many other parts of Germany. Prussia is at the pink of perfection in point of police interference. Go thither, and leave the gentlemen in uniform to find out all about you. To be sure, you will not be greatly molested, provided your conduct admit of no doubtful interpretation; but then, remember, it is not you, but the police inspector, who is the judge of your behaviour. Give this dignitary the least cause for suspicion, break through one of the most insignificant of his regulations, and you will be certain to meet with chastisement. For instance, one of the rules most strictly enforced in all the towns of Prussia, is the prohibition against smoking in the streets. Cigar-smoking is no doubt a nuisance; yet we would not have those who commit the nuisance treated like highwaymen. They are only grown children amusing themselves, and a slight fine, one should think, might have the effect of curing them of their propensity—which, as everybody knows, is only a propensity for shewing off. The Prussian government looks upon street-smoking in a very different light. A friend of mine, an Englishman, either reckless of the consequences, or really ignorant of the regulation, kept his cigar in his mouth as he walked home, one evening late, from a supper-party, at which he had been a guest. He was stopped by a sentinel, and arrested. He was handed over to the nearest guard-house, and detained the whole night. In general, the officer on duty at the guard-houses in Berlin, belonging to one of the regiments of guards, is courteous and accomplished in his manners; but owing to some misunderstanding—arising, possibly, from my friend's obstinacy and sullenness under what he considered infamous treatment—his night's imprisonment was beguiled by no solace or accommodation. At dawn in the morning he was marched off to the police-office, where I met him, in consequence of a message which I had received. After waiting some time in a small room, in the midst of men and women of the lowest class, we were ushered into the presence of a mighty personage called an inspector. He did not deign to look at my

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friend; but, keeping his eyes upon the desk before him, 'What is your name?' asked he.

Having learned this particular, he searched out his passport from a bundle he had lying beside him, and then referred to a large book, which doubtless served as the record of the important observations which the police had made upon my friend during his residence in Berlin. 'Ah!' said the inspector after a long pause, 'this case requires investigation.'

So saying, he wrote something on a piece of paper, which he handed to the officer who had my friend in charge, and he was requested to follow him. We were led through a long passage, and shoved into a room, on the door of which were written the ominous words, 'Department for Arrests.' I began to fear that the affair, so simple in appearance, was about to become one of a very unpleasant nature. The room we were shewn into was a small one, with a sort of bar dividing it into two parts, and behind this bar were two individuals, seemingly clerks, sitting at desks. Another desk remained unoccupied. Three ragged women were standing shivering outside the bar. We were told to remain here. Of all things in the world, remaining in a police-office ignorant of what fate may attend you, is one of the most unpleasant, and there seemed nothing in the situation of my friend to render the prospect at all cheering. An unbroken silence seemed to reign throughout the vast and gloomy building. One could have nowhere felt more impressively the terrific influence of unlimited power. All hope was lost when these walls were entered. A sickening despair came over the mind, for you stood at the mercy of men whose conduct was regulated only by their own sense of justice and forbearance. It is in vain the great principles of natural equity are invoked—it is not on such grounds that the grasp of despotism relaxes.

After waiting about an hour, a prey to gloomy apprehensions, which it was impossible to shake off, we observed a third individual slide with stealthy step to the unoccupied desk. He held in his hand the great record of

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observations upon strangers, which then became to my friend, as it were, his book of fate. He looked at us with the cold and icy aspect of the man whose feelings have long ago been deadened. 'Can you speak German?' asked he of my friend.

'Yes.'

'But sufficiently to comprehend me perfectly, as I can easily call an interpreter?'

'I can understand you,' answered my friend.

'Then step to the bar,' said the inspector; and he then proceeded with the questions, the answers to which he wrote down: 'How old are you?—where were you born?—the names of your father and mother?—their occupation and residence? And now, sir,' said he, 'what is your profession?'

'I have none,' answered my friend.

'You are not a merchant?'

'No; I am a gentleman pursuing no particular* avocation.'

'What are you doing here, then?'

'I travel for my own pleasure.'

'Ah, pleasure! You have been at Bromberg?'†

'Yes.'

'For three weeks, I observe. What were you doing there?'

'Nothing.'

'A man would not stay there for nothing. I observe you rose late, and did not dine at the table d'hôte in the hotel. Come, let me know what you did there.'

* The description of 'particular' is the one most advisable at all times to be adopted when travelling on the continent. It saves you a world of trouble, as any other description subjects you incessantly to the scrutiny of the police, who, suspecting your object to be business or politics, keep a most vigilant watch. In all the towns of Prussia, a very heavy fine is exacted upon persons, *not burghers*, transacting any business of themselves.

† Bromberg is a town in Prussian Poland, and not far from the borders of Russian Poland. It is a small town, containing about 16,000 inhabitants, neatly built, but a very dull, inanimate place. It is about 150 miles north of Berlin, and though the country is dreary, yet some pretty promenades have been formed round the town.

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'I have told you I did nothing. One individual I knew in the town, and he introduced me to others. I stayed longer than I intended.'

'You did business there—is it not so? The police of Bromberg, I observe, could make nothing of your movements, and they suspected you were transacting business. You are aware this is a very considerable fault. We do not wish to be too severe, but we must make strangers pay obedience to our regulations. A communication will be made with the police at Bromberg respecting you, and in the meantime you will have to lodge here one hundred dollars, in case any act of trading shall have been discovered; if not, they will be returned to you. And now, we have disposed of this; you have been smoking in the streets; you will pay a fine of five dollars for that, and take care for the future. How long do you intend staying in Berlin?'

'I have not yet determined; if I were quite prepared, the treatment I have received would induce me to depart instantly.'

'Just so. The treatment you have received has been considerate: our police, I can assure you, is by no means severe; but at the same time we make no allowances for foreigners, for we do not want them. You may now go, and in three days you will be prepared with the money I have mentioned. By the by, whom do you know here? who is your banker?'

These were the last questions he put, and we both felt glad to escape from this searching and annoying inquiry. Besides, the place itself was calculated to depress the mind; and we did not linger in clearing the dark and silent corridors, and rushing down the stairs into the street.

Now this may serve as an example how very foolish it is to provoke the police of any of these jealous governments, who always imagine that an Englishman has some sinister object to gratify by his travels. In the case before us, my friend had never in any way whatever traded at Bromberg, and for all that transpired in the case, no

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notice would have been taken of his sojourn there, had not this accidental matter of the cigar-smoking brought him into collision with the Berlin police. But nothing could display more clearly the extraordinary surveillance which every foreigner undergoes in all parts of Germany, and the particular information concerning his habits and pursuits which accompanies him from one town to the other. How vain and futile the idea to escape the penetration of such an institution!

One practical instance more of the police in Prussia, and I shall here give a better idea of their activity and knowledge than could be conveyed by the most laboured essay upon the subject. An Irishman, staying at the Hôtel de Russie, in Berlin, had been disappointed in some remittances he had expected, owing to an irregularity in his letter of credit. Whilst in this situation, he was disturbed one morning when in bed by a police-officer entering his room. 'I do not wish to disturb you,' said he, 'but you will be good enough to call at my house to-morrow at one o'clock'—handing the son of Erin a piece of paper, with the name of the street and number of his dwelling.

The next day the Irishman was punctual.

'I have some questions to put to you,' said the officer, 'which you will answer frankly, for you will find prevarication of no avail. Tell me whom you know here?'

'I know no one except my servant.'

'Have you no letters of introduction to persons in Berlin?'

'No.'

'You are not acquainted with a single person in Berlin?'

'I know a lieutenant in the foot-guards.'

'What is his name?'

'Von Bricksea.'

'How did you become acquainted with him?'

'I met him at Baden.'

'Had you letters to him—does he know your family?'

'No.'

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'And you have no money?'

'Not much.'

'When do you expect to have money?'

'I have written to England: it may take three weeks.'

'What do you intend doing in Berlin three weeks without money?'

'Oh, that's my affair. I shall neither kill myself nor starve.'

'You owe a large bill at the hotel: how do you intend to pay that?'

'When I get money from home.'

'How much have you written for?'

'One hundred pounds.'

'Will that pay all your debts here?'

'I expect so.'

'Have you any other debts? Do you owe your servant anything?'

'I do.'

'How much?'

'I don't know. I have not calculated.'

'You owe him, sir, two hundred dollars. Now, I must very fairly tell you, that you will be very roughly treated if your remittances do not arrive. You shall have the three weeks you name, after which you will be handed over to the police-office, and it is no easy matter to get out of their hands. But,' continued he, taking out of a drawer a written paper, 'there are some other points I must question you about. What do you do with yourself at nights?'

'Upon my word, that's rather a queer question.'

'It may be, but you seem a queer fellow. You lie in bed until twelve or one o'clock, and after leaving the hotel, are no more seen or heard of until two, three, four, five o'clock in the morning.'

'May I not go to bed at what time I like?'

'O yes; but we want to know what you do with yourself. You don't go to the theatre, you have not been once at the Opera since your arrival in Berlin, and you say you know no one in the whole city but one lieutenant —come, what do you do all night?'

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'Upon my honour, I can't tell you. I get through it somehow.'

'You play at cards, eh?'

'Sometimes.'

'Where do you play?'

'At the Caserne: anywhere.'

'The fact is, you gamble; you have picked up some gambling acquaintances, and they have taken all your money: that is the case. Now, you are a decent youth, and I take some interest in you, since you have been pretty open in your answers. I tell you, you must take care; those gambling dens may be some day broken open, and if you are caught there, it will be bad for you. Besides, you have no business to gamble; you have got no money. Let me advise you to be more cautious in your conduct, and give no cause for suspicion to the police. You are at present under my care, and I shall leave you alone for three weeks; at that time you will hear from me, and I hope all will be in order. By the by, I forgot—you have got a travelling carriage?'

'I had.'

'Where is it?'

'I sold it.'

'That's extraordinary. You have travelled post, you sell your carriage on the journey, and have no money. Are you of any profession?'

'No.'

'And you were born in Ireland—that is part of Great Britain?'

'Not exactly. It is as much part of England as Poland is of Russia.'

'Ah,' said the police-officer with a troubled look, 'don't mention Poland: you will bring yourself into difficulties. Is your family rich?'

'It is rather difficult to say.'

'How do you live?'

'I have property of my own.'

'Well, my good friend, that may be all very true. Now I have done with you, for three weeks, recollect.'

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'We shall meet again, then,' said the Irishman carelessly. 'Good-day!'

The Emeralder had, in fact, been plucked by a party of gamblers, and was thrown into those pecuniary difficulties which of all others in a foreign country are the most unpleasant, for they meet with no sympathy, but are rather considered in the most unfavourable light. Before the three weeks were expired, however, he had his remittances, and having satisfied the landlord of the Hôtel de Russie, he heard no more of his friend the policeman.

This latter instance will corroborate the former, and shew very distinctly in how unpleasant and critical a situation a person is placed when, from indiscretion, he comes in contact with the police in Prussia. If either of the cases had occurred in Russia, and perhaps even in Austria, the most brutal treatment would have followed. But in Prussia, the tone and temper of the police follow that of the general government, which is allowed to be mild and conciliating. Such minute examinations are instituted to see whether the party speaks truth, for most of the particulars as to which he is interrogated are already known; and therefore it is certain that any attempt at concealment or prevarication will not only most probably, but most surely, lead the traveller into inextricable difficulties.

USES AND CONDUCT OF ANIMALS.

The further that naturalists pursue their inquiries, the more have they cause to be surprised at the infinitude of classes, genera, and species of animals, and the beautiful arrangements which have been made for their individual enjoyment. Two grand purposes are never lost sight of in relation to animals: the first is, the reproduction of their kind, so that their species may not naturally become extinct; and the second is, the provision for their food,

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so that they may not perish of hunger. The vegetable world, spread out before us in all its loveliness, is not made solely for our enjoyment: it is the appropriate inheritance of myriads of living creatures, who subsist on its green pastures, and dwell among its flowers and umbrageous forests. And what an inexhaustible supply of food does this vegetable kingdom afford! Mind is lost in attempting to ascertain its amount. Fortunately, the law by which one kind of animal feeds upon another prevents the globe from being overwhelmed with the astonishing exuberance of living creatures. 'The quantity of individuals, for instance, of the various bird genera,' says Turner, in his *Sacred History of the World*, 'which are at any one time and at all times existing in our world, surpasses not only our usual supposition, but even all powers of human numeration, at least as to any real, distinct conception of the amount; for we can only pen down the words millions, billions, trillions, quadrillions, and such other augmentative terms, in which all actual comprehension soon becomes lost in mere verbal sounds and confusing obscurity. This surprising quantity of birds makes it necessary that the insect world, on which all the smaller feed, should be a thousand times more numerous. The two millions of starlings usually resident in the United States of America, have been computed to consume of the grub-worms, caterpillars, and other larvæ on which they subsist, in the four months of their breeding and nurturing their young, sixteen thousand two hundred millions. But if a single kind of birds have this supply, all the other classes who use the same nutriment require as much. It is obviously impossible to enumerate the amount of the individual living creatures which are always existing on our globe, and partaking of its produce in some way or other. Yet so admirably are the whole placed and disposed, and the size and movements of each so carefully regulated and adapted to us and to each other, that we are neither disturbed by the number nor even conscious of it. There is no crowding, no confusion: the enormous amount is nowhere visible to our sense.

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We must search it out in order to know it. We must calculate from what we can observe, before we can perceive or believe the ever palpable but unobtrusive truth. What but an all-mighty and all-adjusting sagacity, infinitely beyond the highest expansions of human genius, could have arranged such inexpressible multitudes of living, sentient, and ever-moving beings, into positions, limitations, and habits, so wisely appropriated to each, so productive of comfort to every one, and yet so conservative of the harmony, the order, and the general welfare of the immense and multiform whole! As we contemplate such endless masses of living things, we are sometimes tempted to ask: Why so many? Why such an exuberance of creation? My own reason answers, to its private satisfaction, and from its own feeling—The gift of life, for whatever space, small or great, is a gift which Deity alone can give; which is His noblest donation; and which, being attended with comfort as its universal law and most general result, is the greatest blessing that any creature can receive. All other blessings may be added to it, but none can be enjoyed without it. The more largely it is given, the more extended is the benefaction; and therefore every multiplication of it becomes an ampler display of the magnificent and illimitable benevolence of its bestower.'

Notwithstanding the prevailing law by which one class of animals preys on others less powerful, there is obviously no confederation worth mentioning of the strong over the weak, and no possible improvement either in the means of offence or for preservation. There are no revengeful wars, no improprieties of behaviour, among animals. 'When I have put the question to myself,' continues the author above quoted, 'I have not been able to discern that I should, in their bodies and condition, conduct myself very differently from them. They seem to do all the things they ought, and to act with what may be called a steady common-sense in their respective situations. I have never seen a bird do a foolish thing, for a creature of their powers, frame, and organs, and in

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their state. Each acts with a uniform propriety; nothing fantastic, absurd, inconsistent, maniacal, or contradictory, appears in their simple habits or daily conduct. They seem to have mental faculties and feelings like mine, up to a certain extent, but to that they are limited. They have not the universality, the diversifying capacity, nor the improvability of the human intellect. The bird-mind is the same bird-mind from generation to generation. The nightingale is now what the nightingale was four and six thousand years ago—nothing less; nothing more. The eagle is as incapable of advancement as the sparrow. The common fowl, which is found in all regions and climates of the globe, is in each one exactly alike in its functions, faculties, and habits. The song-birds warble now just as they have done ever since human history has noticed them. It is this confining identity which separates birds and all animals so widely from man. They never improve; while his capability of progression is as yet illimitable, and may perhaps ever be so.'

The natural instinct which leads all kinds of animals to pursue a certain mode of life suitable to their wants and enjoyments, is in one respect superior to the reasoning faculties of the human being; for it proceeds unerringly to effect its purpose, while we have to think, and pause, and reconcile one thing with another, and yet, after all our scheming, fail in the object we had in view. It is from this imperfection of reason, when not well instructed in the phenomena of nature, that men frequently injure themselves by destroying those creatures which, on a partial view, they consider troublesome and injurious to them. 'The consuming animals, the degree of their consumption, and the species consumed, are so precisely adapted to each other, that neither deficiency nor exuberance appears while the appointed operations of nature are unimpeded. Man, by interfering, may alter the provided equilibrium; and when he does so, he suffers from his injudicious interposition, or too covetous anxiety.' Thus farmers destroy moles, because the hillocks they make break the level surface; but they have found

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worms so much increase when the moles were gone, as to wish they had not molested them. Moles live on worms, insects, snails, frogs, and larvæ. The farmers on a nobleman's estate in France found the moles' disturbances of the earth such a good husbandry to it, as to solicit their landlord not to have them killed. Nevertheless, it should not be laid down as a rule that moles should not be killed. Instructed and experienced reason must enter on the consideration of the question, and determine according to circumstances. It is a well-known fact, that toads are found to keep down ants and other small vermin, and that mice have increased in barns where owls have been shot. Crows, rooks, and other birds obnoxious to persecution both by men and boys, in the same manner destroy worms and larvæ which might injure the crops of the farmer; and it is not unlikely that the occasional ruin of the potato crops, and the ravages of the wheat-fly, could be traced to the destruction or absence of some kind of feathered or furred animals. A gentleman shot a magpie to save his cherries, but found its craw as full as it could be crammed with the large blue-bottle flies that lay their eggs in meat. 'The fox,' says Howit in his *British Preserver*, 'renders considerable service to man by the quantity of rats, field-mice, frogs, toads, lizards, and snakes which he destroys.' To extirpate the fox may be therefore injurious instead of beneficial, although it is but reasonable that his propensity to kill should be kept within proper limits.

Farmers, horticulturists, and others, are recommended by different naturalists to exercise considerable caution in the destruction of what they may imagine to be intruders on their property. Swainson, in his *Discourse on Natural History*, in Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, observes as follows: 'How continually are the nurserymen and gardeners of this country complaining of extensive damage done to their crops and their fruit-trees by different species of insects! Yet these very insects, from being called by vulgar provincial names, are almost

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totally unknown to naturalists, who cannot, therefore, supply that information which is desired. It is surely not too much to expect, that a gardener should be able to tell the difference between a beetle and a fly, between an insect with four wings and one without. Yet so little has this information been thought of among the generality of this profession, that not one in twenty has any knowledge on the subject. Country gentlemen complain of their fruit being devoured by birds, and orders are given for an indiscriminate destruction of birds' nests; the sparrows, more especially, are persecuted without mercy, as being the chief aggressors; while the robin-redbreast, conceived to be the most innocent inhabitant of the garden, is fostered and protected. Now, a little acquaintance with the natural history of these two birds would set their characters in opposite lights. The sparrows, more especially in country situations, very rarely frequent the garden; because, grain being their chief food, they search for it round the farmyard, the rick, and the stable: they resort to such situations accordingly. The robins, on the other hand, are the great devourers of all the small fruits; they come from the nest just before the currants and gooseberries are ripe, and they immediately spread themselves over the adjacent gardens, which they do not quit so long as there is anything to pillage. It may appear strange, as it certainly is, that no writer on our native birds should have been aware of these facts; but it is only a proof how little those persons—who are, nevertheless, interested in knowing such things—attend to the habits and economy of beings continually before their eyes. In like manner, we protect black-birds for their song, that they may rob us of our wall and standard fruits with impunity. It behoves every one to shew humanity to animals, although we are authorised and justified in destroying such as are found, by experience, to injure our property. Under this latter head, however, we are committing so many mistakes, that ere long some of the most elegant and interesting of our native animals will probably be

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extirpated. Country gentlemen give orders to their gamekeepers to destroy all "vermin" on their preserves; and these menials, equally ignorant with their masters of what "vermin" are really injurious, commence an indiscriminate attack upon all animals. The jay, the woodpecker, and the squirrel—three of the most elegant and innocent inhabitants of our woods—are doomed to the same destruction as the stoat, the polecat, and the hawk. Nothing, in our native ornithology, can be more beautiful than the plumage of the jay; while its very wildness and discordance is in harmony with the loneliness of the tangled woods it loves to frequent. The sudden and sharp cry of the green woodpecker is of a similar character; and the sound of its bill "tapping the hollow beech-tree" is interesting and poetical. The squirrel, again, is the gayest and the prettiest enlivener of our woodland scenery, and, in its amazing leaps, shews us an example —unrivalled among our native quadrupeds—of agility and gracefulness. Yet these peaceful denizens of our woods are destroyed and exterminated from sheer ignorance of the most unquestionable facts in their history. The jay, indeed, is said to suck eggs; but this is never done except in a scarcity of insect food, which rarely, if ever, happens. The woodpecker lives entirely upon those insects which destroy trees, and is therefore one of the most efficient preservers of our plantations; while the squirrel feeds exclusively on fruits and nuts. To suppose that either of these are prejudicial to the eggs or the young of partridges and pheasants, would be just as reasonable as to believe that goat-suckers milked cows, or that hedgehogs devoured poultry.'

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EMILY:

A TALE OF PARIS.

DURING the stormy periods of the French Revolution, the Count de Fontaine had served the cause of the Bourbons with fidelity and courage in the long wars that desolated La Vendée. Although ruined by the confiscation of his property, this faithful Royalist had constantly declined the offers of the Emperor Napoleon. Immovable in his principles, he had blindly adhered to their maxims even when he chose a wife. He rejected the daughter of a rich adherent of the revolution, and selected a young girl without fortune, but who belonged to the most distinguished family of the province.

The restoration of Louis XVIII. to the throne of his ancestors, found the Count de Fontaine burdened with a numerous family. Upon this joyful event, he repaired to Paris, where he found reason to exclaim against the ingratitude of princes, since himself and his services were treated with mortifying coolness. He was unable even to gain an audience of the newly-restored monarch, and was about to leave Paris in despair, when the return of Napoleon from Elba once more unseated the Bourbons. Faithful to his principles, the count accompanied the king to Ghent, and, in the course of the exile, had occasion to recommend himself to the royal notice. Upon the second restoration, he was nominated to a lucrative office in the administration of the extraordinary domain of the crown, and by the prudence of his conduct, and the sprightliness of his conversation, gained the confidence and favour of the sovereign. Thus he had sufficient influence and tact to get his three sons placed in honourable and well-endowed situations, and of three daughters, to get the two eldest married to personages connected with the state. In a word, all were provided for except the youngest of his family, his beloved Emily. This

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young lady having passed her infancy in the country, had enjoyed everything which gratifies the first pleasures of children. Her least wishes were laws for her sisters, brothers, mother, and even for her father, for they all doted upon her. She was just at the age of reflection when her family became the object of the capricious favours of fortune. The luxury with which she was surrounded appeared to her quite as natural as the profusion of flowers and fruits, the woods and the rustic pleasures, which had formed the happiness of her earlier years. As in her infancy she had met no refusal to her wishes, so at the age of fourteen she found herself obeyed with the same devotion. Everything smiled around her. Every eye she looked upon beamed with kindness for her, and, like all spoiled children, she tyrannised over those who loved her, and smiled upon those who viewed her with indifference.

Her father and mother had one day to reap the bitter fruits of such an education. Emily had arrived at the age of nineteen, and had not yet made any choice amongst the numerous young men whom the policy of the Count de Fontaine brought in crowds to his fêtes. She herself exercised unlimited sway wherever she appeared. Her beauty was so brilliant, that it was sufficient for her to enter a drawing-room to reign. Even old men could not contradict the opinion of a young girl who charmed them with a glance. Educated with particular care in all that concerned the talents to please, she was accomplished in every exterior qualification. Yet under this brilliant gloss, she concealed an opinion common to many young ladies—that no sphere was sufficiently elevated for her merits, and a pride which was founded as much upon her birth as upon her beauty.

Thus in her capricious imagination she had determined upon a programme, to which the object of her love should conform. 'Above all,' said she to herself, 'he shall be young, and of ancient nobility. It is also necessary that he be a peer of France, or the eldest son of a peer, for it would be insupportable not to have a coronet on my

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carriage.' But this was not sufficient, unless he joined great sensibility, a handsome face, and a slender person. This last grace, fugitive as it must be, was a rigorous condition. Emily had a certain ideal measure, which served her for a model; and the youth who at the first view did not fulfil the conditions of the prospectus, did not obtain a second look. Such opinions might amuse, thanks to the gaiety and liveliness of her elocution; but M. de Fontaine heard them with a heavy heart. At the close of a winter in which he had made unparalleled exertions to draw around her all the eligible young men both in Paris and the departments, and finding her refuse various brilliant offers, he seriously remonstrated with her, and frankly told her that from henceforth he gave up the task, as he felt it his duty to retrench his expenditure from a principle of justice to his other children. But Emily, instead of feeling any regret, expressed her joy at being left the arbitress of her own fate.

That day happened to be the anniversary of some domestic event, and the whole family dined together. During the dessert, Madame Bonneval, the wife of the receiver-general, and the eldest sister of Emily, spoke of a young Englishman, possessed of an immense fortune, who had become passionately enamoured of her sister, and had made her very dazzling offers.

'He is a merchant, I believe,' said Emily negligently: 'I hate your financial people.'

'But, Emily,' remarked the Baron de Vittaine, the husband of her second sister, 'you hate also the magistracy; and if you reject every proprietor because he is not titled, I do not know in what class you will choose a husband.'

'I know what it is necessary for me to do,' answered Emily; 'I shall consult you when I need your advice.'

An uncle of the Count de Fontaine, an old gentleman of seventy, whom the indemnity had rendered master of a large income, and who could say severe things to Emily, of whom he was childishly fond, exclaimed: 'Do not torment my poor Emily. Do you not perceive that

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she is waiting until the Duke of Bordeaux comes of age?' A general laugh rewarded the pleasantry of the old man.

From this day all ceased to take any further interest in the marriage of this capricious young lady, and the winter being ended, all families claiming title to fashion prepared to migrate, like flocks of birds, to the country. The opulent receiver-general had lately purchased a country-house for his wife, to which the whole family was invited. Although the beautiful Emily despised plebeians, she did not carry her feeling of disgust to the pleasures which wealth, though amassed by citizens, can bestow. She accompanied her sister to her handsome villa, less from affection for the individuals who were assembled there, than from the imperious necessity which fashion imposed upon every female who had any respect for herself, of abandoning Paris during the summer months. To the green fields of Scéaux, then, did they all adjourn, which are admirably situated as offering the retreat rendered indispensable by the world of fashion, and near enough to Paris to permit any necessary duties to be attended to.

The rural ball of Scéaux is the most celebrated in the environs of Paris. In the middle of a garden, from which a beautiful prospect opens out on all sides, is a large rotunda, the roof of which, light and extensive, is supported by elegant pillars. Under this rustic canopy is the famous dancing-saloon. The neighbouring aristocracy, however elevated, generally once or twice during the season visit this palace of Terpsichore. The hope of seeing there some of the gay world, and the hope, less frequently disappointed, of meeting the young peasant girls, draws to the ball at Scéaux crowds of lawyers' clerks, of disciples of Esculapius, and of young men whom the back offices and shops of Paris send forth with yellow faces.

It was not long before the family of Fontaine paid a visit to the village festival, assuming a strict incognito, which has such piquant charms for the great. Emily had seated herself upon one of the large chairs in the outer circle

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of the room, and had placed herself at the extremity of the group formed by her family, in order that she might be left more free in her motions and observations. She surveyed the various groups around her, darting her scrutinising glance upon each figure as it approached her, and enjoying her fancied superiority. Her eyes, after having wandered over this vast animated scene, were upon a sudden fixed upon a form, which seemed as if placed purposely in a corner of the picture in the fullest light, as a personage out of proportion to the rest of the figures around. He was tall, and seemed thoughtful and solitary. Leaning lightly upon one of the columns which supported the roof, with his arms folded, he held himself in a lolling attitude, as if his position were selected for a painter. His gaze seemed to follow a young girl who was dancing, and in this contemplation he was absorbed. His beautiful black hair curled naturally upon his forehead. Of slender and elegant form, he recalled to the memory the beautiful proportions of Apollo. He wore none of those baubles with which an Adonis of the counter or the desk delights to deck himself. A black ribbon only, to which was attached his eye-glass, hung down his breast. Never had Emily been so captivated. The stranger became to her the object of a silent and secret admiration.

At the conclusion of the quadrille, the unknown advanced to the young lady dancing, and withdrawing her from the crowd, placed a shawl across her shoulders, and conducted her to a seat sheltered from the wind. Soon afterwards, Emily saw them rise and walk round the enclosure, as if preparing to depart. Seizing the arm of her brother, who sat next her, she found means to follow them, under pretext of admiring the views from the garden. She at length saw them enter an elegant tilbury, guarded by a servant in livery. At the moment the young gentleman seated himself, she caught a glance from him, but it was one which might be cast upon a crowd—full of indifference. She had indeed some little satisfaction in seeing him turn his head round two

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different times, in which the young lady, his companion, imitated him—from jealousy perhaps.

The impression made upon Emily by the handsome stranger soon became known in the family, and her old uncle promised to assist her in the search after him; but it was a long while before chance threw before them an opportunity of seeing him. One day, as they were riding together, Emily pointed him out to her uncle, walking alone. The old Count de Rouët urged his horse suddenly forward, and pressed so near the person on foot as to force him to spring upon the grass which bordered the pathway. Then stopping his horse, the count, in a rage, exclaimed: 'Could you not keep out of the way?' 'Ah! I beg pardon, sir,' answered the stranger; 'I forgot it was my duty to offer an apology for being ridden over.' A dispute was thus commenced, which the old count took care to prolong; and it became in a few seconds so hot, that he gave his name to his antagonist, requesting him to keep silent in the presence of the young lady under his charge. The stranger could scarcely avoid a smile, as he handed his card to the count, requesting him to observe, that he was at present residing in a country-house at Chevreuse, though his address was in Paris; after which he rapidly withdrew.

In the meanwhile, Emily remained in the greatest alarm, which her uncle soon dissipated. 'I will now bring this corsair under your cross-fire,' said he to his niece, 'in our very drawing-room. But say nothing; leave all to me.' Then drawing out his spectacles, he read the card: 'M. Maximilian Longueville, Rue du Sentier.' 'It is a name belonging to one of our historical families, and if he be not a peer of France, he unquestionably will be. You are quite secure, Emily.'

As they returned home, Emily was profuse in her gratitude to her uncle. 'I am sure he is noble,' said she, 'his manners are so distinguished.'

The following morning, before Emily had left her chamber, her uncle was on his way to Chevreuse. Distinguishing, in the court of an elegant villa, the young

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gentleman whom he had the day before so desperately insulted, he advanced towards him with that open politeness of the courtiers of the olden time. 'Ah! my dear sir, who could have thought that I should have an affair of honour, at seventy years of age, with the son or grandson of my best friend? I am a rear-admiral, sir: that is to say, I think as little of fighting a duel as of smoking a cigar. But, yesterday, I abused my privilege of a sailor. I would rather receive a hundred blows from a Longueville, than do the least injury to that family.'

However coldly M. Longueville was disposed to receive the Count de Rouët, he could not resist the frankness and amiability of his manners; he accepted his offered hand. The count then added a pressing invitation to dinner in the Pavillon de Bonneval, which was politely declined; but on the following day the young Longueville promised to pay his respects to the family, on which contract the old admiral insisted. 'I will introduce you to the five prettiest women in Paris,' said he. 'Ha! my friend, you begin to look bright! I love young people. I love to see them happy. It reminds me of the glorious years of '71 and '72, when social entertainments were as plentiful as duels. We were gay then. But adieu, until to-morrow!'

On the morrow, about four o'clock, a servant announced to the inmates of the Pavillon de Bonneval, Monsieur de Longueville. All were breathless to witness this prodigy of humanity, who had merited so honourable a mention to the detriment of so many rivals. An apparel as elegant as simple, manners full of ease and polish, a voice of remarkable sweetness, with an accent which made the heart vibrate, gained for M. Longueville the general estimation. Although his conversation was that of a man of the world, it was easy to perceive that he had received an education of the highest order, and that his knowledge was solid as extended. He declined, with much politeness, the pressing solicitations made him to stay to dinner, and he stopped the observations of the ladies, by stating that he was attending a young sister, whose health was very delicate, and required great care.

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'Monsieur Longueville is without doubt a physician!' asked, with an ironical tone, one of the sisters-in-law of Emily.

'I have not the honour to be a physician, madame,' replied he; 'and I have likewise given up all idea of entering any service, as I wish to preserve my independence.'

M. Longueville's visit was neither too long nor too short. He withdrew at the moment when he perceived that every one was pleased with him, and that he had awakened their curiosity respecting him. He repeated his attendance at the pavilion, and Emily thought, upon his third visit, that she discovered herself as its immediate object. This discovery caused such a delirium of joy in her breast, that she was herself astonished. She felt her pride humbled in the dust. Accustomed to give the law, she found herself chained as a captive in the hands of another. Meanwhile, the general curiosity respecting him was still kept unsatisfied by M. Longueville, which threw all the charm of mystery around him. Such was his modesty, that he never spoke of himself, nor of his pursuits, nor of his family. All the artful turns which Emily could give to conversation, all the snares she spread to entangle him in details of himself, were always vain. He played and sang delightfully; but if they attempted to learn if he were an artist, he joked with so much grace, that their inquiries only made the matter more uncertain. It was thus, perhaps, more easy for him to remain the *handsome unknown* at the Pavillon de Bonneval, than for others to restrain their curiosity within the bounds of politeness.

But the Count de Fontaine, in spite of the resolution he had come to of leaving Emily's marriage to herself, became uneasy at the progress in her affections made by a person altogether unknown; and, taking his daughter aside, he earnestly entreated her to be cautious and circumspect. She laughed at his uneasiness, but her father's words made an impression upon her, and she determined to come to an explanation with Maximilian,

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especially as the following was the last day of their residence in the country. After dinner, she strolled into the park, for she knew her lover would hasten to surprise her in the grove, where they often conversed. She felt she was in a difficult position. Up to the present moment, no direct avowal sanctioned the sentiment which bound her to M. Longueville, and she was therefore in no situation to demand of him any explanation of his views or of his fortunes. Whilst musing on the circumstances of the last three months, which appeared to her as a summer's dream, Maximilian suddenly stood before her. At sight of him, all her love returned. He placed her arm over his own, and thus together they stood beneath a tree upon which the sinking sun cast its dulled rays. The scene was one of solemn beauty, and was in harmony with their feelings. After a long-continued silence, Emily addressed her lover in a voice which well bespoke her deep emotion. 'I have to ask you a question, sir—but pray, reflect, that it is in some sort imposed upon me by the novel situation in which I stand with my family.' A terrible pause succeeded these words, which Emily had faltered through, and during that moment she durst not encounter the look of him she loved, for she felt all the baseness of the words she added: 'Are you noble?' After pronouncing this last question, she wished herself any place but where she stood.

'Mademoiselle,' replied M. Longueville gravely, whilst his countenance underwent a sudden change, 'I promise to answer your question without evasion, when you have replied with sincerity to the one I am about to put.' He quitted the arm of Emily, who at once felt herself alone in the world. He continued: 'For what purpose do you question me concerning my birth?' She had lost the power of speech—she remained motionless and mute. 'Let us proceed no further,' said Maximilian, 'if we do not understand each other;' and then he added, in a deep and tender tone: 'You must see that I love you?' An exclamation of joy broke from Emily, which assured the happy youth that the feeling was returned. 'Then

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why, my dear Emily, do you ask me if I am noble?' repeated Maximilian in his most soothing tone.

Would he talk so if he were not noble? thought Emily, as she consulted her heart. She raised her eyes to his, and seemed to draw new life as they met again. She took his arm once more, as if to cement their new alliance.

'Did you think I placed my hopes on dignities?' said she, with a bewitching smile.

'I have no titles to offer my wife,' said he, with an air half gay, half serious; 'but this winter, my dear Emily, in less than two months perhaps, I shall be proud of what I may offer one fond of the pleasures of wealth. This shall be the only secret I keep here (putting his hand upon his heart), for upon its success depends my happiness—dare I add ours?'

'O, yes! say ours.' Thus happily conscious, they returned slowly to the company in the saloon. They sang an Italian duet together with an expression so admirable, that the company applauded them with a species of enthusiasm. Their farewell was breathed in an accent which concealed the most delicious of sentiments. In a word, this day was forged the chain which bound Emily for ever to the destiny of this brilliant unknown. The soul and dignity which he had displayed in the secret scene which had revealed their sentiments, imposed that feeling of respect on her mind, without which true love cannot exist.

A few days after this eventful interview, and on one of those fine mornings in November when the Parisians behold their Boulevards frozen into cleanliness by the keenness of the first frost, Emily drove out with one of her sisters and her sister-in-law. These three ladies were equally invited to the promenade by the desire of exhibiting a very elegant equipage and novel furs, which were to regulate the fashions of the winter, as by a wish to visit an extensive magazine situated in the corner of the Rue de la Paix, where some marvellously rich and original patterns were to be seen.

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Whilst engaged in the inspection of various articles, her sister took Emily by the sleeve, and shewed her Maximilian Longueville seated at a desk, engaged, with all mercantile grace, in giving change for a piece of gold to a seamstress, with whom he appeared in conversation, for he held in his hand some samples, which left no doubt as to his dignified profession. Emily grew deadly pale, and was seized with a cold shuddering. However, with the self-possession of high society, she dissembled inimitably the rage that filled her heart, and she replied to her sister: 'I knew it!'—the rich intonation and deep accent of which exclamation it would be difficult to describe. She advanced towards the desk. M. Longueville raised his head, and put the patterns in his coat pocket with a grace and coolness altogether unbearable. He bowed to Mademoiselle de Fontaine, and advanced towards her with an unembarrassed mien. 'You will pardon me, I hope, mademoiselle,' said he; 'you will have the goodness to excuse the tyranny which business exercises.'

'It appears to me, sir, I am very little concerned in the matter,' answered Emily, with a scornful and indifferent air, as if she saw him for the first time.

'Do you speak seriously?' asked Maximilian in an altered tone.

Emily turned her back upon him with inexpressible disdain, and precipitately retook her seat in the carriage. She attempted to conceal her anguish by an affected gaiety, but she returned home, to pass through the paroxysms of a fever. For some time, fears for her life were entertained, but she was ultimately restored to her family; and such was the ease with which she concealed or cast away her affections, that, at the end of a fortnight, she wished again to throw herself into the world.

The first time that Mademoiselle de Fontaine appeared at a ball, it was at the Neapolitan ambassador's. At the moment she took her place in the most brilliant of the quadrilles, she perceived Maximilian Longueville at some paces from her, and observed him make a slight motion of the head to the partner to whom she had given her hand.

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'That young man is one of your friends?' she asked of her partner, with an air of disdain.

'I believe so,' answered he. 'He is my brother.'

Emily could not prevent a slight shudder.

'I am but just arrived from Vienna,' continued her partner, 'where I have been for two years in the French embassy. I have scarcely seen Maximilian since my return, for I found him ill, and in bed, whilst politics do not always leave us leisure to evince our family affections.'

'Your brother is not likewise engaged in diplomacy?' said Emily.

'No, poor fellow! He has sacrificed himself for me! He and my sister Clara voluntarily renounced their claim to my father's fortune, to heap upon my unworthy head an immense income; for my father, like many others, has his eye upon the peerage. He has already the promise. But my brother, aided by some capital, put himself into a commercial firm, and he has succeeded wonderfully. I know that he has just made a speculation in the Brazils, which constitutes him a wealthy man; and I am overjoyed at having contributed by my diplomatic relations to insure his success.'

'But how could you allow your brother to sell muslins and calicoes?' demanded Emily.

'Where did you learn that?' said the secretary of legation, in the utmost astonishment.

'Did not you tell me so?' asked the artful girl.

'What a fool I am!' exclaimed the incipient ambassador. 'Now I see it all!—My brother keeps casting his eyes slyly towards you: he dances in spite of his fever, and you pretend not to see him. My sister Clara has described to me the history of your loves, mademoiselle. Pray, make him happy,' continued he, as he delivered her to the care of her old uncle; 'my heart will leap when I shall call you—sister.' Perhaps the exhortation was not lost upon Emily, though her features were not less inexorable than before.

Towards two in the morning, refreshments were laid out in an immense gallery, in which the tables were

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disposed after the manner of a restaurateur's, so as to permit the individuals of a party to sit together. By one of those chances which always happen to lovers, Emily was seated at a table close to that round which were placed some of the most distinguished guests of the fête, and Maximilian made one of this group. Emily lent an attentive ear to the conversation of her neighbours, and soon observed that a Neapolitan duchess was endeavouring to fascinate the heart of the youthful trader. The attentions which Maximilian affected to bestow upon her, wounded Emily the more, as she could not resist the return of her former passion, and felt again the force of reviving attachment. A conversation now ensued, in which Emily took a part.

'Do you conceive, mademoiselle,' said the duchess, with a smile, 'that a Parisian is capable of undergoing any lot with him she loves?' The question was rather searching, but it was answered by Emily.

'Yes,' said she; 'we can follow him to the desert, into a tent, but to pursue him to a desk!—that is'—— She gave expression to her thought by a gesture of ineffable disdain.

Thus twice had the fatal influence of an unfortunate education blasted in Emily de Fontaine her hopes of happiness, and made her existence a blank. The apparent indifference of Maximilian, and the smile of a woman, had provoked her to one of those biting sarcasms, the enjoyment of which she could never deny herself. 'Mademoiselle,' said Maximilian to her, in a low voice, during the noise made by the ladies rising from table, 'no one can form more ardent vows for your happiness than I. Permit me to give you this assurance whilst I take my leave of you, for in a few days I depart for Italy.'

'You will not go!' said the imperious girl smiling. 'You will find me married on your return. I forewarn you!'

'I hope so,' said he, as he bowed and retired.

'The barbarian!' said Emily to herself; 'he revenges himself too bitterly!'

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A fortnight afterwards, Maximilian departed, accompanied by his sister Clara, for the warm and poetic regions of lovely Italy, leaving Emily a prey to unutterable anguish. Espousing the quarrel of his brother, the lively secretary of legation took a severe revenge for the disdainful airs of Emily, by proclaiming the motives of the rupture of the two lovers, and returning his former partner the sarcasms she had launched with multiplied usury. He painted her as the fair enemy of commerce, as the amazon who preached a crusade against all merchants and bankers, and as the delicate lady whose love evaporated before a yard of muslin. The Count de Fontaine was obliged to use all his credit at court to obtain for M. Augustus Longueville a mission to Russia, in order to spare his daughter from the ridicule with which her young persecutor so unrelentingly pursued her.

The ministry shortly afterwards felt obliged to make a batch of peers, to sustain their influence in the Upper Chamber. M. Longueville, the father, was named peer of France and viscount. At the same time, the services of the Count de Fontaine were similarly rewarded.

And what became of Emily? We shall speedily see. The ridicule with which she had been covered was a thorough blight to her hopes. Her haughty conduct had deprived her of friends in her own sex, who could have soothed the anguish of her feelings, and she was shunned by every young man who might have sought her hand. When she recalled to her mind the engaging and noble qualities of her lost Maximilian, even her vanity could scarcely restrain the tears that were ever ready to start from her eyes, and, in utter hopelessness, she mourned the forlorn condition in which she saw herself—a being without a tie to link her to the world. As a resource against the cold neglect and scorn to which she was exposed, she attached herself to her old uncle, to whom she had always been an object of affectionate solicitude; and when she reflected on the desolate state in which her father's death might place

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her, her dear-bought experience of the world convinced her it was time to seek a protector. In a mingled feeling of despair and sorrow, therefore, at the age of twenty-three, she gave her hand, though she could not give her lacerated heart, to an aged nobleman—a slippered pantaloon—a revived member of the ancient régime; and after so extraordinary a match had excited a day's gibes in the saloons of Paris, the unfortunate lady was left to her melancholy lot—the young wife of a decrepit and emaciated old man.

Two years after her marriage, she was visiting in a saloon in the Faubourg St Germain, when suddenly the sonorous voice of a lackey announced 'the Viscount de Longueville.' Happily for Emily, she was seated in a corner of the room, engaged in a game of piquet with the bishop of Persepolis. Turning her head, she saw Maximilian enter in all the lustre of youth. The death of his father, and that of his brother, killed in the inclemency of St Petersburg, had placed upon his brow the hereditary coronet. His immense fortune exceeded even the measure of his great virtues. The very day before, his fervid and brilliant eloquence had shone forth to admiration in the legislative chamber. He was the pride and ornament of society; the very idol which the wretched Emily had pictured to her imagination in her early and poetic dreams.

When she cast her eyes upon the being whom she was compelled to call her husband, she sought to conceal her emotion by putting her handkerchief to her face. At that moment, the errors she had committed presented themselves in a terrible retrospection—she had sold herself—shipwrecked her happiness for life—and all for what? Her anguish of mind would not allow her to answer the question calmly to her conscience. In a state of mortified feeling and self-condemnation, she hurried from the scene, and shortly afterwards vanished entirely from public observation.

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THE FORTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

THIS celebrated corps was the first body of Highlanders employed in the service of government. After the disturbances of 1715, the wise policy of destroying enemies by converting them into friends, was acted upon, with regard to the Highlanders, with admirable effect. They were invited to become soldiers—not, however, by joining the military corps of the crown already in existence—which, perhaps, they would hardly have done—but by forming small military bodies amongst themselves, to receive pay from the government, but retaining their ancient dress, and to be officered by their own countrymen: thus at once affording them an opportunity of legally indulging their military propensities, and securing to them all the advantages of government protection and patronage. The inducement to the Highlander to enter the service of the government in this way was further increased, though indirectly, by the disarming acts of 1716 and 1725, which left him no other means of recovering the privilege of carrying arms—to be without which he reckoned a degradation and dishonour—but that of entering the military corps alluded to: and this circumstance alone made it an object of ambition, even to gentlemen of education and independent circumstances, to be admitted as privates into the ranks.

These corps were restricted to six in number: three of them of 100 men each, and three of 70; and were called Independent Companies. They were stationed in different places throughout the Highlands, for the purpose of overawing the disaffected, checking the feudatory violence of the clans to each other, and generally for the maintenance of peace and order in the country; duties for which they were peculiarly well adapted, from their knowledge of the people and their language, and from their own habits and education.

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The relationship, besides, in which all the individuals of these corps stood to the natives of the districts in which they were placed, gave them an influence which their military character alone would perhaps scarcely have gained for them.

The independent companies were first formed about the year 1729, although some Highlanders had been armed by the government previous to this period; but it was not till then that they were regularly embodied, and received into the pay of the crown. On the footing just described they remained till the year 1740, when it was determined to form them into a regiment of the line; which was accordingly done in the month of May of that year. The ceremony of embodying them took place in a field between Taybridge and Aberfeldy, in the county of Perth, where they were assembled for that purpose.

When first regimented, the numerical name assigned them was that of the 43d; and by this, and another, which shall be afterwards alluded to, they were known till the year 1749, when that of the 42d was substituted, in consequence of the reduction of the regiment preceding them numerically. Previously to their being numbered, and indeed for a long time after, they were called the Black Watch—a name which was applied to them to distinguish them from the regulars, who were clothed in bright scarlet, while they wore the dark tartan of their native land, which gave them a sombre appearance when contrasted with the former. After being regimented, however, at Taybridge, they assumed the red coat and red waistcoat of the regulars, but retaining the belted plaid, truis, and phillibeg; yet the original name, nevertheless, continued to adhere to them.

At the time of their first formation, the 42d, as already hinted, was mostly composed of men of education and rank in society—the sons of gentlemen, farmers, and tacksmen, and cadets of gentlemen's families. They were, besides, all picked men as to personal qualifications; none being admitted who were not of the full height, well proportioned, and of handsome appearance. Their arms at this

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time were a musket, a bayonet, and a large basket-hilted sword; and such as chose it, were at liberty to furnish themselves with pistol and dirk.

Three years after they were embodied—namely, in 1743—the regiment received an order to march to England. With this order, though it was unexpected, and contrary to the general understanding of the men as to the nature of their service, which they conceived was to be limited to Scotland, they complied, though not without a strong feeling of reluctance. On their arrival in London, they were reviewed on Finchley Common by General Wade, in presence of a large concourse of people, whom the novelty presented by a Highland regiment had brought to the field, and who were highly delighted with the warlike appearance of the men, and with the alacrity and promptitude with which they went through their military exercises. Previous to this, indeed, while they were on their march to England, a rumour had reached the regiment that it was the intention of government to embark them for the plantations; a service then held in the utmost detestation, and considered deeply degrading to a soldier, being looked upon as a species of banishment. After their arrival in the metropolis, some malicious persons busily employed themselves amongst the men in confirming this rumour, and in impressing upon them a belief that they were entrapped and deceived; and in this they succeeded but too well. Convinced that they were the object of some dark design on the part of the government, the men determined at once on returning to their native country; and the manner in which they proceeded to the accomplishment of this project was singularly characteristic. Without breathing a word of their intention to their officers—to whom, however, they imputed no blame in placing them in the predicament in which they conceived they stood—they assembled in a body after dark, two or three days after the review, on a common near Highgate, and commenced their march to the north. As they avoided the highways, and directed their route through fields and woods, keeping, however,

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as nearly as possible in a direct line for their destination, it was some days before any intelligence of them was obtained; but they were at length discovered in a wood, called Lady Wood, between Brig Stock and Dean Thorp, in Northamptonshire, where they were surrounded by a body of troops commanded by General Blakeney. At first they refused to surrender unless they obtained a written promise from the general, that they should be allowed to retain their arms, and have a free pardon; but these conditions having been refused them, and unwilling to add the crime of shedding blood to the offence they had already committed, they finally submitted unconditionally, and were marched back prisoners to London, where they were tried by a court-martial, found guilty of mutiny, and condemned to be shot. This sentence, however, was subsequently remitted to all but three, two corporals and a private, who suffered the sentence of the court on the parade, within the Tower, at six o'clock on the morning of the 20th July 1743.

After this unfortunate occurrence, the regiment was sent to Flanders, where they laid the foundation of that warlike fame of which they now enjoy so large a portion. They were present at the battle of Fontenoy, fought on the 11th May 1745, their first encounter with an enemy; and so pre-eminently distinguished themselves by their gallantry, that the Duke of Cumberland, who commanded the British forces, desired it to be intimated to them, that he would be happy to grant the men any reasonable favour they chose to ask. The use they made of this privilege is characteristic. They solicited the pardon of one of their comrades, who was under sentence of a severe corporal punishment, for allowing a prisoner to escape. This was all they asked, and it was instantly granted them.

On the breaking out of the rebellion in Scotland in 1745, the 42d, with other ten regiments, was ordered to England, where they arrived in October, but was not called upon to take any part in the transactions of that unhappy period. Three new companies were this year

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added to the regiment, and these were present in some of the affairs connected with the rebellion. In the following year, 1746, during all which time the corps remained in England, they were embarked with other troops on an intended expedition to America; but this design was afterwards changed to a descent on the coast of France, whither they sailed from Portsmouth on the 15th September, and arrived in Quimperly Bay on the 19th. The object of the descent having been in part effected after some operations, in which the Highlanders again distinguished themselves, the troops re-embarked in divisions at Quiberon, and that which included the 42d sailed for Ireland, where they arrived on the 4th November. Here they remained till the spring of 1747, when they were again embarked for Flanders, and again distinguished themselves in the various military operations of which that country was the scene. In 1748, they were once more ordered to England, and from thence to Ireland, where they remained several years, till they were embarked with a body of troops for North America, where a war had broken out with the French. The novelty of their dress made a great impression in America on this occasion, particularly upon the Indians, who were delighted with it on account of its resemblance to their own. In the affairs which followed, the 42d lost no part of the fame which they had already acquired. But it was at the siege of Ticonderoga, by far the most sanguinary affair in which they were ever engaged, that the indomitable courage of these gallant men shone forth most conspicuously.

At the attack on this fort, the 42d were placed in the reserve; but when they saw the troops who were in advance struggling to make their way through the defences which had been thrown up by the enemy, amongst which was a formidable barrier of felled trees with their branches outwards, and all the while exposed to a murderous fire from the fort, they could not be restrained, but immediately rushed to the front, hewed their way through the barricade of trees with their

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broadswords, and, being unprovided with ladders, began to scale the enemy's works by means of steps hastily cut out with their swords and bayonets. During all this time, the men were falling thickly around by the cool and well-directed aim of the enemy, who, in perfect safety themselves, poured down their shot on their brave assailants, who, regardless of the destruction which was dealing amongst them, and which threatened altogether to exterminate them, persevered, for no less than four hours, in their gallant but hopeless efforts to carry the fort; and in one instance a captain (John Campbell) and several men actually forced their way over the breastworks, and bravely plunged into the midst of the enemy. The fate of this gallant officer and his heroic little band, however, was what might have been expected: they were all instantly despatched with the bayonet.

Hopeless and desperate as was the struggle, the men seemed determined to continue it while one of them remained alive; and it was not until they had received the third order from the commander-in-chief to retreat, that their colonel could prevail upon them to desist; and this was not until one-half of the regiment and two-thirds of the officers were either killed or desperately wounded. Their actual loss on this occasion was 8 officers, 9 sergeants, and 297 men killed; and 17 officers, 10 sergeants, and 306 men wounded. Their extraordinary gallantry and devoted courage on this occasion filled all Europe with admiration, and was then, and for long after, a favourite topic with the periodical publications of the day. The affair of Ticonderoga took place on the 7th July 1750, and in the same year letters of service were issued for adding a second battalion to the regiment, which was also made Royal—an honour conferred on it by his majesty, in testimony of his approbation of its loyal, exemplary, and gallant conduct. The new battalion, which consisted of 840 men, afterwards added to the three additional companies raised in 1745, was raised in three months, and embodied at Perth in October 1758. Two hundred of these men were immediately marched

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to Greenock, where they were embarked for the West Indies, to assist in a contemplated attack on Martinique and Guadeloupe. They were some time afterwards joined by the remainder of the second battalion, and together performed some brilliant exploits in the contests with the French which followed in this quarter of the world. The broadsword was still a favourite weapon with them, and on this occasion they made a very free and very able use of it.

From Guadeloupe, the second battalion proceeded to North America, where they arrived in July 1759; and here both they and the first battalion were actively employed, under the command of General Wolfe, till the termination of the war. They were then—1762—included in an armament fitted out for an attack on Martinique, where their broadswords again did good service. With these they rushed upon the enemy with a courage and impetuosity which was irresistible, and which largely contributed to the splendid results which followed; namely, the conquest of Martinique, and the cession of Grenada, St Vincent, and St Lucia; thus putting the British in possession of all the Windward Islands.

The next service in which they were engaged was the capture of the Havannah. After this important conquest, the first battalion, into which all the men of the second battalion who were fit for service were previously drafted, was ordered to embark for New York, where they arrived in October 1762. The remainder returned to Scotland, and were reduced in the following year. In the summer of 1763, the 42d were employed in a harassing warfare with the American Indians; a service in which they were engaged from time to time till the beginning of the year 1765, when they marched to Pennsylvania, where they remained till July 1767. They were then embarked at Philadelphia for Ireland, leaving behind them a character for orderly conduct in quarters and gallantry in the field, which called forth the warmest encomiums of the Americans.

The regiment on this occasion remained in Ireland till

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the year 1775, when it was embarked at Donaghadee for Scotland, after an absence from that country of thirty-two years. On arriving at Port-Patrick, where they were landed, they were marched to Glasgow, in which city they remained till 1776, when the American war having broken out, they were embarked at Greenock, along with the Frazer Highlanders, in April, for the seat of war, and took an active and conspicuous part in the various operations which occurred during that protracted contest. In 1783, after the conclusion of the American war, the regiment was removed to Halifax, in Nova Scotia, where it remained till 1786, when it was again removed to the island of Cape Breton. In this year, the second battalion of the regiment was formed into a distinct corps, and numbered the 73d, on which occasion their facings were altered from blue to green. The 42d remained at Cape Breton till the month of August 1789, when they were embarked for England, which they reached in October, and were landed at Portsmouth after an absence of fourteen years. The ensuing winter they spent at Tynemouth, and in the spring of the following year returned to Scotland, where they remained till the beginning of the year 1793. Hostilities having been in this year declared against France, the whole regiment was assembled at Montrose, from which they marched in May to Musselburgh, where they were embarked for Hull. In this town they were received with the most marked kindness and hospitality; nor did this friendly feeling towards them cease at their departure, for the good people of Hull, after they had embarked for Flanders, which was now their destination, sent a present to each man of a pair of shoes, a flannel shirt, and worsted socks. In September following, the regiment embarked at Gosport for Ostend, where it arrived on the 1st of October, and two days after joined the army under his Royal Highness the Duke of York, then encamped in the neighbourhood of Menin, but were soon after ordered, with several other regiments, back to England, to join an expedition then preparing against the French colonies in the West Indies. They accordingly

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embarked at Ostend, and soon after arrived at Portsmouth; but their destination was now changed from the West Indies to France, on the coast of which it was proposed to make a descent under the command of the Earl of Moira. An expedition intended for this service, and of which the 42d formed part, sailed on the 30th November, but instead of landing in France, they put into Guernsey, after cruising about for two days, and remained there till January 1794, when the whole returned to Portsmouth. In June following, the 42d, together with several other regiments, was again embarked for Flanders, under the command of the Earl of Moira, and, on the termination of the campaign, again returned to England, where they arrived in the end of April 1795. Their next service was in the West Indies, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, whither they went as part of an armament under the command of that general in October 1795, and, as usual, performed a distinguished part in the arduous struggle which followed in the French colonies there. The regiment remained in the West Indies on this occasion till the year 1797, when they returned to England, and were soon after embarked for Gibraltar, where they remained till October 1798. In that year, they were sent, with some other troops, against Minorca, which they assisted in taking from the French. From this period till 1800, they were not employed in any active service against an enemy. In this year, they were embodied in the celebrated expedition to Egypt, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, where they added to their glorious annals one of its brightest pages. At the famous landing of Aboukir, and subsequent battle of Alexandria, they particularly distinguished themselves. In the latter engagement, they fought with the most heroic courage; and in several instances, when their line was broken, continued the contest with the enemy's cavalry individually, each man encountering a dragoon with his gun and bayonet, and fighting on his own ground independent of all assistance from his comrades, who were each engaged in close and single combat with a foe. During one part of the battle, the commander-in-chief, addressing

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the 42d, called out to them: 'My brave Highlanders, remember your country, remember your forefathers.' This was enough. They charged the enemy with a fury which nothing could resist, and drove them before them.

On the conclusion of this memorable campaign, the 42d were ordered home to England. Soon after their return, they were reviewed before his majesty, who had expressed a desire to see men whose gallantry had gained them so wide a fame. After this, they were marched to Scotland; and in two or three years afterwards returned to England again, where the first battalion was embarked for Gibraltar in September 1805. Here they remained till the commencement of the Peninsular war in 1808, when they joined the army in Portugal under General Wellesley. They afterwards formed part of Sir John Moore's army, and added largely to the glory which they had already acquired, on the field of Corunna. In this celebrated battle, they fought with all their accustomed bravery, and were especially marked out by their gallant commander. At an arduous point in the contest, Sir John Moore rode up to them, and called out: 'Highlanders, remember Egypt!' and Egypt was quickly remembered. They rushed upon the enemy, and drove them back in all directions at the point of the bayonet, Sir John himself accompanying them in the charge; and when he was shortly afterwards struck down with a cannon-ball, it was on the Highlanders, who were still closely engaged with the enemy, that he continued to gaze so long as he remained in the field. At one period of the action, the 42d, who had run short of ammunition, were preparing to fall back to make way for the Guards, who were at the moment advancing, and who, they imagined, were coming on purpose to relieve them, when Sir John Moore, perceiving their mistake, said: 'My brave 42d, join your comrades; ammunition is coming, and you have your bayonets.' The hint was enough. They soon made a good use of the formidable weapon to which their general referred.

After the battle of Corunna, the 42d embarked with

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the rest of the army for England, where it remained till July 1809, when it joined the expedition to Walcheren. On its return from this unfortunate enterprise, it was quartered at Canterbury till July 1810, when it was ordered to Scotland. In the August of the following year, it again returned to England, and in April 1812 was embarked at Plymouth for Portugal. The part which this gallant regiment performed, together with the other Highland corps employed in the Peninsular war, in the series of splendid operations which followed, is too well known to render it necessary to enter into any details regarding it here. In all, they conducted themselves with a steadiness and gallantry which excited equally the admiration of their friends and their enemies; until their fame attained its height, and their military services were brought to a close on the memorable field of Waterloo.

From the period of its first formation, in 1740, till 1815, the number of battles, actions, and skirmishes, in which the regiment was engaged, amounts to forty-five, giving an average of considerably more than one encounter with an enemy every two years.

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